

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

STOCKINGS FULL OF MONEY.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS,

Author of "The Devil's Anvil," "Adrietta," "The Freed Spirit," etc.

COMPLETE.

JANUARY, 1897

LIPPINCOTT'S

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STOCKINGS FULL OF MONEY.

BY

MARY KYLE DALLAS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL'S ANVIL," "ADRIETTA," "THE FREED SPIRIT," ETC.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1897.

STOCKINGS FULL OF MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE postman's whistle sounded shrilly in at the window, and Mrs. Doble's door-bell rang at the same moment.

The pretty young widow, who was very nervous and had no idea of concealing the fact, gave a start and covered her neat little ears with her white hands, while Crissy, her young daughter, who sat opposite her at the breakfast-table, jumped up and ran out into the small hall, which was much encumbered by a hat-rack and mirror, an antique chair, and a Japanese umbrella-stand, to say nothing of a rug which was always tripping people up.

The effort to be æsthetic without the adequate amount of ready cash was evident everywhere in the tiny house, as well as in Mrs. Doble's wrapper, which was in the threadbare stage, but still maintained its Watteau back and was adorned with new bows of pink ribbon. There was something pink in her light fluffy hair, also, and she looked like a china court lady, with her large eyes, pale-pink mouth, and a touch of color upon her cheeks which would have made the observer suspect that she painted, only that it came and went so curiously. She was, altogether, very pretty, and very girlish in effect.

Crissy, though like her, had as yet failed to reach the point of prettiness. The child was too white, too thin: it seemed as though one could see through her if she stood between one and the light. And as yet her hair, though soft and abundant, was so light as to be almost white. She had, however, long eyelashes of a darker hue, and two beautiful little golden feathers by way of eyebrows.

She looked over her mother's shoulder as the latter opened her letters. The mean little note received attention first. It was a dress-maker's bill, with apologies for "trubbling" Mrs. "Dobil," and various reasons for having done so.

"Can't the woman wait a week?" sighed Mrs. Doble. "She keeps

me waiting for a dress two months, and then duns every day until I pay her." She flung the dress-maker's note upon the table, and looked at the great C which graced the seal of the second.

"Aunt Carberry's yearly invitation," she said. "How dainty everything she uses is!" She cut the edge of the envelope, and the faintest odor of violet came out with the enclosure.

"Oh," she remarked, after glancing over it,—*"oh, Aunt Carberry says, 'Don't fail to bring Crissy. I have bought an immense wax doll at the church fair, quite a splendid creature, gorgeously attired, christened Cleopatra, and I shall give it to my little pet.' Very nice of her."* She looked at Crissy with a smile, but the child sighed and shook her head.

"I've never been fond of a doll since I lost Belinda," she said. "Such a dreadful fate as she met with, too. But I'll try to become attached to Cleopatra, if there is anything in her to love: there is not in some dolls."

Her mother laughed, and began to pour the coffee.

"Why don't you read your other letter, mamma?" asked Crissy, sharply, and her blue eyes took on an emerald tinge.

The pink grew brighter on the widow's cheek.

"Oh, I want my breakfast first," said she. "Omelette spoils if you let it grow cold."

"Things don't grow cold on chafing-dishes," said Crissy. "Oh, mother, how can you try to deceive me so? You know the letter is from that dreadful old Mr. Bing, and you won't read it until you are alone."

"You are very wrong to speak so of good Mr. Bing," said Mrs. Doble. "Why, you silly child, he is our very best friend."

"He is *my* worst enemy," said Crissy. "He wants to take my dearest mamma from me. You think I do not know, mamma. I came down-stairs in my night-gown after you put me to bed last Sunday evening, and listened."

"You *wicked* little girl!" said Mrs. Doble, blushing again. "In your night-gown! What a disgrace if you had been seen!"

"Oh, I hid myself well," said Crissy. "And I heard him say, 'Beautiful Marcia, be mine.' Well, you are mine, and he wants to steal you. Isn't he my enemy?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Doble. "It is frightful for a child of eleven to think as you do, to speak as you do, Crissy. But, since you heard him, I admit that Mr. Bing asked me to marry him. If I should do it, he would take us both to his fine house and give us everything we could want; for he is very rich. You know what a struggle I have to pay my bills,—how sick it makes me to be scolded by people I owe money to. Don't you remember that I had to go up-stairs and get the money I had put away for my new hat to give to the milkman and stop his standing on the porch and calling me names?"

"Oh, I remember, mamma; and I was *so* sorry. But money is not everything."

"It will buy *nearly* everything, child," said Mrs. Doble,—*"com-*

fort, and peace, and a clear conscience. It is not honest to owe people, but I cannot help it. You must behave sensibly, dearest. I may be driven by these milkmen and dress-makers to marry Mr. Bing. He would take good care of us both. If one of us should be sick we could have great doctors. Crissy, if I should be ill again without proper advice, I might die. That would part us forever; and marrying Mr. Bing would never do that."

"Beautiful Marcia, be mine," was what he said," persisted the child. "If you are *his* you can't be *mine*. Do you suppose I'd go and live in his house? We had better find a cave, and be hermits and happy together."

"Such a little idiot!" cried the widow. "What can I do with you? Let us stop talking of Mr. Bing and eat breakfast. After all, I made him no promise."

"You said you must have time to think," said Crissy. "Oh, do think you will never, never do it! It would kill me."

"Of course I would never do what would kill you, Crissy," said Mrs. Doble.

The child looked earnestly at her mother, and said, "Well, it would: so I thought I'd better tell you out and out just how I felt; and my advice is to tell Mr. Bing that I couldn't possibly have you marry any one, and that if he wants you to be comfortable, as he pretends, he can just give you a lot of money. That's easy enough. He has more than he can use."

"You are talking about things you cannot understand at your age," said Mrs. Doble. "Ladies cannot take money from gentlemen who are not related to them, unless they *do* marry them. Stop making silly speeches, Christina, and eat your breakfast." And she stamped her little foot.

Christina sat down to her omelette and sipped her coffee with a dainty air.

After a while Mrs. Doble opened her letter.

"What does he say?" asked Crissy, sharply.

"He says he is going to Egypt for the winter," said Mrs. Doble, with a little giggle.

"Really? Truly?" cried Crissy.

"Truly," said Mrs. Doble.

Crissy uttered a sort of crow of joy. "That's where the Sphinx and the Pyramids are, isn't it?" she asked. "Oh, I'm so glad! I hope he will never come back,—that a lion will eat him, or a native spear him. They always have spears in the pictures. Old Bing going away!—hurrah!" Her little face expressed the greatest satisfaction, and she arose and waltzed about the tiny dining-room.

"What shall I wear to Aunt Carberry's, mamma?" she asked, after a while.

"You have not much choice, my poor child," said Mrs. Doble. "The sage-green, I suppose. You couldn't travel in the white cashmere. I'll frill it up with the lace I cleaned the other day. It is æsthetic, I believe; but I am afraid your shoes are not even that. If I had married Mr. Bing you could have lovely clothes, Crissy."

"I'll think of that if I feel ashamed of my shoes, and say, Thank heaven, you are still my own," said Crissy.

"As for me, I cannot go at all," said Mrs. Doble.

"Then of course I shall not," said Crissy.

Mrs. Doble began to look angry for the first time, and her voice grew sharp.

"Crissy, you must go," she said. "After your aunt Carberry's buying you that doll you simply have to go. Don't be ungrateful. Kindness is not so common. I cannot go, because I gave the milkman the money I intended for my new bonnet and gloves and a little feather boa. I cannot let Augusta Conyers see me in those old things. Of course it isn't nice for you to go alone, but it is right you should bear a little of the penalty of staying poor if you refuse to let me marry a rich man. I will go with you to the dépôt, and you shall take a little note to Aunt Carberry, and I'll write to Cousin Almira and she will bring you down. You can say in a general way, I'm not well. It's quite true. I never shall be while I'm so awfully poor. Crissy, you've no idea how happy we could be together with a little money."

"Mamma," said Crissy, "why don't you pray to heaven to send you some?"

"I have, child," said Mrs. Doble. "For all I know, Providence sent Mr. Bing. Our prayers are answered curiously, sometimes."

"No! no! no!" cried Crissy. "No! Oh, I'll go, mamma. I shall not be happy for one moment until I get back to you; but I'll go to Aunt Carberry's."

Mrs. Doble gave a great sigh of relief and patted the child's cheek.

The rest of the day was spent in trimming Crissy's dress, varnishing her shabby boots, and putting her hair in crimping-pins.

The parting between mother and child next day was quite affecting. Both wept a great deal; and yet Crissy was only going to a birthday party to which rich Mrs. Carberry every year invited her relatives. The relatives were none of them rich: indeed, nearly all were poor. It was not a family with money; and rather an unpleasant feature of the yearly reunions was the fact that most of the guests were more or less envious of the wealth of their hostess, the luxury in which she lived, the richness of her costumes, the diamonds she wore.

The old lady never dreamed of this, but even little Crissy Doble had found it out as she sat beside her pretty mother at the table or in the dining-room of the Carberry mansion.

The guests bidden to the feast had been many more when Crissy first remembered them. Two or three young men had gone off to seek their fortunes. One relative was invited no longer because of some ill-feeling. Some were dead. Two girls had married. Crissy now expected to meet only her aunt Almira and her husband, Mr. Gunn, her aunt and uncle Mr. and Miss Jarvis, and her young aunt Augusta Conyers, with whom would come the gentleman to whom she was engaged, Mr. Granville Ashton.

"You will make a great hole at the table, mamma," she said. "Oh, I wish you would come just as you are! You look lovely."

The mother shook her head. A few moments later Crissy's handkerchief was fluttering in the distance and she was waving hers from the platform. Then she turned away and went into the waiting-room, where a stout, dark-skinned old gentleman, with a much wrinkled face and bright young eyes under his closely cropped gray hair, came forward to meet her.

"The child is off, I see," he said. "Well, it was an excellent idea. I do not believe in having scenes if one can help it. Curious little creature. You've spoiled her, Marcia."

"I cannot help spoiling people I am fond of," said Mrs. Doble. "I've no strength of character, Mr. Bing. You'll soon discover that. I'm just a baby."

"I detest women with strength of character," said Mr. Bing. "You suit me exactly, you dear little creature. After this I shall see that nothing ever troubles you. Isn't there something you want now? Don't hesitate to tell me. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to have some one to pet and give things to. Come now, Marcia, be confidential." He gave her his arm, she put her little hand upon his sleeve, he covered it with his large glove, and they walked gayly away together.

A little later the clerks of various fashionable stores were deeply interested in the old gentleman who was buying so many pretty and expensive things for the charming little lady who blushed so often and looked up into his eyes so sweetly.



CHAPTER II.

THE station near which Mrs. Carberry's mansion stood bore her name. Her last husband (the good lady had been married thrice) had been an old resident of the county, locally known as "rich Carberry." Gout and large fortunes were hereditary in the family, just as rheumatism and poverty are in others.

The late Mr. Carberry had built the station, and the church; and there was a memorial window in the latter, which his widow had put in; and the finest shaft in the cemetery bore his name, his age, and some record of his virtues.

The mansion was the handsomest house in the place, and Mrs. Carberry had inherited much of the fortune, though children by a former wife had had their portions.

When little Crissy stepped out of the car, the station-master remembered her and knew where she was going.

"It's the birthday dinner again, I suppose," he said. "You're the first to get here. Why isn't your ma with you?"

"Mamma is not well, thank you, Mr. Tolliver," said Crissy.

"That's too bad!" said Mr. Tolliver. "I didn't know but what she had gone and got married: that's the end of most pretty widows."

Crissy elevated her delicate nose in the air, gave Mr. Tolliver a supercilious stare, and walked on without answering.

"Law!" said Mr. Tolliver to himself, "*what a little Tartar!* She ain't half as nice as her ma."

Meanwhile, the child, in a very fever of anger, hurried on her way.

Aunt Carberry herself came out upon the porch to receive her, and took her at once to her bedroom, where the wonderful doll, Cleopatra, was lying upon the bed in all her finery. She had been the finest doll of the fair, and Mrs. Carberry had paid a great price for her. Every one, far and near, knew that she intended to give the costly puppet to her little grandniece, Christina Doble.

In Carberry people knew what was going on, and behind the lace curtains of upper bedroom windows many ladies were to-day watching for the arrival of the relatives who were bidden to the birthday dinner.

They did not all arrive by the same train, and while Crissy was still the only guest who had arrived, a gig drove up to the gate, and a stout, elderly gentleman in black descended.

Mrs. Carberry's maid came to say that Mr. Duffle desired to see Mrs. Carberry a few moments, and the interesting talk about the doll and the fair, going on between the jolly old lady and the serious child, came to an end.

"Lie down and take a nap, dear," said Mrs. Carberry. "Jane shall brush your hair afterward, if you rumple it. You seem tired."

"I am tired," said Crissy. "I am always tired, because of having so much on my mind. I have to think for mamma very often."

"She has *such* feeble health, poor Marcia!" said Mrs. Carberry.

"It's not always her *health*," said the child. She lay down upon the bed, as she had been advised, and took Cleopatra on her arm.

"I shall have to be very careful of you," she said to the doll, "and that will interfere with my becoming attached to you; but I mean to try. Certainly you are very beautiful."

The doll closed its eyes automatically when laid upon its back. Soon Crissy's white lids drooped and her golden lashes shaded her cheek.

"Mamma," she whispered, in her last waking moment. "Oh, mamma. Mine. Not his."

As she slept, a boat stopped at a landing not far away, and a young lady and gentleman came ashore, and, after the fashion of lovers, took the longest way round to the mansion. These young people were Miss Augusta Conyers and the person Mrs. Carberry's servants always spoke of as "Miss Augusta's young gentleman," Granville Ashton.

They were continuing a conversation that had been begun upon the boat. "Money," he said. "Money. Everything in this world depends upon money."

"Nonsense!" cried Augusta. "You belittle all that is of real value in life, when you say that. You made my blood run cold by that speech you made on the boat; and I am sure that man leaning over the railing heard it, and thought you meant it, too."

"I did," said the young man. "Augusta, I would sell myself to Satan for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Granville, if I thought you meant it, I'd break with you this minute," said Augusta Conyers, making as though she would remove from that finger which girls are apt to speak of as the "engaged finger" a rather insignificant-looking ring with a blue stone in it. "But you don't mean it," she added, relenting, "and I know it."

"How do you know it?" asked Granville. "What do you suppose I am made of?—steel or lignum-vitæ? Certainly not of human flesh and blood. Why, Gussie, when I think how long we have been engaged, and how long we are likely to be, unless indeed you grow tired of waiting and throw me over for some other fellow, I'm beside myself. And sometimes, all alone in my room with my cigar, I get into such a mood that I should only be too glad to see Satan, horn, hoofs, and tail, with the brimstone odor about him and the red fire in his eye, rise through the floor or drop down the chimney. I'd jump at it, I tell you. I'd sign any parchment he offered me with my blood. That's the way they do it, you know: I've seen it all on the stage: haven't you? A hundred thousand! Why, I'd do it for fifty thousand! Your father would say, 'Bless you, my children,' if I had that much, no matter how I got it."

"Why, Granville Ashton! You ought to be ashamed to speak so of papa," said Gussie, pouting.

"Well, of course I shouldn't tell him, and he wouldn't ask," said her lover. "No old gentleman would. Of course I should look highly respectable, wear black clothes and a stovepipe hat to church, and move in the best circles. I wouldn't even tell *you*, Gussie."

"I should find it out," said Augusta. "Granville, I *do* wish you would stop talking so,—I *do* indeed. Of course, as you put it, it is all nonsense, but in other ways Satan may offer a price for a man's soul; and if you get that idea that money is all——"

"I can't have you without it," said the young man. "That is why I think so. Come now, give me a kiss and be sorry for me."

"Here in the road! For shame!" said the girl. "There's some one looking over the fence—— Oh, you mustn't!" But he did, putting her sun-umbrella low over their heads.

Then they walked on, talking of other things, until at last they reached the Carberry mansion, and he opened the iron gate that swung between the two stone pillars and held it back for her as she passed through it into the handsome garden in the midst of which stood the fine old mansion, and they walked slowly up to the door together. A black man-servant admitted them, and said, solemnly, "Ladies' dressing-room front, gen'lemen de las' room back, if you please." And in the hall the young people parted.

A little later a train came in, bringing two other guests,—a sedate, middle-aged man, and a woman considerably younger. He was big, and wore a constant smile upon his round and ruddy countenance; she was thin and sharp and eager, and her face wore a fixed expression of exasperation.

"How much money has Aunt Carberry, I wonder?" she was saying. "All the rest of the family are poor as church mice. She is actually

rolling in gold. I can't see why there should be such a difference. My mother was the sweetest woman, and she lived poor and died poor, and here am I, wild for money, just wild, all my life; and so are Marcia Doble and Anna Jarvis. How did Aunt Carberry deserve such luck any more than the rest of us, Ezekiel?"

"It's not deserts," said the man. "It just happened. And as to how—why, Almiry, it's no mystery how. It's no mystery: she did it herself. She married three rich men; and your ma, and you, and your cousin Marcia, went and married just only one poor one apiece. See? Ha!" And he uttered a queer little one-syllable laugh, like the snapping of a fire-cracker.

"I wish I hadn't, I know," replied the exasperated partner of his joys and sorrows. "I wouldn't, if I'd known you would be content to stick in the mud all your life."

Ezekiel only laughed his queer laugh and shook his big head, on which some sparse yellow hair cropped up at intervals, and which had an effect not unlike the heads of the china mandarins that ornament the store-windows.

"I don't suppose there's another man in the world would have sat at the same desk and taken the same salary thirty years, as you have done," said the lady, tartly.

"There ain't many ever had the chance," Ezekiel Gunn replied.

"Bah!" replied his wife, under her breath. "And here I am going to Aunt Carberry's birthday dinner in the same dress I wore three years ago."

"Be you?" queried Ezekiel. "I want to know!"

"Well, you do, don't you?" retorted his wife. "And much you care. But I'm getting into such a state of mind that I'd rob and murder any one for twenty-five dollars."

Ezekiel laughed, and his head shook again. "Lor'! when you get into your tantrums, Almiry, you are too funny," he said; and as they had now reached the gate, his wife plucked it open and let it bang behind her, stalking up the path alone, while Ezekiel, still laughing, followed more deliberately.

Again the colored servant went through his formula, and as the door closed two other people appeared upon the road,—a man and a woman of thirty or thereabout, very much alike, with fine complexions and good features marred by an expression of intense anxiety. Between the handsome eyebrows of the brother was a deep, horseshoe wrinkle, that was repeated on the white forehead of the woman whenever she looked at him.

"Sister Anna," the man was saying, "the invention may be said to be completed. Fortune is assured to us; that is, it will be assured when I am able to put my hands upon a thousand dollars. Of course you cannot be expected to know what is required, but I need that amount for sundries. Anna, a thought strikes me. If Aunt Carberry could be convinced that the invention was what it really is, what experts know it to be, I fancy she would give me the money,—lend it to me, of course, I mean."

"Aunt Carberry does not believe that there is anything in your in-

vention, Henry," Anna Jarvis said, gently, "and she would not encourage you in what she believes folly."

"The obstinate old idiot!" hissed Henry. "I should like to clutch her by the throat and force her to take what I need from her miserly hoards; just what I need,—no more. I'd do it if I had the opportunity. I'd choke it out of her."

"What a horrible speech!" cried Anna. "You must be crazy to say such a thing; and Aunt Carberry is no miser."

"Well, it's enough to drive a man out of his mind to have a fortune within reach so long and to be kept out of it by want of money. It's not that alone, either, Anna: think of the benefit it will be to mankind, the help to thousands. But I cannot explain that to you. You don't know a lever from a cog-wheel."

"I am sure, Henry, I have proved my interest," sighed Anna. "I sold my little bit of real estate to help you, and my pearls."

"Yes, Anna, no one could be kinder," said Henry Jarvis. "You cannot help your want of intelligence on mechanical subjects."

"All of us cannot be geniuses," said Anna. "And it is terribly hard for you; only don't say such things. If any one should hear you, they'd not understand that you would be the last person to hurt a fly."

"I'm not sure," said Henry Jarvis, pulling his long black moustache furiously. "I meant that about Aunt Carberry. I only wish I had a chance to take her by the throat and——"

They had entered the gate by this time, and Anna hurried forward and pulled the bell. Before Henry could finish the sentence he had begun, the door flew open, and the man-servant repeated the formula concerning the dressing-rooms. Anna ran up-stairs as quickly as she could, and Mrs. Gunn, Augusta Conyers, and Crissy Doble, who clasped in her slender arms the immense doll of which we have spoken, all came out into the passage to meet her.

The bedroom into which they all now entered was an extremely handsome chamber. Upon the floor lay an Oriental rug that left little of its richly polished surface visible. A brass grate, brass fender, shovel, and tongs, all lustrous as gold, rested in summer idleness. The afternoon light fell through the western windows and made everything glow and glimmer.

"How glad I am that you have come!" said Mrs. Gunn. "Poor Marcia Doble was not well enough. That makes us four less than we were last year. Poor Cousin Hornblower will never come again; and Drusilla Link and Lavinia—who knows? Marriage makes such alterations. Marcia staying away will make us a very small party."

"Ma is not very well," said Crissy. "She has so many worries. Isn't this a lovely doll? Such a size. Aunt Carberry bought it for me herself. I think it has the eyes of an angel. I thought her haughty at first, but it is only a reserved expression. I begin to love her already."

Anna praised the doll rather too enthusiastically. Her brother's dreadful speeches had made her very nervous.

"Oh," she said, "if any one had heard them, what *would* they have thought! It is only his way of talking. He would have played

tragic parts perfectly if he had gone on the stage; but then others might not have understood that as I do." Her heart was beating fast; her lips grew dry and feverish. Sometimes she wished that this gifted brother of hers were a commonplace young man, who came in to his meals like other folks, went to church on Sundays, and talked prettily to the ladies. Proud as she was of him, he kept her in a state of terror half the time, and she had sometimes been obliged to poke morsels between his lips with a fork, as did Herschel's sister Caroline, in real dread that he might forget that it was necessary to eat, and so starve, while making some new improvement in that wonderful machine of his.

Mrs. Gunn cast an envious glance over all the evidences of luxury we have described. "Ah!" said she, with a bitter sigh, "some are born for luck, and some for trouble. Here am I in the old brown silk again, as I suppose you notice, ladies."

"You have done wonders with it, Cousin Almira," said Augusta Conyers, pleasantly. "Why did you tell us? We should have thought it new."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Gunn. "I've turned it this time."

There was a rustle at the door. It opened, and a prim little woman entered and made a sort of courtesy.

"Will you walk into the drawing-room, ladies?" she said. "A gentleman has called on Mrs. Carberry, quite unexpected, on business. She's in the lib'y along with him, and begs you'll make yourselves at home. Can I do anything for any of you, ladies?"

"No, thank you, Jane," said Mrs. Gunn. "Well, let us go down, cousins. Isn't this a lovely room?" She gave another of her bitter, envious sighs, and, as the eldest of the party, led the way. Augusta followed her. Crissy Doble slipped her hand into that of Augusta Conyers as they went down-stairs, the child carrying her doll on her other arm with an air of solicitude.

In the lower hall they met Mr. Gunn, Henry Jarvis, and Granville Ashton, and all went into the parlor together.

Mrs. Gunn sank into a large rocker and closed her eyes, swaying to and fro with long sweeps that only left the tips of her toes on the carpet. As he watched her, Mr. Gunn gave his short laugh.

"I foresee that you'll end by standing on your head, 'Miry,'" he remarked. "You 'most did it that time."

"You'll have to put me on my feet, then, Ezekiel," said Mrs. Gunn. "It's just lovely to rock in this chair; not a creak to it. How different from my old rocker at home!"

"Ho!" laughed Ezekiel.

Anna Jarvis went to the window, and Crissy Doble followed her. They looked out upon the garden and saw the autumn flowers nodding in the breeze. All about lay the Carberry property.

Granville Ashton and Augusta stood upon the balcony. They also looked away over garden, field, and woodland.

"Ah, Augusta," said young Ashton, "how I wish I could say, 'All of this is thine and mine!'"

"That was the Lord of Burleigh's speech, wasn't it?" queried Miss

Conyers. "I'm afraid I should not be able to endure 'the burthen of an honor unto which I was not born.' I should die early, like the unfortunate heroine of the poem. By the way, I forget whether she had any name but She.

He was but a landscape painter,
And a village maiden she."

"The original She," said Granville. "But, really, why should a fat old lady have so much, and we next to nothing? Fortune is very unjust."

"Granville Ashton!" said Augusta, in an indignant whisper, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why, Gussie?" cried the young man.

"I am sorry I ever brought you to these birthday dinners," continued Augusta. "I deeply regret it. You have not strength of mind enough to keep from falling into the feeling that prevails at them. It was so strong when more of us were here—Drusilla Link, and Lavinia Patmore, and poor old Cousin Hornblower, and Abijah Gow—that it was dreadful."

"What was dreadful, Gussie?" asked young Ashton, in mild surprise.

"The tone of feeling," said Augusta. "The envy of our dear old relative's wealth. The continual contrasts drawn between Aunt Carberry's condition and that of her guests. It was sickening, disgusting. She gave Drusilla and Lavinia all their pretty clothes and jewelry, and they were always whining. You would have thought that Aunt Carberry had robbed Mr. Hornblower of a fortune. We all know the poor man drank himself down to ruin. She did many a kind thing for him.

"Abijah Gow was the worst of all. He was disgusting. And Henry,—of course it is hard for Henry Jarvis. If there is anything in his invention, Aunt Carberry would do well to help him out; but she does not believe in it. Pa does not think that it is anything particular. How does any one know? Surely the people who use such things would take an interest if Henry had found something new. At all events, Aunt Carberry has a right to do as she pleases.

"I never have been impecunious. Pa gives me all I need, and I make the best of it and keep his house. If things were worse, I'd face them without whining. Dear old Gunn is refreshing, contented old soul! and Anna Jarvis is just a nice, sweet, affectionate martyr to her brother, and has no hateful thoughts; but Marcia Doble and Almira Gunn simply sicken me with their open envy of Aunt Carberry's wardrobe and furniture. You have been here with me five years now, and you have caught it. It's not natural to you, but you've breathed the air, and taken it as if it was malaria. I've no doubt there are microbes of envy and bacilli of greed—there, I'm not up to scientific talk, but you know what I mean. Here you are wishing all Aunt Carberry's lands were 'thine and mine.' You go to church, too. You know that 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods' is a part of one of the commandments."

"There is no commandment against coveting thy neighbor's daughter, I believe," said young Ashton, with an innocent smile showing his very nice white front upper teeth,—the smile with which he had uttered all the dreadful speeches which shocked Augusta so much. He was such a mild, well-groomed, fair, pretty young man that one could not associate thoughts of riot and anarchy with him, as one might with a rough-headed, black-muzzled man.

"I can tell you you'll never get her if you don't stop talking as you have talked to-day," said Augusta, relaxing the severity of her aspect.

CHAPTER III.

"LISTEN to the frou-frou: 'she walks in silk attire,'" whispered Mrs. Gunn to Anna Jarvis at this instant. Henry arose, running all his fingers through his hair, leaving it rising upon his head after the fashion of young willow-plants. Mr. Gunn, who was standing already, turned toward the door. Augusta and Granville came from the balcony. To them entered Mrs. Carberry, a bright vision of satin and velvet, real lace, diamonds, white puffs, smiles, and jollity.

"And how are you all?" she asked, as she went about among her guests, shaking hands.

"How do we look?" queried Mr. Gunn.

"All as usual," said Mrs. Carberry.

"Then we must be well," said Mr. Gunn, firing off his laugh.

By this time every one had noticed that Mrs. Carberry held clutched in her left hand a great roll of bank-notes. She herself glanced at it, and laughed.

"I never have considered Lawyer Duffle very bright," she said, "but I think he must be getting childish. He's sold some property for me,—a little house in the village,—and the buyer, who has been saving his money for years, just as he got it in his business, paid him in small notes, and Duffle brought it to me just so, after bank-hours, in this lonesome country place, to keep all night. We counted it five times: two thousand dollars of the dirtiest money I ever handled. Crissy, run up-stairs and bring me down that pair of black silk stockings that are in my work-basket."

Crissy obeyed. When she returned with the hosiery described, Mrs. Carberry unfolded them, thrust the roll of notes into the foot of one, made a packet of it, stuffed it into the other, and pinned it up with half a dozen pins, which she begged of the ladies present. This she put into the pocket of her voluminous skirt. During this performance she had stood very near the window, in order to get the light, and all eyes were fixed upon her.

The beams of the setting sun shone upon the window, and there was no reason why any one in the room should not see the money plainly.

"Aunt Carberry, you are the most careless creature!" Mrs. Gunn cried, sharply. "Any tramp might see you."

"Don't seem to be any about," said Mrs. Carberry.

"Well, I don't trust any one any longer," said Mrs. Gunn. "I'm utterly disillusionized. I have no faith in human nature."

"Ho!" laughed Mr. Gunn. "She don't even trust herself any more." And his head shook wildly. Mrs. Gunn gave him a dark glance, and folded her arms tightly.

Henry Jarvis, with his forehead marked with horseshoe wrinkles, one within the other, as though he had been branded, was unconsciously making curious little motions with his fingers, as if he were clutching something. His sister trod on his toe to stop him, but in vain. She herself turned cold and pale, remembering that dreadful speech of his about choking what he needed out of his aunt Carberry if he had the opportunity.

"Is he doing it now in imagination?" she asked herself.

"I want those stockings full of money," whispered Granville Ashton in Augusta's ear. "I've a mind to grab them."

Augusta stepped out upon the balcony again. He followed her. She gave him a dreadful look.

"For your sake," he added. "Oh, Gussie, if I were better off you'd marry me to-morrow."

"I don't want money. I'd be willing to live as the-gypsies do," said Augusta. "It's all pa's prudence, not mine."

The shrill voice of little Crissy Doble came to them at this moment.

"Oh! aren't you rich, Aunt Carberry!" it cried. "I wish everybody was rich. It is horrid to be poor. How did you get so much money? In story-books they go to seek their fortune. Jack of the bean-stalk did. He robbed the old giant while he was asleep, and gave the money to his poor mother."

"A nice young chap, that," said Mr. Gunn. "Hope they caught him."

"It was a very wicked old giant," said Crissy. "And Jack's mother was a worthy woman."

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Gunn.

"Why, the story says so," said Crissy. "'Once upon a time there was a worthy widow who was very poor. She had an only son, whose name was Jack.' That's like ma," said Crissy, more shrilly than before; "only I'm a daughter, and I'd never sell a cow for a hatful of blue beans. Girls have more sense than boys."

"Ho!" laughed Mr. Gunn. "My wife thinks as you do, Crissy."

CHAPTER IV.

"DINNER is served, madam," said the man-servant, appearing at the door.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Carberry, "it's a small party this time. Drusy married and off to Europe, Lavinia ditto. Dear me! brides used to be content with Niagara once upon a time. And poor Cousin

Hornblower dead! He used to do justice to his dinner; and how he liked his glass of punch afterward! I like that. I hate people that mince and nibble."

"Ho! you can't complain of me in that respect, Mrs. Carberry," said Mr. Gunn.

"No, no. I'm glad you married into the family, 'Zekiel Gunn," said the old lady. "You shall take me in. Henry, you take Mrs. Gunn; and don't let her see how I flirt with her husband on the staircase. Crissy'll be your beau, Anna. You two out on the balcony can come in if you choose, but I suppose you have no appetite: I've been there myself."

"Three times," said Mr. Gunn. "You always have all the good things. Ho!"

"Behave yourself," retorted the old lady, "or I'll tell your wife."

Anna followed with Crissy. Mrs. Gunn and Henry Jarvis lingered a little in the hall-way.

"How is the invention, Cousin Henry?" she asked, in a plaintive tone, as one might have inquired for a hopelessly sick child.

"Cousin Almira," responded Henry Jarvis, "I need one thousand dollars—a paltry thousand dollars—to place it before the world."

"Ah," said Mrs. Gunn, "and there she goes with stockings full of money."

Henry clutched the empty air with his thin fingers. Mrs. Gunn stamped her foot softly.

"Oh, money! money!" she sighed. "How horrible to be poor! If 'Zekiel had got on as he might, I'd lend you what you need, Henry."

"Thanks for the intention, Cousin Almira," said Henry, dolefully. "Well, if I do succeed, I shall offer your husband a fine position in my office."

"Thanks for the intention," said Mrs. Gunn, sardonically repeating his own words. "I'm afraid intentions will be all we shall be under obligations to each other for, Cousin Henry."

"Intentions are said to be used as paving-stones in certain quarters," said Granville Ashton, just behind them. "What do you intend?"

"Oh, Henry is counting his chickens before they are hatched, and giving me half a dozen for myself," said Mrs. Gunn.

"Ah, yes. How is the invention, Jarvis?" asked Granville. Jarvis groaned.

"Ask him when the wedding is to be," prompted Mrs. Gunn. "Then Gussie can ask me when I'm to have a new gown. Did you see Aunt Carberry's gown? That silk is six dollars a yard."

"She's rather valuable as she stands," said Granville Ashton, "isn't she?—counting the diamond rings and pin, and the silk stockings. Why, if we could cut her up and divide her, we'd feel quite rich this evening,—we of the Order of Poverty, who are not used to having money."

"Granville, I shall hate you if you talk like that," said Augusta.

"Let's change the subject," said Mrs. Gunn. "Did you hear how poor old Cousin Hornblower died?"

No one had heard.

"He went about all day trying to borrow twenty dollars, and shot himself at night," said Mrs. Gunn. "They say he suffered for necessities. Now, why couldn't she have given him a home, this rich relation of ours, who has neither chick nor child?"

"I don't think she knew he was in need," said Augusta. "We did not. I'm sure pa would have helped him if he had known, as far as he was able."

Then they all went in to dinner.

CHAPTER V.

It was a very fine dinner, served in courses, with wine and a delicious dessert. Mrs. Gunn slyly dropped confections into her pocket, which was in the fulness of her skirt and quite ample. She had put it in her dress on purpose to set herself up in sweets for a week. Crissy openly asked to take some for her mamma. Mr. Gunn enjoyed his dinner and praised it loudly. Anna would have taken pleasure in the feast but for her brother's melancholy countenance. Augusta and Granville ate and laughed and exchanged jokes with their hostess. Under the blazing chandelier, glass and silver glittered and Mrs. Carberry's diamonds sparkled. Her eyes were bright also, amidst their cross-hatching of wrinkles. She thought herself a very amiable person who had taken some pains to entertain all these nieces and nephews.

"My relations worship me," she often said to acquaintances. "I had a number of sisters, and they all married and left children. They have their foibles,—who hasn't?—but they're well enough. Mr. Duffle will make my will some day, and I shall put them all in. But I've no doubt I'll outlive some of them: I've a grand constitution. Meanwhile, there isn't one of them that ever thinks of wearing my shoes. Some rich women are always suspecting those about them of the meanest things. Treat them well and generously, say I, and you needn't. Every Christmas I have a present for each of them. I give them wedding outfits when they marry, and they want me to live forever. Jane, too, my maid, is devoted to me, and little Crissy Doble, my widowed niece's child, and every servant I have. You see, I do well by people, and that's the whole secret."

But to return to the dinner.

"Now I command you young people to amuse me," Mrs. Carberry said, as they dawdled over their dessert. "You must sing, Augusta, and Granville too. You must play me some waltzes, Anna. The guitar is your instrument, Almira. You, Henry, must recite. Mr. Gunn can tell a funny story."

"Oh, I'm young folks too, am I? Ho!" laughed Gunn. "I'll do my best." And when Augusta and Granville had finished a duet, he began to tell a story, over which Mrs. Carberry at least laughed heartily, and which he enjoyed very much himself.

Then Anna played, and Mrs. Gunn sang in a sharp little voice to

her guitar, "Come, oh, come with me, the moon is beaming," and one or two other melodies of the same sort, and Crissy danced a skirt-dance to her aunt Anna's music.

"Now, Henry, you cannot slip out," said Mrs. Carberry, gayly.

"I remember nothing,—nothing," said Henry Jarvis, gloomily. "I do not wish to be churlish, but all my recitations are gone,—gone." And he pulled his black moustache wildly.

"Rub your head, Henry: that always wakes me up," said Mr. Gunn.

"Stay," cried Henry, getting to his feet: "I do recall a piece. It's not cheerful; but if you will have it——" He clutched a chair-back, scowled, and began. His selection was "Eugene Aram," and his voice grew deeper and deeper until he came to the words

And Eugene Aram walked between,
With *g-y-v-e-s* upon his hands.

"Aunt Anna, he frightens me," whispered Crissy, hiding her head in the lady's lap.

"He does it so well, you see," replied Miss Jarvis, whose teeth were chattering; and then she nearly jumped from her chair, for suddenly a peal of thunder was heard, then another. The rain began to drive in at the windows, which the gentlemen hastened to shut. A tremendous storm had broken over the country.

"How are we to get to the dépôt alive?" asked Mrs. Gunn.

"You can't get to it at all to-night," said Mrs. Carberry. "You must stay with me, all of you."

"Why, Aunt Carberry!" cried Mrs. Gunn. "Such a crowd!"

"Plenty of bedrooms; and I can lend all you girls night-gowns," said the old lady. "I shall feel quite safe with the house so full, even if I have two thousand dollars under my pillow. It's quite a charity to me to stay. Not that I suppose Duffle stopped to tell the burglars of their opportunity. Generally I keep only a check-book and some small change by me. Even my ear-rings and pin I usually deposit at the bank, with a necklace and bracelets I wear only at family weddings. And now let us settle ourselves and be comfortable. Of course your mother knew I'd keep you, Crissy: she won't be frightened."

"She said I could stay if you asked me, Aunt Carberry," replied Crissy. "And she sent a note about me to Aunt Almira."

"Our babies won't cry for us," giggled Mr. Gunn: "will they, 'Miry?" They were a couple who had never had any children.

"Pa will not know until morning," said Augusta. "He goes to bed at nine."

"I'm a free lance," said Granville Ashton. "Nobody's sitting up for me."

"I put milk for the cat on the kitchen hearth, and gave the canary seed and water, and shut the door of the sitting-room," said Anna Jarvis, as if speaking to herself. "It is all safe at home."

"Listen to the thunder!" shivered Mrs. Gunn. "I'm so frightened!"

"Almiry thinks that it's the thunder strikes," laughed her spouse.

Mrs. Carberry rang the bell. "Tell cook to let us have a nice little supper at eleven, Washington," she said. She led the way to the dining-room and produced some cards from an inlaid cabinet. They played a round game, in which even little Crissy joined, until supper was served.

Gathering about the table at that hour had the usual effect of setting people to talking. There was a great bowl of something hot, smelling of lemon-peel and spice and other good things, in which they drank many happy returns of the day, and their smiling hostess responded, "Thanks, and bless you, my dears."

Henry Jarvis drank the toast with his fine eyes upon the chandelier. His long drooping moustache, long, curling black hair, and woful countenance made him look like a hero of romance pledging his comrades on the eve of some desperate venture. Round-faced, blue-eyed Granville Ashton regarded him amiably; and after a few moments he arose to his feet.

"Let us remember that we have a great inventor among us to-night, and drink to his success," he said. "I propose Henry Jarvis, and the—the invention." He had not the slightest idea what it was that Henry was trying to bring before the world; nobody there had, but they all put their glasses to their lips and looked pleasantly toward their cousin, who bowed, with his hand upon his heart. He felt very much gratified, and a dozen or so of the outer lines of his horseshoe frown faded from his countenance.

His sister, seeing him so comparatively cheerful, began to be happy: two dimples which seldom revealed themselves appeared in her olive cheeks, and she selected suitable mottoes for every one present from the fringed candy-papers. The greatest good feeling seemed to prevail. They sat late together; it still rained, but closed shutters and dropped curtains made all snug within, and the thunder rolled no longer. At last, when the cuckoo clock announced that it was one in the morning, Mrs. Carberry arose.

"Here I go with my stockings full of money," she said. "But with such a body-guard I feel no fear of burglars. I only hope you have all enjoyed the evening as much as I have."

The ladies and little Crissy all came and kissed her. "Good-night, my dears," she said to the young men. Her rich silk rustled as she left the room. Her diamonds glittered as she turned her head and smiled at them. Her cheeks were red, her eyes bright under her bushy white eyebrows and thick white curls, crowned with a small lace cap of value. For her age she was very handsome, this relict of three rich men.

In her room Jane attended her. The last of her duties was to set a glass of water on the table at her lady's bedside.

"Dear me! I am sleepy," said Mrs. Carberry. "Good-night, Jane."

"Good-night, madam," said Jane, in her prim fashion. "We had the honor of drinking many returns, in the kitchen, to-night."

"Well, I know you mean it all, too," said madam. "I've behaved

well to you, and you behave well to me. Oh, take an extra quilt into the little room to Crissy Doble: she's delicate, and catches cold easily."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jane.

"You are sure every one has towels and soap, and all they need?" asked the old lady.

"Quite sure, madam," said Jane. "Mr. and Mrs. Gunn are in the big spare room, the two young gentlemen in the east rooms, and Miss Anna and Miss Augusta together in the long west room, just as you said, madam."

"Very well," said Mrs. Carberry. "You may go, Jane."

"Shan't I tuck you in, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"No. I'm going to lock my door to-night," said Mrs. Carberry, "with those stockings under my pillow. Good-night, Jane."

So Jane said good-night to her mistress, looming large in white cap and gown, and went to her own room, where a bell connected with Mrs. Carberry's apartment hung close to her pillow.

Exactly at what hour it was that Jane awoke she never knew, but she fancied she heard a noise of some sort, and sat suddenly up in bed to listen. There was no lingering jingle of the bell, but she lit a match and looked to see if it still moved.

As she did so, her eye rested on the silk quilt which she had forgotten to take to Crissy Doble's room. She jumped out of bed, caught it up, and, without putting anything on her feet, ran along the thickly carpeted hall to Crissy's door, to find it locked on the inside.

"It's such a warm night that it doesn't matter," said Jane to herself; "and only that little oval window, high above her head: she can't take cold."

At that instant she became aware that a figure passed her in the dark. Something fell at her feet. She stooped and picked it up. She could feel that it was one of those little match-boxes that smokers carry in their pockets.

"One of the gentlemen," she said. "I wonder which." Then, with a shudder and a disposition to scream, she saw a white figure rise from the stairway below. Suddenly it paused, dipped, rose, and went on again, its back toward her.

"Gracious! what is everybody kiting about the house for?" she asked. "Or is it ghosts? I feel as if something awful was going to happen." She held herself flat against the wall and watched the retreating form, which went toward the west wing of the mansion without making the slightest sound, and vanished at a turning, where a gleam of pale light marked the position of a window.

The white figure was Augusta. She had been down to the drawing-room to find a handkerchief-bag that she had left there. She saw who the other person was, though Jane did not. Her eyes were very good: she could almost see in the dark. The man had dropped two articles from his pocket. She had spied a handkerchief on the floor, and stooped to pick it up. As soon as she entered the room she shared with Anna Jarvis she looked at the corner and saw that it was one she

had marked for her lover with her own hair. She hid it away in her bosom.

Anna Jarvis was at her window, leaning half-way out. She was watching some one who was walking about in the garden below. She knew the tall, lean, square-shouldered figure to be that of her brother.

"Strolling out of doors this damp night—oh, what a foolish boy! Did any one else ever do such queer things?" she said to herself. She made motions with her hand to him, to command him to go in, but he took no notice, and she retired into the room with a sigh of anxiety.

"Next thing he'll have pneumonia," she said to herself; and sleep fled from her.

Meanwhile, Augusta was saying to herself, "I am so glad I did not meet Granville face to face in this attire."

"Did you find your bag?" said Anna, slipping into bed, determined to say nothing of her brother's queer conduct.

Augusta held up a trifle of silk and lace and ribbon. "On the chair-back, as I expected," she said. "And on the way up I met a ghost." She laughed, put out the light, slipped into bed beside Anna, and laid the handkerchief she had picked up against her cheek.

"And he never guessed I was so near him," she said to herself. "How he will search for this handkerchief! And how I will tease him!" And she fondled the soft cambric, which bore a trace of some delicate perfume.

"Augusta, I often wonder whether to love people very dearly brings more joy or more sorrow into one's life," spoke Anna Jarvis out of the dark. She was thinking of that erratic twin brother of hers,—always anxious, always unhappy, always distressing her about his mental, moral, or physical welfare, yet so dear to her,—the brother now strolling about in the mud outside, longing for money to add to the sums already laid at the feet of his idol of brass and steel.

"Oh, Anna, how can you ask? To love and be beloved—there is no other joy," replied Augusta, who was thinking of her betrothed. "My dear, have you something to tell me? Is there some one who——"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Anna. "I'm thirty, and I have no time for beaux: I am merely speaking of the domestic affections. I suppose they seem insignificant to you; but I must take care of Henry until his invention is before the world, and I wish I could do more, and do it better."

Augusta patted her shoulder. "My dear, you are a real heroine," she said, softly. She knew that Anna decorated pottery, gave lessons in flower-painting, and toiled at something all day long, for Henry's sake, keeping the pot boiling with very little aid, if any, and never reproached her brother by one word.

The sound of a window lifted softly came to them just now. Mr. Gunn, who was lying with his mouth wide open, snoring, was awakened by it. "'Miry," he said, "you hear that?" No one answered him. The wind was blowing sharply across him, and his wife was not at his side. The next moment he saw her clamber in at the window.

"Been out on the porch roof?" he asked. "You do beat all to-night. What on earth ails you?"

"I wanted to cool my head. It's burning," she said, as she came back to the bed.

"Well, if you've got your head as cold as your feet are, you'll do," Ezekiel answered, with his queer laugh. "And your sleeves are wet. Do you want to have consumption, like your ma?"

"I shouldn't care," she answered.

"I should," replied Mr. Gunn. "You'd keep me awake coughing."

"Oh, if you could hear yourself snore, Ezekiel!" the lady answered. "Talk of coughing!" He rolled over on his back again, and soon slept, but his wife was wide awake an hour later.

CHAPTER VI.

At three o'clock the cuckoo on the clock in the drawing-room gave its preliminary demon's shriek and counted the hour. As the last stroke died away, another sound, a scream, such a one as a woman utters in the very anguish of terror, filled the house.

"Help! Help! Help! Oh, good heaven, help! H-e-l-p!" Then a fall. Everybody heard it. Every one knew Mrs. Carberry's voice. Everybody was out of bed on the instant. There was mad search for matches, wild effort to light lamps. Half dressed and pale with horror, guests and servants poured into the passage and filled the space opposite Mrs. Carberry's bedroom door.

The shrieks had changed to moans by this time. The moans had died away into silence. The shoulder of each man present was against the locked door, each one pushing with all his might. The stout wood and strong fastenings resisted their efforts for a few moments, but the crash came at last. Every one rushed into the room, and the lamps that Anna Jarvis and some of the servants bore in their hands filled it with light and revealed the figure of Mrs. Carberry, lying on the floor, face downward, her long hair dishevelled and hanging about her, her white night-robe red with blood.

It was strange how helplessly the great majority of those present stood about, and what utterly idiotic things others did. Mrs. Gunn, for instance, rushed out of the room, sat down in a corner of the passage, and went off into hysterics. Mr. Gunn put his hands into his pockets and shook his head. Washington went upon his knees and began to sing a camp-meeting hymn. Henry Jarvis, whose head was wet and from whose long hair water dripped upon his shoulders, marched wildly up and down the room, and Granville Ashton turned white and sat down in an arm-chair. Jane was shut up in a wardrobe, whence she peeped at intervals; and as for the other female servants, they shrieked "Murder!" in chorus. Anna Jarvis and Augusta Conyers alone retained common presence of mind. They knelt beside Mrs. Carberry, turned her upon her back, and lifted her head upon a pillow.

"The blood comes from her arm," said Anna. "We must stop it. Give me that handkerchief." She tore away the sleeve of the gown, and Augusta hastened to bring a silk kerchief which was hanging over a chair-back.

The wound was in the upper arm. The young women contrived to tie the bandage above it and apply a folding fan as a tourniquet; and thus the bleeding was stopped.

The blood being sponged away and cologne-water used, Augusta went down-stairs and discovered a little flask of brandy. A few spoonfuls of this, carefully administered, had great effect. Mrs. Carberry sighed, opened her eyes, looked about her, and shut them again. A little after she opened them and kept them open.

"Did you catch him?" she asked, feebly.

"Dear Aunt Carberry, catch whom?" queried Augusta.

"The thief," said Mrs. Carberry. "I've been robbed of my money. The stockings were taken from under my pillow. Oh, if I had not fallen I'd have caught him myself, and held him until help came."

"And—he stabbed you?" gasped Augusta. "He stabbed you?"

"Oh, heavenly Father! He tried to murder you," sighed Anna.

"Stuff and nonsense! Nobody stabbed me," cried Mrs. Carberry, growing stronger every moment. "My life was not attempted. I cut myself on a broken glass goblet. I slipped and fell on it. But I have been robbed. Have you caught the thief? Do you know who it is?"

"Oh, Aunt Carberry," said Anna Jarvis, earnestly, "perhaps you have not even been robbed! Perhaps it is only a dream."

"No, no, no. I felt the stockings go," said Mrs. Carberry.

"Here is the broken goblet on the floor, and there is blood on it," said Augusta Conyers. She picked it up and put it on the mantel-piece. "Help us lift her upon the bed," she said to Granville Ashton. He arose and came toward her, turned pale, and staggered back to the chair.

"I always turn faint at the sight of blood," he said. "I can see that you despise me for it; but it is impossible for me to help it. It is a natural weakness."

Augusta made him no answer, and did not seem interested in his condition. She turned away and called Mr. Gunn. Together, the three laid the old lady in bed, bolstered her up, and covered her softly.

"There's a bit of glass in my arm, I'm convinced," she said, with a slight moan.

"I have sent for the doctor," said Augusta, who had indeed brought Washington sufficiently to his senses to make him her messenger. At this juncture Jane put her head out of the wardrobe, saw Mrs. Carberry lifted to the bed, shrieked, "Oh! oh! oh! My poor murdered missus!" and shut herself in again.

"Ho! Murdered! Lively murdered lady," laughed Mr. Gunn.

"Turn that laughing jackass out of the room," said Mrs. Carberry, "and those other men, and those fools of servants. Go with them, Jane. Anna and Augusta, stay with me. I presume that is Almira

shrieking like a hyena in the passage. Thank goodness, I never had hysterics in my life. Now lock the door, my dears."

"That cannot be done. The lock has been burst off," said Augusta. "But I'll set something across it." She pushed a table across the floor and pressed the edge against the door. As she did so, some one pushed it softly from without.

"Augusta," said Granville Ashton's voice, "may I speak to you a moment?"

Miss Conyers put her head out a little way and regarded her betrothed with a pale face and eyes that had no tenderness in them.

"Granville," she said, "I want you to go home, please, as soon as you have had some breakfast. Stop and tell papa that I will write to him. Do not try to see me again. I shall stay with Aunt Carberry for a while. She will need me, I fear."

"Very well," said Granville. "But listen, Augusta: if a man grows faint at the sight of blood it is not his fault."

"Did I say it was?" asked Augusta. Then she shut the door in his face, giving him no chance for the kiss he was preparing to take. Nor did she offer him any opportunity for a more tender adieu before his departure.

Alone with her nieces, Aunt Carberry gave them a full account of all that had happened. She had been awakened from a sound slumber by a tinkling of metal, a strange sound, but it lasted only a moment. Then she knew that some one was in the room, and such a horror fell upon her that she could neither move nor cry out. Then her pillow stirred; a hand was thrust under it. She felt that the stockings which she had placed beneath it were being slowly drawn forth. Then she regained the power of motion. She grabbed at some one who evaded her, felt the stockings go, jumped out of bed, caught her foot in something, knocked over a little stand and the glass of water upon it, and fell with them. She heard the glass break, felt a fragment enter her arm, and heard the sound of tinkling iron again as she lay upon the floor.

"I screamed with pain as much as with terror," she said, "and I suppose I fainted. But who on earth was in the room? Who robbed me? I never had such terrifying feelings before. Such strange rustlings. Such stealthy footfalls. And what was that tinkling sound, like the crackling of a sheet of metal? And the way that hand went under my pillow was actually ghostly! Augusta, Anna, I should die if I were left alone for one moment,—I who have been so brave. I believe I shall never be brave again."

"It is because you are ill," said Augusta. "And we will not leave you, dear auntie,—oh, not for a moment."

Mrs. Carberry dozed for a little while, then she opened her eyes with a start.

"Dear little Crissy," she said, "poor child, she must have been terrified. I hope the wretches did not get into her room."

"She is not yet awake, auntie," said Anna. "Her door is locked on the inside; and there is only an oval window high in the wall, you remember."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carberry. "Dear child, I find her very interesting,—so sensitive. How beautifully she spoke about that doll! such pretty fancies about it. I think she is almost too lovely to live. She is one of the children to die young and go to heaven without a smirch upon her white soul. Mind you tell her the news carefully, and bring her in to bid me good-by. Anna, you must tell Washington and cook to see that my guests have a fine breakfast. Almira may come in to say good-by, but none of the men. I never see any man but the doctor *en déshabillé*. When is that doctor coming? My arm gives me great pain."

At that moment the doctor arrived. He was very grave about the wound, in which he found several pieces of glass, and remarked that if some one had not known how to stop the bleeding he should not have found Mrs. Carberry alive.

"We know that ourselves," answered Mrs. Carberry, tartly. "Those are bright girls, my two nieces; but, oh, the rest were a lot of idiots. I never shall forget Jane looking out of the wardrobe to call me her 'poor murdered missus.' Plenty of affection and good feeling and all that, but no brains. And Gunn, and Henry, and your young man, Gussie, and the cook,—all alike."

"Keep quiet, or you'll have a fever," said the doctor. "I'll be in to-morrow; and if these young ladies will follow my directions you'll be all right in a week or two."

After the doctor had gone Mrs. Carberry fell asleep, and seemed to be much better when she awoke.

Anna Jarvis went down-stairs to bid her brother good-by. "Don't let the cat and the bird starve," she said; "and don't smoke in bed. You know I've run up-stairs twice to put you out when you set yourself on fire. Get your meals at the restaurant. Oh, Henry, how dreadful this is!"

"What?" asked Henry.

"That Aunt Carberry should have been robbed and hurt so badly."

"I regret that she is hurt," said Henry; "but she is too rich to miss the money. Two thousand dollars,—what is it to her? It would mean life to so many. No, I don't care about her being robbed: she said no attack was made upon her."

"A robber would always become a murderer if necessary to his ends," said Anna. "Oh, thank God *that* did not happen!"

"Good-by, sister," said Henry. He gave her a brusque little brotherly caress, and was off.

It was late when Crissy awoke. She looked pale and ill, even before the news of the night's occurrences had been broken to her. When this was done she began to tremble violently and all her strength seemed to desert her. "Will she die?" she whispered, with white lips. "Will she die?"

"The doctor says there is no danger," said Anna. "Of course she is in pain. She fell on some broken glass."

"Oh! oh! oh!" wailed Crissy, and turned faint again.

It was some time before they could quiet the child, and then her

elders sat and looked at her with a certain horror as she swallowed, one after another, three cups of the strongest green tea.

"The only thing," Crissy declared, "that helps either mother or me when our nerves give way."

The gorgeous doll Cleopatra was on her arm all this while: even when she was faintest, the child still held her waxen beauty fast.

After the tea had had its effect, Mrs. Gunn, with many warnings as to being quiet, conveyed Crissy up-stairs to make her adieus to Aunt Carberry.

Mrs. Gunn could not quite avoid showing an air of offence. Why had she been forbidden the sick-room, while Anna and Augusta remained there? Unpleasant remarks had been made also. She could not laugh at them as Mr. Gunn did, she said to Anna.

As for Crissy, who brought her doll with her, she burst into piteous tears as she saw the bandaged arm lying across the counterpane. "Oh, poor Aunt Carberry!" she cried.

"Now don't, child," said the other. "Come closer. I fell on some glass and cut myself. I'm not murdered, as Jane seems to believe."

"It is so dreadful! so dreadful!" wept Crissy. "Oh, it is so terrible! And there is blood on the bandage!" She wept softly, however, and her little cries and moans were scarcely audible. "It does seem as if you had been murdered, Aunt Carberry," she said.

"Little goose!" said Mrs. Carberry. "But I like to see a young thing show feeling. Take care of her, Almira, the precious child. Good-by. Tell Gunn I am sorry I was cross and called him a hyena, —no, a laughing jackass; I called you a hyena. You did make the most awful noise with your hysterics.—Well, Crissy, when you see me again I'll be up and about. You may kiss me." Crissy gave the kiss, shedding more tears, and went away with Mrs. Gunn, Aunt Carberry calling after her, "Give your mother my love, and tell her she has a darling little girl."

CHAPTER VII.

It was quite two o'clock when Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, holding Crissy by the hands, proceeded to the station immediately after the parting with Mrs. Carberry.

"Don't you wish we had a little girl of our own like this, 'Miry?'" Mr. Gunn asked, with his usual amiable smile, giving the child's fingers a soft little squeeze.

"No, I don't," replied his wife. "There'd be two without proper clothing to wear instead of one. If I had an income, I should like a daughter, and I don't know any one nicer than Crissy: so you mustn't feel hurt, child; but a daughter growing up with nothing handsome to wear would kill me."

"You are not a bit like my ma in general, Aunt 'Mira," said Crissy, "but when you talk about money you say just the same things

exactly,—just as she talked when she couldn't come because of not having a new bonnet. That was the real reason, Aunt 'Mira."

"I don't see why she should mind us. Anna and I are in the same box," cried Mrs. Gunn.

"Oh, yes, but Augusta has very fine things. Her father is not poor. It is before Augusta and that fashionable Mr. Granville Ashton that poor dear ma is ashamed of shabby clothing."

"Your ma always looks sweet," said Mrs. Gunn. "She's so charming. I remember her so well in white lace over pale blue, before she was married—heigh-ho!"

"Oh, I'd like to see her dressed like that," said Crissy.

"To my mind," said Mr. Gunn, "a lady never looks better than in a calico morning-dress with white cuffs and collar."

"If she has industriously washed and ironed them herself, no doubt she looks yet more lovely in your eyes," said Mrs. Gunn, with an awful depth of sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes'm, that's so," said Mr. Gunn, laughing his queer laugh. "A woman that lives for home, like my dear old mother did, gets a kind of beauty that you don't see in them that lives for society."

"Your dear old mother never instructed you in grammar, that's plain," said Mrs. Gunn.

"Well, what have I said now?" asked Mr. Gunn, with his comical laugh. "Your aunt 'Miry ought to have been a school-ma'am, Crissy."

"I wish I was," retorted Mrs. Gunn, with emphasis,—“a spinster school-ma'am with a good salary."

Crissy, holding her great doll uncomfortably under her arm, was now obliged to release her hand in order to keep it from slipping, but Mr. Gunn kept his hand upon her shoulder in a caressing fashion.

"Yes, yes," he said, thoughtfully, "I wish you were my little daughter, Crissy."

"I couldn't be anybody's daughter but ma's," Crissy said. "But you are a nice uncle to have, and I'll be a very affectionate niece. How kind Aunt Carberry was to me! Will she be very sick, do you think?" And tears rolled down her fair little cheeks.

"No. No sick person ever chattered like that," said Mrs. Gunn. "So don't cry." But the tears still fell.

"So the bonnet kept poor Marcia," said Mrs. Gunn again. "The idea that we should need little sums like that, when some of our relations have so much!"

"She intended to buy one," said Crissy. "But, oh, if you had heard that milkman! He told ma she was no lady, and a 'beat,' and she went up and got the money she had put by for her hat and gloves. You see, Mrs. Baker's aunt is always listening at her parlor window. Then she dismissed the milkman. Oh, I wish I was at home! I feel so anxious to get home!"

"What has happened has frightened you," said Mrs. Gunn.—"Why, Ezekiel, the child's heart is beating so that it stirs her frock.—Why, Crissy dear, no one will try to rob your mother, any more than me. We are not rich enough; and Aunt Carberry will get well;

and as for the money, it is no more to her than half a dollar would be to me; she'll never miss it,—never."

"Then the thief did no harm," said Crissy.

"Why, the sense of the little creature!" said Mrs. Gunn. "Just what I think myself."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Ezekiel, so queerly that the people on the road turned to look at him, and a cat perched upon a stone fence at the roadside rushed away in terror, while Mrs. Gunn looked upward, as though imploring heaven to give her patience. "Don't teach the child such things.—She don't mean a word of it, Crissy. A thief risks his soul if he only steals a penny: remember that, my dear. 'Thou shalt not steal' is one of the commandments,—God's commandments, child. Money is not worth doing any wrong thing for."

"Of course not," said Crissy. "But people do need it so. It's dreadful what a temptation it is. My ma says she's almost driven to marry old Mr. Bing."

Mr. Gunn laughed again, not thrice, but twenty times, while his wife cried, "Crissy! Really, has she got the chance?"

"She's had it a good while," the child replied.

"Well, tell her to take him while she can get him," said Mrs. Gunn. "But of course she will."

"Not if I can hinder her!" cried Crissy, stamping her small feet. "Think of it! He would be my step-father,—that awful man! Not because he is old. I like the minister,—he is very old,—and I like Uncle Ezekiel."

"But I ain't old, Crissy," said Mr. Gunn, grinning.

"Oh!" said Crissy. "Well, you look a little old, so I thought——"

"Your uncle is not old compared with Mr. Bing," said Mrs. Gunn. "He's older than I am. Being bald makes him seem to have more years than belong to him, but Mr. Bing might be his father."

"Oh, yes, I know Mr. Bing is oldest," said Crissy, "and his face looks like a walnut-meat when you get it out whole. And I know he's bad, and I told ma I'd die if she made him my step-father; and I would: I feel it here," putting her little hand over her heart. "And ma said she never would, if she had enough money to live on; for she hates him. That night I prayed to God to give her heaps of money and not let her marry that wicked man."

"I never heard old Bing was extra wicked," said Mr. Gunn.

"It's wicked of him to wish to marry my pretty ma," said Crissy, decisively. "He told her he wanted to give her all she ought to have,—fine clothes, and a handsome house, and jewels, and to go to the opera, and the best doctors, and to travel in Europe. But he could do that without marrying her. He could give her half his money, if that was true."

"Oh, he couldn't, Crissy," said Mrs. Gunn. "He could *not*. You don't understand such things yet. And it's wicked of you to stand in your mother's way and injure her prospects as you are doing."

Crissy only sighed. After a while she said, slowly, "I love my ma. I'd do anything for her; she knows it, too." And she clasped her great doll to her bosom and kissed it passionately.

Henry Jarvis was sitting in the station, with folded arms and a "lead him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat" expression of countenance.

"Why, Hen! Thought you went off hours ago," said Mr. Gunn.

"I did," said Jarvis, rolling his eyes toward the round clock that hung on the station wall; "ran the whole way, and missed the train. And that fellow in the ticket-office had the audacity to tell me that the time was changed to two minutes before eleven, instead of two minutes past. Great heavens!"

The little sliding shutter that shut in the window of the ticket-office flew back at this instant, and the face of the ticket-seller protruded. "Anything more about me?" asked this person, wrathfully.

"No!" thundered Jarvis.

"Because if you're looking for trouble you can have all you want," said the other, who had an immense chin and well-cropped hair and wore a little bull-dog's head by way of scarf-pin.

"No, no. Hasn't a man that's lost his train got trouble enough?" said Mr. Gunn, pacifically. "I never mind. I call it a good rest and a bit of fun; but he takes it hard: don't you, Hen?"

"Three hours out of our brief life wasted," muttered Jarvis.

"Oh, come," said Mr. Gunn, "come, let's use this ten minutes profitably. Come over to the stand and have some lemon-soda; they say it's ice-cold." Jarvis turned his back toward him. The ticket-seller shut the shutter with a clang, and Mr. Gunn said, "Come, 'Miry."

Her reply was, "Oh, I hate soda-water, Ezekiel."

"She wants champagne," said Mr. Gunn, laughing. "Come along, Crissy."

"Yes, go, child. I'll hold your great doll," said Mrs. Gunn, seating herself beside Henry Jarvis on the long bench against the waiting-room wall.

At this Crissy clutched her doll with both hands. "Thank you, Aunt Almira," she said. "I prefer to keep her. She is all the comfort I have." And she walked away with Mr. Gunn.

"That's a nice child," said the lady, "but such an oddity. She's pretty, too, don't you think? only so pale and thin. I know just the shade of blue that would become her. There's a blue for every one, don't you know, though there is not a pink for every one." Here Mr. Jarvis, who seemed to take very little interest in Crissy or her peculiar shade of blue, thrust his hands into his pockets, started to his feet, and darted to the end of the waiting-room where the clock hung.

"I wonder whether they've been making any changes in *this* con-founded train," he said, as he stalked back. "If not, the clock is slow."

"You certainly are very polite to bewail missing a train when it has procured you the opportunity of a conversation with me, Cousin Henry," said Mrs. Gunn.

"Oh," said Jarvis, "by the way, Cousin Almira, I have something to say to you,—a request to make. It is this: that you will exert

your influence with Mr. Gunn to keep him from addressing me as 'Hen' in public places."

"I'll tell him not to, if you like," said Mrs. Gunn. "I suppose you prefer 'Hen-a-ry.' That is the way he pronounces it."

"I call *him* Mr. Gunn," said the young man. "*Hen*—good heavens! How do you suppose I feel when he bellows it at me in the street?"

"If there is a thing my husband can do to commonize and lower the tone of things, he'll do it," said Mrs. Gunn. "His having that name, now, Gunn,—it's ludicrous; it is open to all sorts of jokes."

"What did you take it for, Cousin Almira?" asked Jarvis. "If you had taken mine, I believe I would have been at the top of the ladder now. We two could fight fate. Yes, if you had said yes, when I asked you, instead of no, I should have made my way in the world. That 'no' marred my life."

"Stop talking nonsense, Cousin Henry," said Mrs. Gunn. "You were only sixteen, and you hadn't a dollar, and you didn't care a bit, and don't now. Your jiggery-jiggery is all you care for."

"My *what*?" cried the inventor, in a white heat of rage.

"Well, how should I know what it is? The thing you are always getting patents on," said Mrs. Gunn,—“that hopeless invention of yours.”

"After all, she is but a woman. I need expect nothing more of her understanding," said Mr. Jarvis, addressing the ceiling. Then he lowered his voice to the deepest notes of its register. "Until now, however," he added, "I believed that I had your cousinly sympathy."

"Henry Jarvis," said Mrs. Gunn, "you have. I sincerely hope that you will realize a fortune on your invention. That is the only object worth trying for in this world. May you be successful, for your sake and poor Anna's."

"Why is she *poor* Anna?" queried the inventor. "Do I treat her cruelly? Am I not a devoted brother? Does she complain of me?"

"She worships the ground you walk on,—more fool she," replied the candid lady. "But as to your being devoted to her, that is a shoe that fits another foot. Anna had income enough to dress herself beautifully, and plenty of nice jewelry, and your invention has swallowed it all. Her gowns are worse than mine, for she is not a genius at dress-making, and I am. Oh, Henry Jarvis, well for you I did not marry you. I'd have led you such a life! You would feel reproaches: Gunn doesn't. He's like the rhinoceros for thickness of hide. You would suffer; and I'd make you, if you had any duties to me."

The door of the ticket-office snapped open again, and the still irate occupant bellowed, "Buy your tickets for New York." Mr. Gunn hurried across the road, with Crissy at his heels, and soon they were in the train.

Mrs. Gunn and Crissy occupied seats together, while Mr. Gunn and Jarvis went to the smoking-car. The impatience of the latter was too great to allow of his lingering for adieus to his cousins. As soon as the car arrived in the Grand Central Dépôt he dashed away as though life depended on the speed of his movements.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. and Mrs. Gunn proceeded to their home with Crissy. They intended to stop there, have tea, and then walk over with the child to her mother's home. Crissy resented the delay as openly as she dared.

"I want to get home," she said. "Can't I go by myself? I'm frightened about mamma. I can't be happy until I see her."

"Crissy, I won't have it on my conscience to send a child of your age to Brooklyn alone," said Mrs. Gunn. "And I want to see your mother; and I suppose she'd like to see me."

"Well," said Crissy, dolefully, "have tea early, anyhow, Aunt 'Miry."

"Yes; and you shall have pineapple preserves," said Mrs. Gunn.

"I cannot eat anything until I see my dear mother," said Crissy, plaintively. She walked up and down with her doll in her arms.

"She has some presentiment of evil," said Mrs. Gunn. "And no wonder, Marcia Doble is so delicate. I hope she will marry that old gentleman; I do hope so: she's not fit to struggle with the trials of poverty."

Mr. Gunn, meanwhile, was opening the shutters of the small flat, lighting a gas-stove, and putting on a tea-kettle. "How hearty your aunt Carberry entertained us yesterday!" he said. "I'm sorry to think of her lying sick and sore on her bed. She's a nice woman. We've always got along real good, your aunt Carberry and me. That thief would have had a bad time of it if I had caught him."

"Are thieves always gentlemen?" asked Crissy.

"Never," said Mr. Gunn. "Of course not. Never."

"I mean are they ever women?" asked Crissy. "Burglars,—that kind?"

"Ho!" was Mr. Gunn's comment. "Women have got the will, some of 'em, but they're afraid of the dark mostly, and you've got to go burglarizing in the dark, and carry pistols. They're afraid of pistols, too."

"My ma," said Crissy, "would die on the spot if she waked and saw a burglar in her room. Oh, my ma! My own dear ma! I want to see her! I want to put my arms about her! My own ma! No one else's little angel: just mine!"

"Marcia is nervous," said Mrs. Gunn. "Now remember, don't burst in upon her and tell her Aunt Carberry is murdered, and make her faint."

"Aunt Almira!" said the child, in terror.

"Your ma spit blood once, when something dreadful was told to her in a hurry," said Mrs. Gunn. "I think myself we had better prepare her gradually; that is, if poor Marcia is nervous just now. Come to tea, and then we'll take you to your dear ma at once." Then Mrs. Gunn, who was more gentle with Crissy than with any other human being, brought a chair to the table for the great doll, and made Crissy smile by putting a cake in its kid-gloved hand and saying, "Pray make yourself at home in our humble abode, Miss Cleopatra, and try to partake of our simple food."

There was plenty of tea, hot and strong, and little Crissy drank as much as her elders. The teapot was always on the stove in Mrs. Doble's tiny home, and the child was as desperate a tea-toper as any ancient dame alive.

Under the influence of the beverage Mrs. Gunn grew wonderfully witty. Crissy's anxiety was soothed. Mr. Gunn laughed, and covered slices of bread and butter with pineapple preserve, for the child and himself.

"Yes, Crissy, I wish you were our'n," he said, as he scraped up the last morsel of the sweets for her benefit. "Whenever your ma will give you away, I'll take you."

"That's safe to promise," said Crissy. "Never, never would my ma part with me, nor I with her."

"I'll buy you a robin's-egg-blue cashmere some day, anyhow," said Mrs. Gunn. She rose and tied on her bonnet at the glass. The pink light of sunset filled the air and softened the reflection that she saw.

"After all, I haven't gone off half as much as Cousin Anna Jarvis," she said. Then Mr. and Mrs. Gunn and the child left the flat together, Mr. Gunn carrying the key by a black string to which it was attached, and unconsciously attracting much attention by swinging it in a circle in one direction until it was wound up around his forefinger, and then in the other direction to unwind it, until Mrs. Gunn discovered his occupation and ordered it into his pocket.

They climbed the steps of the Elevated road and entered a car; but, despite all the efforts at rapid transit made by New-Yorkers, the journey from upper New York to Brooklyn suburbs still remains long and tedious. Stars were twinkling in the sky when they reached a tiny frame house with a small court-yard boasting a rose-of-Sharon bush and a grass-plot with a box border. A rubber-plant in a large pot stood on the porch. In the light of an electric lamp the leaves looked as though they were made of painted tin.

All the shutters of the house were shut, and not a light was visible. Mr. Gunn rang the bell several times, but, though the tintinnabulation was distinctly audible without, it produced no response.

"Your ma must have gone a-gadding," said Mr. Gunn.

"Does she often go out of evenings, Crissy?" asked Mrs. Gunn.

"Mr. Bing takes us both to get ice-cream sometimes," said Crissy. "I've heard him ask her if she wouldn't leave me at home, just for once, and if she would he'd bring me some in a box; but she said she'd rather not go herself then. Last winter he took us to the theatre. That was nice. And we had supper at Delmonico's after."

"Cousin Marcia is getting gay," said Mr. Gunn, setting off a train of his sharp, short laughs. "Well, he's took her off to-night, likely. Fortunately, it's warm, and we can sit on the steps until they come." And he seated himself.

"Pleasant prospect," said Mrs. Gunn. But she also took a seat on the porch, and began to look down the straight length of the quiet street.

Meanwhile, Crissy, after struggling with her grief for some moments,

began to weep violently, the tears running down Cleopatra's face in a way calculated to injure her waxen complexion.

"Well, now, child, don't do that: it's foolish," said Mr. Gunn. "I came home the other night and found my wife out, and had to wait on the stairs fifteen minutes. Do you think I boo-hooed about it?"

"How do I know what may have happened since I went away?" gasped Crissy. "How do I know?"

"Well, that's true enough, too," said Mrs. Gunn.

"If ma goes out while I am at school she always puts the key under the mat for me to find," said Crissy.

"Perhaps it is there now," said Mrs. Gunn.

"No: I've looked," said Crissy. Mr. Gunn, however, turned the mat over, but found nothing. They sat down again.

"Some of the neighbors might have noticed whether she went out," said Mrs. Gunn.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Baker's aunt knows everything that goes on in our house, I'm sure," said Crissy. In a moment more she jumped across the railing that divided the porch of the little house from the next one, and rapped on the parlor window-pane. The sash was instantly raised, and a gentleman with a hand of cards between his fingers looked out. "Halloo, Crissy," he said.

"I've come home, and I can't get in," said Crissy, breathlessly. "Do you know where my mother is?"

Mr. and Mrs. Gunn now advanced and waited to hear the answer. The gentleman gave none. All he did was to call, "Aunt Maria, come here." A lady left a little table where a whist-party had evidently been made up, and put her head out of the window. "Good-evening," she said.

"Good-evening," replied Mrs. Gunn. "We've brought Crissy Doble home from her grand-aunt's, and feel a little anxious about finding the house shut up. Crissy's mother must have expected her, and so many things happen. Have you seen anything of Mrs. Doble this evening?"

"No, ma'am, I have not," said this lady; "nor this afternoon neither. But you needn't feel in the least anxious about Mrs. Doble: she went out this morning in the best of spirits, and she left a note for Crissy, if she should come before she got back. Wait a minute. I'll get it for her." The gentleman now returned to the card-table, and the lady merely turned and took a letter from a cabinet between the windows. "Here, Crissy," she said.

Crissy caught it and tore it open. "I cannot see to read it out here," she said, nervously.

"Come in, come in," said the lady. Crissy instantly climbed across the sill, and, standing near the lamp, read the few words written on the sheet of paper.

"It's quite right, thank you," she said. "Very much obliged." Then she returned to the porch as she had left it, climbed the railing, and said to Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, "Come. I'm to go back to your house. She'll not be home to-night."

"Where has she gone?" asked Mr. Gunn.

"She says there is a letter at your house that will tell you that," said the child, "and I must go home with you, and she will come there to get me. But I can't think it out at all, and I am so worried; only I wouldn't let Mrs. Baker's aunt know it."

"I suppose Cousin Marcia felt lonely and went to visit some one," said Mr. Gunn.

"Oh, dear!" said Crissy, "what *can* it all mean?" And she laid her doll's cheek against her own and kissed it again.

They took the long journey back to New York, and there Ezekiel found a letter in the box marked "Gunn" in the vestibule of the flat. Crissy was almost wild with excitement before they got up-stairs and the light was lit and Mrs. Gunn had cut the envelope.

"Where is she? What is it?" the child asked. "Quick, tell me!"

"Why, it is just as your uncle said," said Mrs. Gunn, cramming the note into her pocket. "We might have saved our journey by looking into the letter-box before we started off. Very well, she says she is, and will come for Crissy when she comes back, and her dearest love for her own sweet Crissy. She felt as though a little trip on the water would do her good, and she went, with Mr. Bing to take good care of her."

"I wish she had waited until I came back," said Crissy. "I wanted to see her so much."

"I am frightfully weary," said Mrs. Gunn. "You know I had no sleep last night. I must send you to bed, Crissy. I shall put you on the lounge in the parlor."

"And you'll be as snug as a bug in a rug," said Mr. Gunn.

Crissy was shortly lying on the lounge, with Cleopatra in her arms, and Mrs. Gunn passed into the room where her spouse was taking off his collar and cuffs and winding up his watch.

"There is news Crissy won't like in that letter, Ezekiel. We shall have a time of it," she whispered. "I'm glad I could put off telling her for the night."

"Why, what has happened, 'Miry?" her husband asked.

"Cousin Marcia has married old Mr. Bing," said Mrs. Gunn, "and they are off to Egypt on their wedding journey. I'm to break the news to Crissy."

Mr. Gunn laughed a dozen times. "Jerusalem!" he said. "Well, I knew she would; didn't you? She 'ain't done so bad. Bing is well respected, and will be good to her."

"And she'll be rich," said Mrs. Gunn. "But what will that excitable little creature say or do when I tell her?"

There was much whispering in the silence of the night, but finally Mr. Gunn fell asleep and no longer made any answers.

This is the letter that Mrs. Gunn had received from Christina's mother:

"DEAR COUSIN ALMIRA,—When I wrote to you, asking you to take charge of my dear little daughter on her way home, I tried to arrange things so as to give you as little trouble as possible; but if I have given you more than I ought, forgive me. In the future I shall

be able to do something nice for you to repay you a little, for in a few hours I shall be rich. Think of it, dear cousin! poor little Marcia Doble rich! I am going to marry Mr. Bing. He is a wealthy Wall Street man, quite old enough to be my father. He has not even the beauty of old age; but he is strong, healthy, generous, and of good repute. He is desperately in love with me, and anxious to do all he can for me. I should have married a year ago, but for Crissy's opposition; but I cannot think of that now. I want to live, as we all do, and I must live, if I can, for the poor child's sake. I cannot endure another wretched cold winter. I cannot provide for Crissy and myself any longer. I owe every one in the neighborhood,—grocers, butchers, milkmen. Mr. Bing will pay them all off in checks before we go on our wedding-trip. I have taken this time for marrying Mr. Bing because I want to avoid a scene. Crissy will probably make a dreadful one. The child is jealous if I have the least liking for any other person,—jealous of her poor father's memory, too. Heaven knows I loved my first husband truly, but I have been a widow years and years. I suppose if I had been the one to die he would have taken another wife. However, I need not apologize to you. You have often asked why I did not set my cap for some one. Well, dear, I have caught a husband without an effort. Mr. Bing saw me in the street, followed me at a respectful distance, found out who I was, managed to get an introduction, and has been trying to get me to marry him ever since. To-morrow I shall go to the minister's in my travelling dress, and directly thence to the steamer. If Crissy could have been depended on to behave herself, she would have been with me at my wedding, and have gone with us on our journey and enjoyed herself, and how much happier would I have been! I miss her when she is away an hour. Her peculiarities (she will scream and stamp and tear her hair, dear) render this impossible. I do not want to make Mr. Bing dislike her, so I ran away. When we meet, no doubt I shall find that she has made up her mind to the inevitable. I want you to keep her until I return, and of course I make a business-matter of the affair, though all the same you do a deed of charity in obliging me. My little house will be let furnished, and Crissy's trunk and a few pictures sent to you: I shall never live in the suburbs of Brooklyn again. Kiss my own dear Crissy for me. Give her my fondest love, and explain to her all my reasons for marrying Mr. Bing: Crissy has sense, if she will use it. One thing only you must not tell her,—that I have a real affection for Mr. Bing. Admiration or passionate love I have none, but if my blessed grandfather had come to life again I could not be fonder of him. I shall be happier than I ever have been, if Crissy will let me. But tell her only of the worldly advantages we gain by this. The child is dearer to me than my life, and it is as much for her sake as my own that I marry this kind, worthy, wealthy old gentleman, who honors me by offering me his hand.

“Yours ever truly,

“MARCIA DOBLE.

“P.S.—How strange to think that I shall never write my name like that again! MARCIA.”

A second, and to Mrs. Gunn more important, postscript followed, which I will not give to my reader just yet.

CHAPTER IX.

AT six o'clock next morning Mr. Gunn arose, made his coffee over a gas-stove, took in the rolls and milk, and trotted away with his usual contented smile.

At the office it was said that never once in the thirty years of his service there had Ezekiel Gunn been behind time. The white-headed old partners, Mr. Atchison and Mr. Balch, always shook hands with him, and when there was any news they talked it over. To-day Mr. Gunn had to tell of the events at the Carberry mansion. The partners listened intently.

"Now, which of us stole that money?" queried Mr. Gunn when he had finished. "It's a question to be put in some paper as a puzzle. A prize for guessing it." And he popped off a dozen laughs.

"How about the servants?" asked Atchison.

"She's had most of 'em twenty years," said Gunn.

"It's always honest William, who has been trusted with everything, who goes off with the funds at last," said Mr. Atchison. "Some writer says that—I forget his name. Whom do you suspect?"

"It's all in the family," said Gunn. "I wonder Mrs. Carberry didn't have us all searched at the door on going out, like Tape & Button does their employees." Then he laughed, and Mr. Atchison laughed, and Mr. Balch laughed until his sides ached, and they parted.

Gunn told his story to each of the other clerks in turn. It was seldom such an interesting bit of news was to be had in the slow old place. It was curious, however, that every small-salaried employee in the office remarked, "Well, if the lady is so well off, she won't feel it," or, "What is two thousand to a rich woman?" or something of the sort; though this was when they were by themselves and not speaking to Ezekiel Gunn, who was related by marriage to the loser.

That night Mr. Gunn went home early as usual, to find the doctor in his front parlor. He was a portly man, with large white hands, and a way of putting his head on one side as though listening sympathetically to some delicate little confidence, as just now he actually was.

"Yes, yes," he was saying, "there is no doubt that this second marriage of little Miss Doble's mother has caused her great agitation. I only wonder that she did not die of it. As it is, she is a very sick child, very sick, I don't deny it, Mrs. Gunn. Give her the medicine every half-hour, keep her feet warm and her head cool. Don't talk to her about her mother——" Here a scream burst upon their ears, and Mrs. Gunn ran into her bedroom.

"In fact," said the doctor, taking his gloves from his pocket, "she must be quieted, soothed, amused, if possible. It is singular that a

second marriage is almost always so seriously objected to by the children of the first one."

"Crissy had no reason to carry on so," said Mr. Gunn. "She can't scarcely remember her pa, he died when she was so young. Mrs. Doble 'ain't been in a hurry, and old Mr. Bing is spoken well of and is wealthy."

"So Mrs. Gunn tells me," the doctor replied, turning a questioning face to that lady as she re-entered. "Well?"

"Only the old thing," said Mrs. Gunn. "'Her mother, oh, her mother!' and 'how could she?' and 'why didn't she wait until she saw her?' And 'she knows she will die, and wants to, for she is too wretched to live.'"

"Hysterical," said the doctor. "And genuine hysterics is a very serious matter. However, I think we'll pull her through. I will be in to-morrow morning, unless I am sent for before. Good-evening."

"Have your supper, 'Zekiel," said Mrs. Gunn, in an unusually kindly tone of voice, "then talk a little to Crissy. You'll do her more good than the doctor. Tell her a funny story. You can cheer her up: you've such a way with children. But eat first. I've made you a chicken pot-pie: you always like that." And she actually smiled at him. She was cheerful all the evening. She did not snap at him once.

Crissy, however, refused to be cheered. She told Mr. Gunn that he meant well, but that he had no idea what real trouble was, and that she wished she were dead. But all the time she clasped her doll fast, as baby girls sometimes do. Soon she asked Mrs. Gunn to put her in her sofa-bed again and to leave her alone.

"I shall not scream any more," she said; "only that doctor must not come and bleat over me like an old sheep." Then, declining Mr. Gunn's offer to carry her, she walked to her sofa, conveying Cleopatra carefully in her arms, Mrs. Gunn's long night-gown, which she wore, trailing behind her. "Shut the door, if you please," she said, "and leave me to myself."

"You needn't worry about that piece of nerves any more, 'Miry," Mr. Gunn remarked. "What a funny little critter, to be sure! What airs it takes!"

That evening Ezekiel and Almira sat up rather late, talked of old times, and were very comfortable together. In the morning Mr. Gunn arose first, as usual, but was shortly joined by Mrs. Gunn.

"It's a shame you should eat breakfast alone," she said, and set herself to work to make him comfortable. They talked of Crissy in a whisper.

"She'll never be willing to go to live where Mr. Bing is master," Mrs. Gunn said. "Marcia wants me to keep her while she is in Europe. Perhaps we may have her always: you'd like her for a daughter, 'Zekiel?"

"How about them clothes?" asked Mr. Gunn.

"Cousin Marcia is able to see that she has clothes, now," said Mrs. Gunn: "so we'll manage."

"Well, well, it's for you to fix things like that," said Mr. Gunn.

"But when she's like herself again I think she'll be pleasant to have about. Seems to have cheered you up to have her, even in her tantrums."

"Well, I do feel rather cheerful, somehow," said Mrs. Gunn.

Three short laughs popped out of Mr. Gunn's mouth, and his bald head danced merrily. Mrs. Gunn laughed also, and all the while her spouse was saying to himself, "What has cheered her up so? She's been mighty testy for some time past, and here she is like honeymoon days. There's a reason for everything. It must be Crissy's coming, I suppose. But I should have thought 'Miry would call that a bother."

But nothing seemed a bother to Mrs. Gunn that morning. When Crissy came out into the dining-room, calm though despairing, she gave a rapturous little cry and clasped her to her heart.

"Better, dear?" she asked.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Crissy. "But I am sorry I did not die yesterday, Aunt Almira."

"Little goose! How you will laugh at yourself some day!" said Mrs. Gunn. "Think of your mother relieved from all anxiety if only you will be good."

"I should not have left her," sighed Crissy. "I might have known what would happen. Oh, I have such awful feelings, aunty, like a fire here!" She put her hand on her heart. "Not a fever; just feelings, Aunt 'Mira."

"You'll get over that," said Mrs. Gunn. "But I am so glad you are not very ill."

"I need not see that hateful doctor again, need I?" asked Crissy.

"Just this once, since he is coming," said Mrs. Gunn. Then she prepared a tempting breakfast for Crissy, who ate a few mouthfuls with a languid air. The doctor arrived just as she had finished.

"Well, well!" he cried. "Much better than I expected."

"I was agitated yesterday," said the child, with the air of a settled woman. "No doubt I was very silly; but I shan't do it again." She took her doll on her arm, settled its robes carefully, and walked out of the room.

"But she is not well," said the doctor, "whatever she may think. There is great constitutional weakness, and abnormal development of brain. As her mother is, or was, a widow, her father must be dead. What was his disease?"

"Consumption," said Mrs. Gunn. "And her mother is never well."

"Hereditary, hereditary," said the doctor. "Yes, yes; but, after all, these weakly little ones sometimes astonish us by becoming robust as they grow up. Let us hope this child may do so." Then he took his hat and went away.

Later in the day Mrs. Gunn went out with her satchel in her hand, leaving Crissy with a book and a glass of lemonade to cheer her. She returned after some hours, and unfolded on the table a number of bright pieces of silk and chiffon, some ribbons and clasps and aigrettes, a wire hat-shape, and a straw hat.

"I am going to make each of us a hat, Crissy," she said. "Your

poor ma couldn't go to Aunt Carberry's for want of a new hat, but now she can have all the imported hats she wants."

Crissy did not smile. "New hats and Mr. Bing," she said, with the voice of a baby and the air of a woman of sad experiences; "but not her Crissy any longer: we are nothing to each other now."

"Why, child?" said Mrs. Gunn. "I'm sure you love your mother still, and she loves you. But let us talk of something else. Do you know, I think I've got the blue you ought to wear at last; and for myself, old rose with black lace: won't that be pretty?"

"Yes. I am glad you are to have a new bonnet, Aunt Almira," Crissy replied.

"So am I: a woman without a new bonnet is an unfortunate being," said Mrs. Gunn. "And I am a first-rate milliner: I'm a good dress-maker, too." She began to trim the straw hat with the blue ribbon. Mrs. Gunn worked briskly and cleverly: her quick, decided movements, and the way in which she held the hat up at a distance to get the effect, attracted the child's attention at last. First she sat up among her pillows and regarded her aunt solemnly. Then her features relaxed a little; she slipped to the floor, came to where Mrs. Gunn sat, and began handling the pretty fabrics, lifting them delicately with her tiny fingers. In a few minutes Mrs. Gunn tried the hat on.

"I do think it's lovely. So are you, Crissy," she cried. "Next Sunday we'll go to church together, and next week I'll take you to call with me. We'll wait until my new dress is made,—black lace over old rose, like this hat, and a dotted lace veil to hide the little lines in my face. I have too many for my years: it's fretting so much. You see I always have enough for my table, but one of Mr. Gunn's laws is that I must have no credit, and so I couldn't squeeze a good wardrobe out of my income; but just a little freedom will make me comfortable."

"Has uncle got a raise in salary?" cried Crissy.

"No, and never will, I suppose, from those old fossils he has been with since he was a boy," said Mrs. Gunn. "But, after all——" She paused, placed a long pearl buckle across the band of the hat, and fastened the pin: "Direct from Paris, by Madame Gunnette," she laughed.

Crissy, however, though she smiled, seemed to take more interest in the subject of finances than in bonnets. "But if uncle hasn't had his salary raised, where did you get the money for the gown and hats?" she asked.

"Well, for a direct questioner, you'll do," said Mrs. Gunn. "The fairies dropped it down chimney."

"I hate the thought of money since I saw Aunt Carberry lying in her bed, after *that* happened," said Crissy. "Ugh! how frightful it was! I see it yet!" She rushed back to the sofa, covered herself with a great afghan, face and all, and began to sob and gasp and gurgle in the most alarming manner.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Gunn, in her most exasperated tones. "Aunt Carberry may have been robbed, if she hasn't found her money,—which is likely enough,—but she is not murdered. I've

cut my hands with broken glass many a time: it's a common accident."

"Oh! oh! the blood on the bandage! the dreadful red blood!" wailed Crissy.

"You expected it to be blue, I suppose," said Mrs. Gunn. "Aristocratic blood ought to be the color of the ribbon on your hat." But Crissy only sobbed and shivered and shook and squealed for a long time.

When she grew quiet and seemed to be asleep, Mrs. Gunn rose, went into her bedroom, took from her wardrobe her shopping-bag, and emptied upon the white counterpane of her bed a vast quantity of bank-notes of small denominations, which she proceeded to count carefully, making them into a roll as she did so. There was something short of a thousand dollars, and every dollar seemed to give her an emotion of delight.

"Where shall I hide it all?" she asked herself aloud. An idea seemed to strike her. She reached forward and took from an ornamental brass hook, screwed into the side of a wardrobe, a knitted bag made like a purse, with brass rings and a little chain to close it, and trimmed about with red-and-yellow ball-fringe. One end of this was full of such remnants of cotton, silk, and woollen goods as all economical women preserve for purposes of repair and alteration; the other contained old stockings. From among these she selected one of black silk, slipped the roll of bills into the foot, folded the leg over it, rolled it hard and fast, and secured it with a pin. Then she placed it at the bottom of the bag, piling the rest of the hosiery upon it.

"There," she said, as she hung the bright thing up again, "no thief will ever think of looking there. It is safer than any safe." Talking to herself was a bad habit of Mrs. Gunn's, and she uttered the words aloud. As she did so, she turned and saw Crissy standing in the door-way, her blue eyes wide with astonishment.

"Do all this family keep their money in old stockings, Aunt 'Mira?" she inquired. Mrs. Gunn made no reply, but went out into the hall, drawing Crissy after her.

"Crissy," she said, with an air of enthusiasm that was quite theatrical, "I've been thinking that we must make a number of new things for Cleopatra. I can knit lovely silk stockings. We'll have real underclothes, and fine lawn night-robes trimmed with Valenciennes, a cloak, of course, and a new hat. Those little bonnets stay best on a doll's head. Let me have the pretty creature: I'll take her measurements. I cut by system. I learned of an old Frenchman ten years ago. I'll put her measurements in a book, as though she were a real young lady." She held out her hand for Cleopatra; but Crissy clasped the doll fast and retreated to her sofa.

"Aunt 'Mira," she said, "you are very kind, but I want to keep Cleopatra just as she is,—just as Aunt Carberry gave her to me. It was all so different then. Such awful things have happened since. This is my last doll, Aunt 'Mira. I'll keep her just as she is now, to remember the past by, for my time for playing with dolls is over forever."

"Why, you little silly!" cried Mrs. Gunn, laughing shrilly, "what on earth are you doing now?"

Crissy gave a tragic smile. The tears began to pour down her pale little face. "Aunt 'Mira," she said, "if you knew just how I feel, if you saw right into my heart and understood, you would not dare to laugh at me."

"You poor soul!" said Mrs. Gunn. "I don't know what I shall do with you."

CHAPTER X.

SATURDAY afternoon was a half-holiday for Mr. Gunn. On that of this week when he reached home he found a tempting lunch set out for him and a little cocked-hat note on his plate telling him that Mrs. Gunn had taken Crissy to a *matinée*. "I had to do something to turn the child's thoughts," she added. "I've arranged everything for a lovely dinner when I get home. Try to be comfortable. I wish you were going with us."

"Nice little woman, 'Miry," said Gunn, complacently. "She has a temper, but when she's good she's as good as they make 'em. Now, if I'd gone and resented a few flings or so, here we'd be separated, mebbe, like some folks are for incompatibility of temper. I never said nothing, and the consequence is we're going to be all right. Now she's got Crissy to talk to and fuss over, mebbe she gives her the raps instead of me." His queer laugh rang through the rooms as he sat down in his shirt-sleeves to eat his solitary meal.

The plates cleared, the teapot emptied, Mr. Gunn bethought him how to occupy his time. He was not much of a reader, and he had finished his morning's paper in the cars on the way home. Polishing the silver occurred to him. He was fond of making things shine, and he always did this work at odd times. They had some solid silver wedding-presents of the long ago,—a tea-service, a dozen spoons, a water-pitcher, a fish-slice, and a soup-ladle. All these he took from the sideboard and placed on the kitchen table, spreading old newspapers to receive them, and bringing the box of polish and a little brush from their hiding-place; but besides the brush he needed rags for rubbing.

"Where will I get them?" he asked himself. Then he remembered that his wife always gave him old woollen stockings, and, going into the bedroom, he began to look for the piece-bag. "Hope I shan't take none she could mend," he said. "I'll get some from the bottom of the bag." And, plunging his hand in, he drew up two or three pairs and unfolded them. "She might mend them," he said, laying aside a gray couple which seemed to have holes in them not beyond darning. "Here's a black one." He drew it out, opened it, and, feeling something hard, thrust in his hand and touched what made him start and shiver and turn white to the lips.

"Bank-notes!" he whispered. "I know the feel of 'em. Bank-notes, in a black silk stocking! Oh, good Lord!" His face turned

waxen-white with horror. Slowly he drew forth his hand and furred the notes over his fingers, getting a general idea of the sum.

"It's her aunt Carberry's money," he said,— "one of the stockings that was taken, a thousand in each stocking, I remember. This is one of 'em. Poor 'Miry! poor 'Miry! she's yielded to temptation. She's broken a commandment for the sake of fine frocks and bonnets. She's a thief. My wife is a thief. A burglar! What is it my duty to do? I know, oh, Lord, I know; but I can't do it." He put the money back, rolled the stocking up again, took the pin from the lapel of his coat where he had stuck it, and made all as he had found it. Then he hung the bag in its place. Returning to the kitchen, he undid his preparations for polishing the silver, and carried all the pieces back to the little dining-room. Then he began to pace the floor, clasping his hands, shaking his head, crying at last in his misery, and muttering words like these:

"'Miry, my poor 'Miry a thief, a thief and a robber in the night. That's what goin' out on the porch roof in the rain meant. Oh, good Lord! good Lord! I can't do my duty and tell of her,—I can't. I must keep the secret, and I shall die of it."

He paced the few tidy rooms, to which Mrs. Gunn, with her love of beauty, had given an artistic air, despite her small allowance of funds, and felt that he had been very happy there,—oh, very happy.

"To be sure, she would snap my nose off sometimes," he said. "But that was only her way. I didn't believe she had any bad stuff in her. I might have known that coveting that which is your neighbor's would hurt the soul at last: the longing for fine clothes was deeper than I knew,—deeper, deeper. If I'd known how deep, I'd have tried to earn more. 'Be content with the station in which you've been placed,' was my idea. I didn't want fine clothes, and watches, and gold-headed umbrellas, like my employers, but *she* did want to dress like their wives. If I could have given 'Miry more money, it never would have come to this. Oh, it is awful! It is awful! 'Miry! My 'Miry!' The discovery of that black silk stocking full of money among his wife's possessions had altered the whole aspect of the world to poor Ezekiel Gunn.

Every now and then some thought struck him a dagger-like blow. Some thought reminding him of Crissy caused him to cry out, "Why, a woman like that isn't fit to have a little girl in her care." Then he would remember how they joined the church together, and how they still went to their old seats almost every Sunday.

"She has no right to take communion with theft on her conscience," he moaned; "but I can't forbid her. I can't let any one know what I know, not even 'Miry herself. There's only one thing I can do,—earn two thousand dollars and pay it back to her aunt Carberry without letting her know where it came from. That is all I can do; and that will never take the stain off my poor 'Miry's soul, or make my thoughts of her pleasant again." He sat down beside the kitchen table and hid his face in his folded arms: his sleeves were shortly wet with tears.

When Mrs. Gunn came home from the *matinée*, very trim and

bright in her new clothes, and disposed to be agreeable and chatty, she found Mr. Gunn looking pale and solemn, holding the newspaper in his hand. His spectacles, however, were thrust upon the top of his bald head, and he did not greet the opening of the door with that usual queer laugh. Neither did he do justice to the good dinner his wife prepared for him, nor to her efforts to be agreeable. Finally Almira grew silent and sat staring at him, not knowing what to say or do. Mr. Gunn's "ways," his queer laugh, his bad grammar, had often tried his wife's spirit, but now the change in him actually horrified her: she felt as must the mother who sees in the cradle, where but an hour ago she left her happy and healthy baby fast asleep, the miserable, wailing changeling that the fairies have placed there in her absence.

She could have gone on her knees and begged him to be his own queer, honest, good-humored self again. She knew he was not ill, for sickness did not affect him in that fashion. When she had asked him one question, "Is everything right at the office, 'Zekiel?" and he had answered, very slowly and sadly, "Yes, Almira, as far as I know, nothing new has happened there. There's no trouble any way that they've told me," she ceased to make any effort to fathom the mystery, and merely watched him, as with bent head and mouth down at the corners he lost himself in what were evidently most unhappy reveries.

The mood lasted all Sunday. Nay, he even grew more doleful. He must have risen before daylight Monday morning, for he was off before she opened her eyes. She was uneasy about him all day, but when he returned at night he gave her a great surprise: he brought with him a new travelling-bag.

"Why, Ezekiel!" she cried, staring at it. "What is that for?"

"I'm going away on business, Almira," he answered. "For the firm. I shall make some money, I suppose. They've given me the chance to do it if I've got the gumption, so I expect you'll want I should go."

Mrs. Gunn sat down, and, to her own surprise, began to cry. "Somehow I don't," she said. "I didn't think you could bring yourself to leave home like this."

"I begin to see it is my duty," he answered. "If I don't succeed, there's my old desk again. They are very kind to me."

After his supper he set to work packing his clothes, while Mrs. Gunn added a few little comforts that he had not thought of. Crissy stood about, looking at all that was going on, but saying nothing.

At last the key of the bag was turned, the straps pulled, and Mr. Gunn sat staring at vacancy, as he had the night before.

Mrs. Gunn, for her part, paced the room restlessly. She wore a new and very becoming tea-gown, with some glittering trimming about it that made Mr. Gunn fancy it very costly indeed, though in reality it was not. The changeful glow and shimmer troubled him: they made him think of that black silk stocking full of bank-notes that he had seen in his wife's piece-bag. After a while he looked up suddenly and said, "'Miry, won't you go and put on your brown calico wrapper?"

"My brown calico!" she cried. "That hideous old thing! Why?"

"I want to remember home like it used to be, the last night," said Mr. Gunn,—"you as I've been in the habit of seeing you."

"Good gracious!" she cried, but she went, changed her dress, came back, and sat beside her husband, glad that he had come out of his torpor and begun to be absurd again. "I cannot believe you are really going away, Ezekiel," she said.

"Seems funny," he answered. "I might have done it years ago. I always had the chance, but I—loved home so."

"Don't you love it yet?" his wife asked.

He only answered, "I ought to have went long ago. You'd have had more money."

"My fretting and worrying has driven you to what you hate, Ezekiel," she said, remorse stabbing her to the heart as she looked into his forlorn countenance.

"I see my duty and I'm doing it at last," he replied. "You'll get what I regularly handed in just the same every Saturday afternoon. I mayn't have gumption to make as much as some men do, but I'll try my best." He rose as he spoke, and went toward the place where hat, bag, and umbrella were grouped together. "Well, I must start," he said.

"To-night?" cried his wife.

"Twelve o'clock train," he answered. "Good-by, 'Miry."

Again she began to cry. She threw her arms about his fat neck and kissed his bald head. "You don't tell me where you are going," she said, "or what for."

"West," he answered,—"*west*, travelling for the firm. I'd oughter have done it long ago. You've got to forgive me for my mistakes."

"I've been hateful and ill-natured," said Mrs. Gunn. "You must forgive *me*, Ezekiel, if there is to be any forgiveness."

"If you've got anything on your conscience, 'Miry, ask forgiveness of your Maker," said Mr. Gunn. "We've got the promise of forgiveness if we're penitent. Good-by." He went toward the door.

"Good-by, Uncle 'Zekiel," cried Crissy. He stooped and kissed her, opened the door, and went heavily down the stairs. Mrs. Gunn ran to the window and leaned out of it, watching him down the street. At the corner he turned, took off his hat, and looked back toward the house. The light of the great electric lamp revealed him fully. With a fresh burst of tears, Mrs. Gunn waved her handkerchief; her husband lifted his umbrella. It was really a tragic moment for both. Her heart was full of terror, his of despair.

"Poor 'Miry! Poor 'Miry!" he muttered to himself. "I'll earn the money to pay Aunt Carberry back, and I'll make all I can and give it, free and willing, to that poor wife of mine. But I couldn't go on living with her just now. Seems as if that was all over, as if it was good-by forever 'twixt 'Miry and me. A thief in the night! Good Lord, forgive her! A thief in the night!"

"Do you suppose he will make a lot of money?" asked Crissy, as Mrs. Gunn closed the window again.

"Oh, I don't know," replied her aunt. "Don't talk about it. I don't seem to care. He don't know how to take care of himself; he

never did. It's dreadful to have him go off into the darkness like that."

"It is always dreadful for people to go away from those they love," said Crissy. "Ma did wrong, and Uncle 'Zekiel has done wrong, and we've got to suffer. Why did uncle go?"

"To make money, I suppose," said Mrs. Gunn.

"That's why ma went off with old Mr. Bing," said Crissy. "Aunt, I want to go to bed."

"You must sleep with me to-night," said Mrs. Gunn, shuddering.

"Not unless I may bring Cleopatra," said Crissy. "I can't be parted from Cleopatra."

"Bring her," said Mrs. Gunn, and began to take the sham pillows and the show-spread from the couch in the inner room.

When Crissy once more saw her face, it was swollen with weeping. It was not so much that Ezekiel had gone away, as the manner in which he had gone, that troubled her. It was a very miserable night for poor Almira Gunn.

In the early dawn she heard a little sniff from the small figure at her side, and felt the bedclothes stir. "What's the matter, Crissy? Are you crying?" she asked, laying her hand upon the slender shoulders, which were shaking with sobs.

"I'm sorry I disturbed you, aunt," the child panted; "but I always cry at night now."

"I begin to think that I shall too," said Mrs. Gunn. "I never was so perfectly wretched before."

She would have been more so could she at that moment have had a clairvoyant vision of her husband. Poor Ezekiel Gunn, who had determined to economize at the expense of all personal comfort, had refused all those luxuries which the firm's liberal allowance for travelling expenses made possible, and had not taken a sleeping-compartment. He occupied the corner of an ordinary seat, with his shiny bag between his legs, and a German family *en route* for the West wedged in about him.

The baby cried, the mother exhibited her maternal solicitude, the small boy grew hungry, and the head of the family produced from a two-handled basket an odorous supper of black bread, cheese, and garlic. In his hospitality he awakened Mr. Gunn from his first and only deep sleep to offer him a share of the feast.

"Dake out, shentleman," he said. "Dere vos blendy, Gott be danked."

Mr. Gunn, who had popped out of dream-land with a gurgling cry of "Oh, Lord help us!" stared at the German wildly for a moment, then comprehended the situation, and said, meekly, "Thank you, neighbor, I've no occasion: don't deprive yourself," but, being pressed, accepted a cheese sandwich and a clove of garlic (there was nothing he hated as he did garlic), and ate them bravely, out of that true politeness which consists in regard for the feelings of others.

He did his best to converse with the man, who was rejoicing in having procured a situation where he was to have a little house for his family and what he thought fine wages.

"Mine woman wash und cook und so," he said, "I make all things outside. Dis is a grand coundry, shentleman."

"The finest in the world, sir," said Mr. Gunn. "There's no place on airth like these here United States."

He was conscious of having "gone off" a little as to grammar, but it did not matter; his 'Miry was not there to criticise.

"Oh, them good old times!" he groaned. "They won't come back no more. I can't feel like I did again. 'Miry a kind of burglar. 'Miry a thief in the night. I must have been a wuss sinner than I knew I was, for the Lord to put such trouble on me in my declining years. But I'll pay the money, anyhow. 'Conscience-money' I'll write on it. And I'll save enough to give 'Miry gowns and bunnits, so she won't be tempted no more. Travel—yes, I'll travel all my life to do it." Then he roused himself to reply to his neighbor's last remark, which he had not heard: "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Very correct; my sentiments exactly."

"So I belieff," said the German, determined to show that his English was perfect and never to confess that he did not understand what was said to him.

After a while the worthy Teutons fell asleep and snored in various styles. As for poor Mr. Gunn, sitting in his uncomfortable corner, he nodded as perhaps man never nodded before. His neck was so small in comparison with his great head that the marvel was that he did not break it. As it was, he banged his poor skull against the wood-work of the window, awaked with a snort and a moan, or a muttered "'Miry," rubbed his forehead, and went off again.

Whatever Mrs. Gunn's faults of temper, she always kept her house in order, and her Ezekiel's head had rested on soft, well-aired, well-beaten pillows covered with smoothest linen. He was not used to the sort of thing he now endured, but, though his flesh was weak, his spirit was strong.

"It's tryin'," he said, as he stumbled out upon a certain railway platform in the gray light of dawn; "it's tryin', but I kin stand it. What's my duty, I'll do." Then he entered the restaurant where they had stopped to eat, and, eschewing the more expensive dishes, ordered coffee, bread and butter, and a fish-ball.

Poor Mr. Gunn! He enjoyed the pleasures of the table as well as any man, and might have breakfasted like a prince had he chosen.

CHAPTER XI.

It was some weeks before Mrs. Carberry saw any one beside Anna Jarvis, Augusta Conyers, and her maid, Jane. But she wrote and received many letters, and some of them must have been to mechanics of various sorts, for men came to put a lock on the broken door, and to examine the roof, the cellar, the chimneys, and the floorings. They ate their lunches in the kitchen, talked to the servants, and made it very lively for them.

Neighbors called on Mrs. Carberry, and friends from afar, but she received none of them.

"When a woman is ill is no time for company," she said to Augusta. "You must receive them and be civil to them. Give them cake and wine, or tea, if they like that. I shall not let one of them see me until I can put on my corsets. They'd go away and say, 'Poor, dear Mrs. Carberry! how she has aged! how badly she looks! how fat she is!' It's all a matter of well-dressed hair and a neat waist after one is no longer young, and they shan't have a chance to talk me over until I am able to do the best for myself. Lawyer Duffle—I may try to see him; but he shall bide my time."

So Augusta did the honors of the house, smiled, poured out tea, offered wine, and won golden opinions; but all the while her heart was heavy as lead. Those terrible declarations which Granville Ashton had made regarding his longing for money haunted her. That he desired it because he could not realize his wish of winning her for his wife without it he had declared, and she believed that it was so; but none the less was her soul filled with horror when she recalled his strange speeches and remembered the handkerchief she had found not three feet from Mrs. Carberry's chamber door.

She had laid her cheek against it and caressed it in the darkness that night, but the next day she cut it into tiny fragments and destroyed these, one by one, with a feeling of horror upon her as she did so. For in her heart of hearts she believed that it was Granville who had robbed her aunt, and, fight against the feeling as she would, it remained to torture her.

The young man wrote her the most passionate love-letters; and the latest one hinted at a joyful surprise awaiting her, and said that something had turned up at last.

One afternoon Mrs. Carberry, finding that she could at least wear a pretty silk tea-gown and that she really looked as well as usual, consented to receive Mr. Duffle. Next day the postman brought Augusta a letter which turned her faint and ill for a time and made the world look dark before her eyes. It was a joyous epistle, full of protestations of affection, and bore the news that Granville had just been to see her father, and that the interview was satisfactory. "By a miracle I have come by money enough to buy a share in the business that I spoke to you of, my darling," he wrote. "I have done so, and your father approves, and will give us his blessing. I am so happy that I have no words for it. Gussie, do write and tell me you are as glad as I."

Glad! She was the most wretched being in existence, Augusta Conyers said to herself, for now suspicion deepened into certainty. She was sure that it was Granville who had taken those stockings full of money from beneath Mrs. Carberry's pillow. Had he not distinctly said that if he could appropriate them he would, and think no harm of himself for the deed? At the moment she had not believed him in earnest, but now she was sure that he had been.

"He has done it," she told herself, amidst her sobs: "he has done it. I will never betray him, but all the love I ever felt for him is

oozing from my heart. I never desire to see him again while I live."

Anna Jarvis found her in their bedroom, weeping bitterly. "Your love-letters always make you cry, Gussie," she said. "I suppose you think yourself miserable because your wedding is delayed. Really, this is the happiest time of your life, if you did but know it."

"Providence must have ordained me a very wretched existence, then, Cousin Anna," said Augusta.

"Oh, no. Besides, a young man like that is sure to get on," said Anna. "He is the stuff successful men are made of." A memory of her brother came over her at this moment, and with it the terror that had haunted her ever since the night of the robbery. He had expressed anarchistic views that day; he had said that he would take a rich man's gold for himself, if he could get it. He had actually spoken of "clutching" Mrs. Carberry "by the throat" and making her give him what he needed. "Oh, has he done it? has he done it?" she asked herself. "Can it be?" She uttered a little cry, and hid her face in her handkerchief, almost fearing that Augusta could read her thoughts.

"What is the matter, Anna?" queried Augusta.

"It is a sort of fright that comes over me when I remember seeing Aunt Carberry lying on the floor, covered with blood, and thinking she had been murdered," said Anna, glad to utter even half the truth, in her overwrought state of mind.

"Oh, I have that too," said Augusta. "I shall never be the same person again. I dream of it, and in the dream she is really killed." The girl was as glad to utter the half-truth as was her cousin. They spoke of the matter a little longer; then the door-bell rang, and Augusta went down-stairs to interview the caller.

CHAPTER XII.

It was Mr. Duffle who had arrived, and, having shown him into the library, Augusta went to summon her aunt, who was taking a last look at herself in the glass, while Jane set a tortoise-shell comb amidst her white puffs. A touch of rouge about the cheeks had been so artistically applied that, though the observer might suspect it, he could not be certain it was there.

"How well you look, auntie!" said Augusta.

"I think I do," said the old lady. "Now, my dear, my interview with Mr. Duffle must be private. So you need not come in with me, only down-stairs. At the foot, leave me."

Augusta did as she was told, and the old lady entered the library, where the lawyer was awaiting her.

Having heard the door close, the girl could not resist the impulse that was upon her to step out upon the porch and seat herself softly upon an iron chair that stood there.

She had guessed that more was going on than any one in the house

but her aunt Carberry knew, and her wish to hear if any discoveries had been made mastered her. As she seated herself she gave a start and very nearly uttered a cry, for she became aware that Anna Jarvis was standing close to the window, with her back flat against the wall.

The cousins had fairly caught each other eavesdropping, and, though each wished the other away, there was nothing to be done; besides, Mrs. Carberry was already speaking.

"Well," she said, "knowing what you've been the cause of, I wonder you dare look me in the face."

"I the cause! Dear, dear, dear!" said Mr. Duffle: "dear me!"

"Why did you bring those miserable little bank-notes after banking-hours?" asked Mrs. Carberry.

"Why did you stuff them into your stockings and wave them before your front windows, ma'am?" asked Mr. Duffle. "Tell me that, ma'am."

"I did no such thing, Mr. Duffle," cried Mrs. Carberry. "Your description suggests that I was practising for the ballet. If that is the way you place things before the jury, I should not like to put a case of mine in your hands."

"My partner, Mr. Timpson, does that sort of work," said Mr. Duffle. "He will call the stockings black silk purses if you like: he is very gentlemanly. I'm not. My part of the business is not the sort to refine a man. I sell little houses to poor old foreigners, and I foreclose mortgages. I am the one that takes scoldings from unreasonable old ladies. You wouldn't dare scold Socrates G. Timpson, —not even you."

"You are a great brute, Lawyer Duffle," said Mrs. Carberry. "Old ladies, indeed!"

"Well, I've drawn up the wills of three husbands for you, ma'am," said Mr. Duffle, "and I'm obliged to know your age. If I were to come in and see you now, a stranger, I should say young: a woman is as old as she looks, you know. Young, I should say. Bleached her hair to resemble a court lady of the time of the clouded canes and snuff-boxes, but young, still young."

Mrs. Carberry laughed. "I'll leave my affairs in your hands a little longer," she said. "Now sit down, and stop bowing so absurdly."

There was the sound of a smack.

"He did not kiss her, did he?" whispered Anna to Augusta, with a note of horror in her voice.

"Only her hand," replied Augusta, who was peeping through the space behind the shutter-hinges. "What a flirt Aunt Carberry must have been in her youth!"

"I've heard so," Anna breathed softly.

But now the old lady spoke again. "To proceed to business: what have you found out? Anything?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer. At this "yes" Anna caught Augusta's hand, and Augusta's heart began to beat furiously.

"Well?" queried the old lady.

"You know we've had some brilliant detectives down here in the disguise of carpenters, plumbers, locksmiths, etc."

"Of course I am aware that detectives have been here," said Mrs. Carberry. "About their brilliancy I am not informed. As a general thing I consider detectives the stupidest creatures alive."

"Perhaps you'd better not tell Mr. Ridgeway that, madam," said Mr. Duffle. "He is outside in my trap, and I think you'd better have him in and let him tell you what conclusion he has arrived at."

"Very well, Mr. Duffle," said Mrs. Carberry. "Let the man come in."

The girls heard Mr. Duffle leave the room; they heard his voice at the front of the house, crying, "Halloo, Ridgeway." Then, after a pause, they knew that there were two men in the library and that Mr. Ridgeway was being introduced. After this no one spoke for a few moments. Then Mrs. Carberry's voice was lifted.

"Well, Mr. Ridgeway," she said, "Mr. Duffle tells me that you think you can put your finger upon the person who robbed me. I candidly tell you that I doubt it very much; but say what you have to say all the same. I'll listen. Now go on. Elevate my opinion of the men in your profession by solving a problem that I should not solve myself if I battled with it until the end of my life."

"Mrs. Carberry," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "I sincerely hope to do so. I have worked up this affair carefully and delicately. The fact that no one could have entered your room either from the window on the porch roof or through the one door made it the most mysterious robbery that I have ever handled. At first I thought that you were a sleep-walker; but I have searched your room."

"Searched my room?" cried Mrs. Carberry. "How?"

"Disguised as a plumber, the day you went out for your first ride, Mrs. Carberry," said Mr. Ridgeway. "Mr. Duffle arranged the thing for me. No corner was left unsearched. Also, since you might have left your room and gone down-stairs or up, that same plumber has searched the whole house, from garret to cellar inclusive. No somnambulist work has been done. There was a thief, and the thief did not unlock your door or undo that little patent fastening on your window-shutter. There was no need."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Carberry. "How could any one enter otherwise?"

"The thief was hidden in the wardrobe when you retired," said the detective. "It was your maid, Jane Parker."

"Why, I locked her out myself," said Mrs. Carberry,—"shut the door and locked her out in the passage for the first time since she has waited on me."

"You thought you did," said Mr. Ridgeway.

"I know I did," said Mrs. Carberry.

"Let us see, madam," said the detective. "Did you lock the door before you put out the light? or put out the light before you locked the door?"

"Let me think. Oh, yes, I remember clearly. Not being used to locking the door, I forgot to do it at first. I put the light out and got into bed, my stockings full of money under my pillow, and I was getting a little drowsy, when I said to myself, 'There, I never locked

the door? It seemed such a foolish thing to do, and I hated to get up, but I did it,—locked and bolted it, as if I expected a gang of burglars, and went to bed and to sleep again.

"The next thing I heard a sound in the room,—a very soft sound, pat, pat, pat,—no more,—and a tinkle or clink of metal. I was afraid to stir. I never was so frightened in my life. A sort of terror of the supernatural fell upon me. I expected to see a ghost, and I was wide awake, when I felt those stockings being drawn from beneath my pillow. I grabbed at them and had hold of them, but caught my foot in something and let go of the stockings to save myself. After all, we went over, stand, goblet, and I, on the floor. I cut myself on the broken glass, and that is all I know about it."

"You know quite enough to help catch the thief, madam," said the detective. "In the interval between the moment when you turned the gas off and that in which you arose to lock the door, your maid, Jane Parker, slipped in at the door and hid herself in the wardrobe, to which she returned when she had robbed you."

"Jane! My faithful Jane? Stuff and nonsense!"

"When did you see her next, madam?" asked the detective.

"My goodness! When she peeped out of the wardrobe and called me her poor, murdered missus," Mrs. Carberry almost screamed.

"You see?" said the detective. "Then she came out and mingled with those who had come to your assistance."

"Oh, Augusta, I saw her outside in the passage beating at the door," said Anna.

"You cannot be sure. We were all bewildered by excitement. It may have been the cook," said Augusta.

"Yes," said Anna. "Night-gowns and the back hair down make such an alteration." As she spoke, she realized that she hoped it would prove to be Jane who had stolen the stockings. And Augusta too was conscious that if it should prove to be the maid who had robbed her aunt Carberry she would feel greatly relieved.

"Another thing," said the detective. "Jane Parker has made arrangements to buy the stock and good will of a certain hair-dressing parlor in New York, and intends to leave you and begin business there when her month is up. She told your cook so. She said she had not been treated with confidence lately, that the young ladies stood between her and her mistress, that she was not happy any longer, and wished to make a change in consequence."

"Not a word has she said to me about it," said Mrs. Carberry.

"Her room has been searched also," said the detective. "And her bank-book tells of a large deposit made since the robbery, although she has paid a good deal to the retiring hair-dresser. The bank-book and a little money were wrapped up in black silk stockings with your initials marked upon them."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Carberry. "It's like the fable of the woodman who found the frozen snake and warmed it at his fireside until it stung him. Jane hadn't a decent calico frock to her name when I took her in and dressed her and had her taught to do hair and mend lace and everything; and I've paid her well, and con-

tinually given her presents. I thought her devoted to me. Oh, I cannot believe it."

"My suspicions were first aroused by her attempt to cast doubt upon the honesty of one of your guests," said the detective.

"Relatives, and a gentleman engaged to one of my nieces: how dared she?" queried Mrs. Carberry. "Yes, that does seem suspicious, I confess. Whom did she name, Mr. Ridgeway?"

"You had better not ask, madam," said Mr. Duffie. "She declared that she had heard a lady and gentleman talking of the money you had about you, and one of them said it would be no harm to take it, since you had more than you needed. She said she thought it just an improper and impudent joke at the time, but that two or three people were prowling about outside your door, that night, before the robbery, and she had proof who one was. An article was dropped which had initials upon it."

For a moment Augusta Conyers saw the world grow dark before her eyes. "She must have heard Granville," she said to herself. At the same time Anna Jarvis thought, of course, that the girl had heard Henry, and her hand grew cold as ice in her cousin's grasp.

Then the deep voice of Mrs. Carberry broke the silence: "The liar! I might have been merciful to her but for this: as it is, she deserves no pity. Take steps to have her arrested, Mr. Duffie, and that as soon as you please."

Anna felt Augusta's hand relax its grasp on hers, and the pretty head dropped upon her shoulder for a few moments. Neither of the cousins could speak a word. Then they arose and went softly down into the garden and away to a rustic arbor well shaded by wistaria vines.

"It is so foolish for people to say things they do not mean," said Anna, when they had occupied their refuge for some moments.

"People have been executed, no doubt, for murders they did not commit, because of threats that were only outbursts of passion," said Augusta, "or even jokes of a rough sort."

"Of course they have," said Anna, thinking that Henry had been raving to Augusta as he had raved to her. "When we hear people declaring they would do things they would never seriously contemplate, we should judge by what we know of their general character, not by a chance speech."

"Certainly we should," said Augusta, who was thinking solely of Granville Ashton. "People's best friends might misjudge them."

"Yes, I might, or even you," said poor Anna, "because we say only what we mean."

"That is the worst of being as we are. We cannot make allowances for people who joke on all subjects, or who are wildly imaginative," said Augusta. A great load seemed to have been lifted from her heart, for she had been sadly and wretchedly certain that Granville Ashton had been tempted beyond his powers of resistance by those stockings full of money. As for Anna, she was happy enough to weep, despite the pangs of conscience from which she began to suffer. "Only," she told herself, "no one will ever know of them, and I

will spend my life in atoning to my poor Henry for those wicked doubts of him. How dared I cherish them?"

Meanwhile, Augusta was saying to herself, "What a wicked girl I have been to think poor Granville guilty of a coarse and vulgar crime like that, merely because he jested a little! How base of me, and how I have behaved to him!"

That evening Mrs. Carberry wore a solemn aspect, but did not confide in her nieces, save so far as to tell them to expect to be astonished. She did not allow Jane to assist her to undress, telling her that, as Miss Jarvis slept with her, she might as well do what little was to be done. However, the young ladies had heard too much to suffer from unsatisfied curiosity. During the evening Anna had asked leave to go home and see her brother, and it had been decided that as soon as she returned Augusta should have a holiday.

"I could not stay here alone, you know," said Mrs. Carberry. "I shall never feel safe alone again."

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY next morning Miss Jarvis set out upon her journey, with a softened heart and a happier face than she had worn since the night of the robbery. She ran up the steps of her little home in Jersey City with the elasticity of a school-girl.

"Dear old Henry!" she said, as she stood there on the crooked porch, fitting her latch-key into its hole; "dear boy!" Then she paused with a startled air. Strange, rasping noises filled the house, and mingling with them she heard her brother's voice singing the "Marseillaise" in jerks.

These frightful sounds came from the upper room, where "the invention" was kept. Up the stairs her feet flew lightly, and into the sacred apartment she burst, with a shrill little cry which she had no intention of uttering.

Her brother, attired in a "jumper" and with a paper cap on his head, was hovering about with an oil-feeder in his hand, and the mysterious little piece of machinery, the purpose of which poor Anna had never been able to comprehend, was hard at work, its little wheels revolving like mad, its little arms working, all its shiny little whole as busy as was possible, and with that air which small, delicate machines are particularly apt to have, of having a mind and purpose of their own and being as alive as the most intelligent human being.

Anna's presence had no effect upon this thing of brass and steel, but, as she entered, her brother's musical effort came to an end, and he paused, pointing with one hand to the stand on which the precious machine was perched, and with the other heavenward.

"At last, Anna," he cried, "at last Heaven has smiled upon me. I have accomplished what I have striven for so long. The world has my invention, and I shall shortly be rich. Fame and fortune, Anna, fame and fortune are won."

The young man's tone and manner were bombastic, but the words came from his heart, and his sister could have wept with joy.

"How glad I am! How has it happened?" she asked. "How did you get the means, brother?"

Henry folded his arms and fixed his eyes upon his sister's face. "I have had a thousand dollars bestowed upon me by Providence, sister Anna," he said. "It was actually providential. It has restored my belief in divine mercy. When I spread the thousand dollars upon that table and looked at it, and said, 'This is mine,' I ceased to be an unbeliever. I had wandered from the flock into which my mother led me; but I shall return, I shall return. We'll have a pew in church. You shall go in—in gauze and cloth of gold, or whatever it is ladies make those stunning dresses of. You deserve it, Anna. You have been faithful to me when all the world beside deserted me."

"You are always only too good to me, Henry," said Anna. "Now tell me how you got the money."

"By a miracle, Anna. Ask no more about it," said Henry. "Enough that I have it, and that my object in life is accomplished."

"But I must know what the miracle was," said Anna. "I pray you to tell me, brother Henry. I, your own sister, ought to know everything about you."

"Well, you shall some day, sister," said Henry, "but not now. I'll tell you this much: the means were not what I would have selected. I do not like to think of it, and I will not talk of it. I may be able to—undo what it does not make me happy to remember. Yes, one day of course I shall be able. Then I'll confide in you. Why trouble you now?"

"Oh, Henry! do you confess to me that the money came to you by dishonest means?" Anna gasped.

"No, no, not dishonest; simply I have not acted nobly," said Henry. "Drop the subject. The end justified the means."

"No, no, no," sobbed Anna. "Oh, never! No end can justify means that are not right. How much of the money have you left, Henry?"

"A few dollars. I'll divide them with you," replied her brother. He put his hand into his bosom, pulled out a long, black silk stocking, and took a few bank-notes from it. "Ten," he said. "Five for you, five for me. How will you have it? as the bankers say,—in ones or twos?" He turned to offer the money to his sister, but she waved him off with her long, slender hand, and all her misery rushed back in a wild and bitter flood upon her aching heart.

"No, Henry," she said, "no. I would not touch a dollar of that money to buy bread. May God forgive you, my poor brother, for— for whatever you may have done. I shall never cease to love you, to pray for you, to hope that the opportunity to undo the—whatever it is that it pains you to remember will be given you. But alas that you did it! Alas! alas! What does it benefit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"My poor Anna!" cried Henry, "the news has been too sudden. You must be distraught. You are making a mountain out of a mole-

hill. What do you fancy I have done?—murdered some one? Tell me, what ails you? Did you think me mocking at what you reverence when I said I would go to church? No, I was in earnest. Heaven has come to my aid, though not as I would perhaps have chosen. Come, let us have a talk about my success, my dear little sister."

But even his brotherly tenderness could not soothe poor Anna's woe. She allowed Henry to kiss her, but she said, "I must go back to Aunt Carberry, brother. I promised: she needs me: that awful affair has upset her nerves. Detectives are on the lookout for the thief. They say it was one who slept in the house that night."

"Why should such a rich woman make such a time over the loss of so small a sum?" asked Henry. "Oh, it is a vast sum to a poor person, but very little to Aunt Carberry. Acknowledge that."

"The theft was as much of a crime," said Anna, "and she feels the treachery. One beneath her own roof! Oh! oh! Take care of yourself, Henry. I shall be in perpetual terror for you after this. I shall know no peace, no rest, forever."

"Take care of yourself, you excitable creature," said her brother. "Think this over; you'll realize our good luck soon. So you won't have the money?"

"No," said Anna. She watched her brother as he rolled the notes up in the black stocking and returned it to his bosom. Her agony of mind was beyond description. Then she uttered a despairing good-bye, and ran down-stairs and out of the house.

"Oh, if I could but die! if I could but die!" she whispered, as she hastened along the street. "Oh, if the Lord had not forbidden self-slaughter! I cannot help him. I cannot save him. I can never feel again to my brother as I used to feel, for now I am sure that he robbed our aunt Carberry. I have even seen one of the stockings. Others may discover that he is the thief, and Heaven knows it. He has risked his soul. Why do I have to live with that awful knowledge to bear?"

Then she began to wonder what Mrs. Carberry would do in case the theft were tracked home to Henry; and she almost determined to kneel at her aunt's feet and say that she herself had been tempted to robbery for the sake of the great invention,—that Henry fancied the money a present from his aunt, and had spent it; only the commandments forbade lying as well as stealing. She did not begrudge the sacrifice of good repute and her aunt's esteem, or even shrink from going to prison for her brother's sake, but she dared not swear to a lie. "And Henry would not let me suffer for his evil deed," she thought: "he would come to my rescue and undo all I had tried to do."

The longer the poor girl pondered on this dreadful matter, the darker the outlook became. She reached the door of her aunt Carberry's house in a truly pitiable state of mind and body.

There was news awaiting her also. Jane Parker had been quietly arrested, and she had defied any one to prove her guilty, and declared that she could prove her innocence and bring the real thief to punishment; also that she would punish Mrs. Carberry for accusing her falsely and for all the indignities she might be obliged to bear.

Anna, remembering the black silk stocking from which Henry had taken the remnant of his money, and the confession he had made as to coming by it in a way that he did not like to think of, felt sure that an innocent person had been arrested for her brother's crime.

"I am sure she never robbed you,—sure, Aunt Carberry," she cried.

"Oh, but it is evident that she did," said Augusta; and, as memories of her suspicions of Granville Ashton rushed back upon her, she added, sharply, "Oh, what an idiot!"

She meant herself, but Mrs. Carberry was thinking of Jane, and replied, "Yes, honesty would have been the best policy in her case. She had a good place. I shall never have confidence in any one in her station of life again."

Then Augusta, after some further conversation, decided that it would be best for her to take her trip to New York at once, and went away to get ready for her journey.

Augusta's despair had not been as terrible as that which Anna felt, but she had been very wretched, and her new-found belief that she had suspected her lover wrongfully revealed itself as the crimson colors of a sunset sometimes shine through the dull masses of clouds that lie upon the horizon after a long, gloomy day. As the moments passed, light took the place of shadow, hope of fear, contemptuous blame of herself of her disgust and horror of her lover, and by the time the door of the Carberry mansion closed upon her she was purely penitent.

This penitence brought such relief to her soul as the cessation of a serious toothache does to the body. All the burning throes of scorn and hate and terror were over. Jane had robbed her mistress, and Granville, poor boy, was innocent. How cruel she had been to him in her thoughts! She deserved some dreadful punishment. Ah, how had that hideous suspicion of him crept into her soul?

When once the foundations of any structure of the imagination are shaken, it cannot be long before the walls topple down. In her horror of the deed that she had slowly come to believe Ashton to have perpetrated, Augusta had almost forgotten how much she had cared for him; but by the time she had reached home and had entered her own room, where her lover's photographs hung, and presents he had given her were displayed, and books that he had read to her lay about, the room where her first love-dreams had come to her, where she had so often attired herself with a view to pleasing his eye, where she had peeped into the glass, wondering if she was as pretty as he believed her, it began to seem to her as though she had had a bad dream whence she must soon awaken.

The pictured face of Granville Ashton, with his clear eyes, smooth forehead, and crisp, light, curling hair, seemed to reproach her with her doubts of him. As soon as she should see him she felt that he would tell her just where and how he obtained the means he needed, and those absurd fears that tormented her would be at an end forever.

"Oh, how could I believe him guilty of a theft?" she asked herself. "Circumstantial evidence was strong, but I deserve to lose him for such thoughts."

And now she waited with impatience the answer to the message which she had sent to her lover on her arrival. She had desired to talk to him while they might be secure from interruption, before her father's return from business.

While she awaited his coming, she asked herself, with an amazed self-reproach which brought tears to her eyes, whence her doubts of him had come,—whether they had not been actual whispers of the evil one. "I think I must have been out of my senses for a while," she soliloquized. "That silly talk of his ought not to have made such an impression on me. It was all fun, nothing else; and though, of course, Granville was not quite manly on the night of the robbery, as he said, if the sight of blood turns him ill how is he to help it? Oh, I have been cruel to him, cruel, cruel!"

Now she really wept a little, but her tears were happy ones. She had always been conscious of being of stronger, sterner stuff than her betrothed. She had something of the masculine nature, though she was what is called a fascinating woman.

"I will make up to him," she promised herself. "I will be all kindness, all consideration, in the future."

She took Granville's photograph from its place, kissed it, and begged forgiveness; then she put rose-water to her eyes, brushed the curls upon her forehead, and addressed her own reflection in the glass as "You hateful thing!" She went dancing about the house, singing to herself, and into the parlor, which was pleasant with the odor of some flowers that had been placed there. She let in the light and peeped through the curtains into the street. Soon she saw some one in a natty walking-suit coming quickly toward the house. It was Granville, and no one else. She ran and opened the door for him. He followed her into the parlor at once and shut the door. Then he put his hands upon her shoulders and held her off from him a little way.

"Well, Augusta?" he queried, "you are here at last, and what does it all mean? Oh, you need not look amazed. All this silence, this refusal to answer my letters,—that is, to reply to anything I asked you. Do you know what I have been thinking, Gussie?"

Augusta shook her head.

"Well," said Granville, "just this: that your aunt Carberry had found a more eligible match for you, and that you intended to jilt me."

"Granville! I haven't seen a man but Mr. Duffle and aunt's doctor since you left Carberry mansion," said Augusta. "Do you suppose we have been having a gay time at my aunt's?"

"Well," said Granville, "I fancied you might be having what you like best of anything, a fine flirtation. You can do that sort of thing nicely in the country."

"I've been applying lotions, administering potions, and making beef-tea, and feeling more utterly miserable than ever I did in all my life before," said Augusta. "However, Aunt Carberry is well again, I believe."

"Certainly the old lady makes plenty of fuss about the bite some one has taken out of the corner of her cake," said Granville, jocularly.

Augusta looked grave. She seated herself upon a sofa : Granville took his place beside her, and now, for the first time, attempted to kiss her. She yielded to the caress : he pressed his lips to her cheek again and again, and drew a great breath.

"There is no other fellow?" he asked.

"Nonsense! Of course not," said Augusta.

"You have written me the strangest letters,—not like yourself at all," said Granville. "You do care, don't you? You are not afraid? I told you what your father said, but not a word did you answer to that."

"After all, you did not give me the particulars," said Augusta.

"I told you I had bought myself into the business, and all that," said Granville. "I'm hard at work now; we are getting on famously. I needed only to get out of the corner."

"But who helped you out of the corner?" asked Augusta, playfully.

"I helped myself," replied Granville. "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

"Tell me about it," said Augusta, holding up her finger. "I want to know everything about it. How did you get the money?"

"Your father did not ask that," said Granville, laughing. "I told him I had raised two thousand dollars and bought myself a partnership, and he heard all about it and said he thought it was a good thing. I asked him if it removed his objection to our marriage. He said it did; he did not expect young men who married his daughters to be rich,—only in the way of making a good living; and so on. Bless you, *he* never said, 'Where did the money come from?'"

"But *I* want to know. You must have some kind friend or relative," persisted Augusta.

"You'd like to remember them in your prayers, wouldn't you?" laughed Granville.

"Don't. That isn't nice. It shows disrespect of what I reverence," said Augusta.

"I don't mean it that way," said Granville. "Only just this: there was no one. I have friends who would borrow of me, but none who would lend. As for giving——! No, my dear, I was my own benefactor. There are times when you must be good to yourself. I'll alter the statement: my only friend was Fortune. She was kind,—for your sake, no doubt. Some day I'll tell you all about it, perhaps; perhaps I won't: depends on other things. Just now 'tis better—'tis better, darling, not to know.'" He sang the last words, part of a song she knew well. Then he added, "I prefer not to talk about it. You might not approve of the means, though the end justifies them. I don't think I did wrong; my conscience is perfectly easy; but, you see, I want you to believe me faultless."

There was silence between them. Augusta no longer leaned softly against Granville's arm; she sat bolt upright, and her heart began to sink once more beneath its old load of misery. The terrible doubts that had tormented her rushed back. Granville knew nothing of them. A woman must have felt the change of feeling as though it were an

icy breeze suddenly sweeping across the balmy warmth of a sweet summer day. The man did not.

After a while he took her hand and gave it a soft love-pat. "Let us talk about our wedding, Gussie," he said. "When shall it be? Don't put it off long. I have waited such a while already. Won't you say in Christmas week? It is such a good time for a wedding, I think: don't you, Gussie?"

Then the girl snatched her hand from him. "I cannot, I cannot, Granville," she cried. "Don't say another word to-day. Let me think. I do not wish to do anything hasty. I cannot talk about it now; indeed I cannot."

"But I will talk," he said. "Your father said I might. What ails you?"

"Well, I have been agitated," Augusta answered, looking Granville straight in the eyes. "Aunt's maid, Jane Parker, was arrested for robbing her to-day. There will be a fine time over it."

"Did they find the stockings full of money on the maid's person?" asked Granville.

"She never took them," said Augusta, gloomily. "I am sure she is falsely accused."

"I believe waiting-maids always pilfer," said Granville; "at least they do in English novels. Come, let us talk about something more important,—about beginning our lives together. There is no need of putting it off any longer."

"I am used to putting it off," said Augusta; "and I could not begin to think of it at once. I am not sure——" She broke off and looked at her betrothed with tear-filled eyes. "Oh," she thought, "if I could but see into his heart! If I could but know that he is as good as he looks!"

"I have been so worried by this affair at the Carberry mansion, and Jane's arrest, and her threats when she was arrested," she said, "that I cannot think of anything else until the trial is over and the matter decided."

"What on earth has that got to do with our wedding?" asked Granville.

"I shall have to go back and stay with my aunt, for one thing," Augusta replied. "She has been so upset that she will not remain alone an hour. It requires both of us, Cousin Anna and myself, for of course one must be on when the other is off. She says she will never have another maid."

"Pleasing prospect!" said Granville. "And you will sacrifice yourselves in view of future legacies."

"The idea never enters either of our minds," said Augusta, indignantly.

"I don't believe it does," said Granville, laughing. "You are too romantic." He drew close to her, took her hand, and lifted it to his lips. "This poor, murdered aunt is likely to absorb your life entirely," he said, "unless some one takes care of you. Tell me when I may do it, Gussie." His touch, his smile, the kiss he gave her, made her believe in him again.

"Tell me first how you got the money that bought the partnership," she whispered. "It is not much to ask."

"Naturally you think so," the young man replied. "But it is too much of a risk: you would not approve; you would be vexed,—though only because you are a darling little Puritan. Really, there was no harm in what I did to get it, and I will never do so again,—never. That is all you need to know of the story."

"I wish you would not say that, Granville," said Augusta.

"I'll tell you all the day after we are married," said Granville.

Augusta took her hand forcibly from his, and stepped away from him. "Granville," she said, "I am very sorry you make a joke of what to me is so serious a matter. Your confidence, a statement of the facts with particulars, is what I must win before even talking about the future."

"Particulars!" the young man repeated, bursting into a laugh. "Oh, I can fancy telling you particulars and seeing you grow more and more horrified every moment! The facts would be bad enough; you'll think me lost if I should tell you; but what does the old song say? 'Who would not risk his heaven in striving to win you?'—I've got it wrong, but that's the sentiment."

"Ah, there is no one worth that," said Augusta, sadly,—"no one. Well, Granville, I am going to ask you to say good-by and go. I am going back to Carberry mansion. And I ask you another thing: don't write to me. I should not answer. After Jane Parker's trial is over I will write to you. Until then, good-by."

"Augusta!" cried Granville, "do you mean what you have just said?"

"Yes," responded Augusta. "Unless, indeed, you answer my question fully and explicitly."

"Not while you are in your present state of mind, Miss Conyers," replied Granville. He was growing very angry. She saw it: she could have gone upon her knees to pray him to tell her the truth. And yet, if the truth were that the money he had obtained was Aunt Carberry's, she could not have endured the confession. For a moment she looked at him hopelessly, then, with a despairing "good-by," turned from him and ran up-stairs.

The young man waited a long while for her return. Finally he decided that she did not mean to come down again. He went out into the hall and took his hat and coat, but still lingered, looking up-stairs, and hoping against hope to see her, if only for a moment. At last, with a muttered "By Jove! I believe there is another fellow!" he dashed his hat upon his head, pulled open the street door, and shut it behind him with a crash. "I've done with her!" he said, aloud, as he strode furiously down the street. "I've done with her forever."

Two nurse-maids who overheard his words stared at him with wide-open eyes. "He's been drinking," said one to the other. "A nice young fellow like that. It's a shame."

"I guess he's crazed with love," said the other, who was younger, and who had a second-hand novel in her hand, which she had been devouring as she poked the baby-wagon over which she had charge

along the street. "They act like that when they are,—talk to themselves, you know, and look furious."

"It's been drink whenever I seen 'em," responded the older woman; and they stood watching Mr. Ashton until he turned the corner.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL this while Mr. Gunn had been travelling westward. He was an entirely new style of commercial traveller, and at first was secretly grinned at by those with whom he had dealings. However, they did not grin long. Whatever the slow-going, conscientious man did he did carefully. Men soon began to understand him. "Old Ezekiel," as they called him, never misrepresented, was always better than his promise and anxious to oblige. In the wild rush to be first at the hotels, first with the merchants, he made no effort to compete, but it was not long before men were shaking him by the hand and promising to wait for him no matter who came first. Letters reached the firm which praised him in such a fashion that his salary was increased, and opportunities offered of which he took grateful advantage. He was advised to live well and stop at the best houses, but this he did not do. All the money he could save he put away for his grand object, namely, paying back the sum that he believed his wife had stolen from her aunt Carberry.

A cup of tea, with a piece of bread and cheese, was often his dinner. He slept in undesirable rooms on hard beds. Always hitherto he had had a comfortable home and plenty of simple dainties, sweets and puddings and pies, which he loved as children do, and, though his 'Miry said sharp things, she made his home very comfortable. He had been very happy going quietly to his old desk in the office, returning to his wife in the evening, and on Saturdays buying oranges, or dates, or figs, to take home for a treat, along with the weekly salary.

He used to think of those days as he sat in the cars that flew over the roads with him at night, sitting bolt upright with his head in a corner, if he could get one, for he never went to the expense of a sleeping-compartment. He never treated his patrons, either: fancy a commercial man getting on without a lavish "setting-up" of drinks! but old Ezekiel was looked on as others were not. "A temperance man," they said, and pious. No hypocrite; he worked it into his business. You couldn't find fault when a man did that. Then, too, he had begun late in life. Mr. Gunn was always credited with more years than he really possessed. He had begun to look old as soon as he stopped looking like a giant baby.

Honest old Ezekiel was a real success. The two thousand dollars would be his in less time than he dreamed. But after that he intended to go on travelling and supply his 'Miry with money, that she should never again be tempted to break the eighth commandment.

"I ought to have seen to it before," poor Ezekiel would sigh. "I did not know how much she wanted finery. She always looked so

nice, poor 'Miry. A temper—I know she had a temper; but I never dreamed she could come to be a thief,—a thief in the night!"

It was that thought that was drawing long, fine wrinkles across poor Ezekiel's bumpy forehead and flattening and bleaching his plump pink cheeks: that, most of all. But he had become used to the slow, enduring trial of his life, and took up his burden every day with a patient sigh, when suddenly a blow fell. He received a subpoena to appear as witness in the trial of Jane Parker. It was his first intimation that Mrs. Carberry's maid had been charged with the theft of those stockings full of money.

"Lord! Lord! oh, Lord help me!" he moaned. "I can't appear! I can't! If the girl is found guilty of what I know 'Miry did, what can I do? Am I to be the one to let the world know of my wife's guilt, after all?" And he prayed to die before so horrible a thing happened.

He was on his way to New York when the subpoena reached him, and time had been given him to attend to everything and yet reach New York in season.

Every one else who was in the Carberry mansion on Mrs. Carberry's birth-night had been subpoenaed also, and Anna Jarvis and Augusta Conyers were as terror-smitten and miserable as was poor Mr. Gunn. Mrs. Gunn, who, despite her fine clothes, had never known a happy moment since Ezekiel carried his new travelling-bag out of the house, was particularly wretched.

Little Crissy wept many times every day. She refused to read a letter that had come from Egypt from her mother. "I am glad mamma is well, and rich, and happy," she said,—“as glad as any one can be whose heart aches all the while; but she is Mr. Bing's now, not mine, and I do not wish to hear anything they do together.”

"You are not kind to your poor mother," said Mrs. Gunn. "What a cruel girl you are!"

"She was cruel to me," said Crissy; "though I forgive her. I think all the world is cruel. Aunt Carberry is very cruel to Jane Parker. She never stole that money. Aunt Carberry is crazy to think it; she had no reason."

"How can you know about reasons?" Mrs. Gunn asked. "If she did——"

"She did not," said Crissy. "You don't believe it."

"You mustn't be saucy, child," said Mrs. Gunn, sharply. "I think that dear little mother of yours spoils you."

"Don't speak of her," said Crissy. "Some one will be asking me how Mrs. Bing is, some day. Oh!" She clinched her little fists and turned first pink and then pale as marble. "Yes, if I am cruel now, she was to me, and she knew how I would suffer. And Uncle 'Zekiel is cruel to you."

"He means to be kind," said Mrs. Gunn. "He is travelling over the world, for all I know, without proper flannels, just to make money for me, and not because he cares. He was perfectly contented. Oh, my poor old Ezekiel! Only I nagged and nagged, and made him think it his duty at last."

"Just when you had all you wanted,—whole stockings full," said Crissy, looking into vacancy.

Mrs. Gunn stopped in the walk up and down the room that she had begun, and looked at the child in an exasperated fashion.

"'Money is the root of all evil,' was one of the copies in my writing-book," Crissy continued. "I think it is true."

"The want of it is the thing that drives people to the bad," said Mrs. Gunn. "Oh, my poor old 'Zeke!'"

At this instant Mr. Gunn, striving in vain to find a comfortable place for his head in the corner of a car, opened his eyes and sighed. "Oh, 'Miry! Miry! A thief in the night! Angels couldn't have made me believe it!"

"I was cruel to him," said Mrs. Gunn, bitterly. "Remember that, Crissy, and that I repent it. Tell your uncle so if I die before he comes home. And don't bring such remorse as I feel on your head by being cruel to your mother. She will be home very soon now: the letter was written long ago. Come, we might as well go to bed. Oh, 'Zekiel, 'Zekiel, if you were but here!"

At this moment Granville Ashton sat moodily in one of those concert-halls full of little tables, where the jangling of beer-glasses and orders for refreshment often drown the music. A fellow-clerk sat at his side. They were listening to something sung by the tenor and the soprano in some opera, which is the same as saying that it was love set to music. His heart softened to the aching-point, and he thought of Augusta without wrath, only with longing for the old days to come back.

Augusta at that moment was weeping on her pillow, remembering how she had loved and trusted the boy she had promised to marry. She had not looked up to him particularly, but her eyes delighted in his pleasant looks. The great difference in their temperaments made them congenial to each other. She had been vexed that he had not cared more for church and religious observances, but she hoped to lead him to more serious thoughts when once she was his wife. She believed him pure of morals, incapable of real wrong-doing; and now—now he had admitted that he had gained the money he needed by some wrong-doing, something he dared not confess to her. Despite her longing to believe that Jane was guilty, a conviction forced itself upon her that Granville Ashton had robbed her aunt. Yet she could not believe that he would deliberately enter the room, and it occurred to her that the real thief might have dropped the stockings full of money in his or her flight, and that Granville had simply picked them up, yielding to a temptation he could not withstand. That was not quite so horrible, and would account for his strange conduct on the night the affair took place. She could not marry him, of course, if this were the explanation, but she could pity him. She knew he was not strong to resist evil. "And, oh, perhaps I misjudge him," said Augusta, sitting up in her bed and clasping her hands in the dark. "I pray it may be so. And if Jane is guilty, I pray the fact may be proved without a doubt,—without a doubt, so that the innocent may be freed from suspicion."

"Then," added Augusta to herself, "I will beg his pardon humbly. And if he will not forgive me I will go into a sisterhood."

As for poor Henry Jarvis, he was raging in the most tragic manner over the subpoena which summoned him to court on the day when there was to be a meeting of some sort in the interests of that glittering, shining, whirling little machine, which had now been conveyed to a hall down town and was arousing a good deal of attention. As yet it had not made any money, but people had come to his aid who were able to help him bring it before the public, and his heart beat high with hope. "And at this instant I am to be interfered with by that old woman!" he cried, addressing some invisible familiar. The words which followed were not such as I should be willing to place before my reader.

CHAPTER XV.

THE law's delay is proverbial. More time had elapsed since Mrs. Carberry's birthday party than the reader may suppose before the day arrived on which all the guests at that feast met under the roof of the old hotel opposite the court-house.

Mrs. Carberry, who had heard nothing of the private woes of her relatives, had ordered dinner for them all, including Granville Ashton and her lawyers. The two latter had on their professional expressions; the others all looked haggard. Mrs. Gunn had dark hollows under her eyes. She was dressed in a black silk costume, with a yellow rose under her hat-brim and something of the same color at her throat.

When Ezekiel arrived, his coat rumpled with long sojourn in the cars and his travelling-bag a very shabby object indeed, she had rushed to him and thrown her arms about his neck. "Dear old 'Zeke!" she had whispered.

He put his arm about her and laid his cheek against hers. "Poor 'Miry! poor 'Miry!" he whispered; "you ain't lookin' well."

"Oh, I am so wretched without you!" she sighed.

He shook his head. "What's got to be done must be," he said. "Money is more value than ever I knowed before. Be you sick, 'Miry?"

"It's my conscience, 'Zekiel," said Mrs. Gunn. "I didn't do as I ought; that drove you away."

At this moment up bustled Mrs. Carberry. "Glad to see you, Ezekiel Gunn," she said; but he took the hand she held out to him with a bowed head and a shame-smitten look, and sighed and said nothing. Granville stood gazing at Augusta with wide, reproachful eyes. Henry was explaining to Anna the losses this ridiculous trial must put him to, the trouble, the annoyance.

Mrs. Carberry stared about her in astonishment. "If they were all on trial themselves they could not look more miserable," she said to Mr. Duffle. Then she caught sight of Crissy Doble, and uttered a little cry. "Come here, child," she said. "You are thinner than ever. Does your aunt Almira starve you?"

"I have everything nice," said Crissy,—*"anything I fancy, and tonics, and I don't know what. It's my heart."*

"Do you mean you have heart-disease?" asked Mrs. Carberry.

"I am sure the doctor thinks so," said Crissy; "but I mean my heart is starved since mamma left me."

"But she is coming back so soon,—any day now," said Mrs. Carberry.

"Mr. Bing is coming back," said Crissy. "She is his, and not mine, now." The child held her great doll on her arm, and looked down at it as she spoke. "I brought Cleopatra," she said, with another sigh.

Mrs. Carberry put her arm about the child and drew her close to her. "Come and pay me a visit," she said. "Will you?"

"I should like to," said Crissy. "It is so sweet and quiet there. Might I sleep in the funny little room with the round painted window and the chintz lounge?"

"Why, if you like it best," said Mrs. Carberry. "You may do what you please. Only you must get fat."

"You are not quite so fat either, Aunt Carberry," said Crissy.

"I have never been quite so well since that night, what with the fright, and the fall, and the horror of it. I'm afraid of my own shadow. And there's a pain in my arm at times."

At this Crissy began to weep bitterly, and the old lady, touched by such an exhibition of feeling, found tears in her own eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT is not my intention to take the reader into the court-house. Suffice it to say that the evidence was all in Jane's favor. Every one had seen her at the door, and noticed when she went into the wardrobe. She accounted for every cent in her possession, showed her bank-books with the accounts of her savings and the interest on them, and records also of her expenditures.

Her long service, and the fact that for years she had often had jewels of value in her care, and large sums of money as well, were spoken of. The woman's honest indignation was manifest to the jury, and her lawyer made a bitter speech, in which he denounced fine ladies who were ready to suspect a respectable woman of dishonesty simply because she earned her daily bread at service.

On this, Jane wept, the jury were touched, and Mrs. Carberry cried out, "I never dreamed of doubting her until those scandalous detectives declared they knew she was the thief." The jury declared Jane "Not guilty" without leaving the box, and the chorus of "So say we all of us!" was uttered boldly.

It was understood that Jane would sue her mistress for damages to character and injury to feelings; and the relatives went to dinner in a very serious mood.

Mrs. Carberry, having instructed her lawyers that there would be

no need of a suit, that she would gladly pay any demand Jane chose to make ("within reason," interpolated Mr. Duffie), took her party to dinner. It was a very miserable meal. All that had happened left these wretched people, whose heart-breaking suspicions had already embittered their lives, in as bad a condition as before.

Mrs. Carberry was very much ashamed of herself. She had alienated a humble friend by doing her a great injustice and what might have been a life-long injury. In all her years, the handsome, self-satisfied woman had never found any fault with herself before, and never had man or woman said aught of her that was not complimentary; she had had the privilege of expressing her opinions freely; and to-day she had sat in court, before friends and strangers, to hear herself denounced as a cruel persecutor of a worthy woman, whose long and devoted service should have won her respect, but whom she had dragged away to prison, accused of a crime of which all others believed her incapable. The twelve good men and true had looked at Jane, demure, respectable, and neatly clad, her pocket-handkerchief ready in her hand in case her emotions got the better of her, and had shaken their solemn heads; and in the crowded audience the chirp of critical whispers had been heard.

"Friends and neighbors commenting on my inhumanity," said Mrs. Carberry to Mr. Gunn. "I deserve it. The girl always was honest."

"I don't think she touched your money, Mrs. Carberry," said Ezekiel. "She had enough. She warn't tempted as perhaps them that took it was."

"Ezekiel Gunn," said Mrs. Carberry, "for my part I do not think I was robbed by human hands."

"Sho!" said Ezekiel, "Satan always uses human hands when he does wicked work." But he did not laugh: he had not popped off one of those queer little cachinnations of his since he arrived. At this moment Mrs. Gunn came up and took his arm.

"You'll all stay at my house to-night, I hope?" said Mrs. Carberry.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Gunn. "I've got to sleep at the hotel, to be ready to start early."

"I shall stop there with him, aunt," said his wife, "as you have asked Crissy to come to you awhile. Oh, she is so wretched about her mother! Perhaps it will cheer her up to visit you."

"She looks simply awful," said Mrs. Carberry. "I never saw such a waxen face."

"Dear aunt," said Anna Jarvis at this juncture, "I must go down with Henry for a few days to mend up for him and put things to rights. He wants me to run for a train."

"Business of importance," cried Henry. "I must beg to be excused even from ordinary civilities." He caught his sister's arm and pulled her away. "Mend for me, indeed!" he said, as he hauled her on. "I haven't a sock left. What do you suppose I have on my feet at this moment?—a pair of your old black silk stockings."

"Oh," moaned Anna, "don't speak of black silk stockings!"

"I should think not," cried her brother, "after all the fuss there has been about that old woman's stockings full of money. I wish some one would clean her out entirely to-night,—purse-proud old idiot! I am glad Jane can fleece her a little. I've a mind to sue her for the loss of a valuable day." Anna, panting for breath, was this time unable to answer, even by a groan.

As her relatives decamped, one by one, Mrs. Carberry turned to Granville Ashton. "There is a bed for you, Mr. Ashton," she said. At this moment Augusta had gone away to get for Crissy, who was always thirsty, a glass of water, and young Ashton, who was longing for a word with her, jumped at the invitation. Therefore, when Augusta returned, she stepped unaware into the close carriage where her aunt and Granville already sat side by side. Gladly would she have retreated, but it seemed impossible to do so. Crissy followed her, clutching Cleopatra, as she had done all day, and her aunt cried out, "Sit beside me, my darling. You two young people won't mind riding backward. I'll shut my eyes and my ears, and you can say anything you like. 'Brutal wretch, who keeps two lovers apart,' you call me, no doubt; but what can I do? Some one must drive the ghosts away, unless I'm to be found dead or insane some morning." And Granville took advantage of these words to seize Augusta's hand and lift it to his lips.

The touch thrilled the girl through. Though she had sworn that while a doubt of him remained she would never allow him to speak to her, she had no power to snatch her hand away, and his face grew happier.

A telegram lay upon a salver in the hall. It was this:

"I will be at Carberry mansion to-morrow. Prepare Crissy a little. ABIJAH BING."

Mrs. Carberry at once set herself to work to do this. It was a comfort to have something to do. After she had talked an hour or so, she said,—

"Now, Crissy dear, you will kiss mamma when she comes,—dear, pretty mamma, who married Mr. Bing as much for your sake as her own?"

A faint moonlight smile passed over the child's face. "Mamma may kiss me," she said.

"Well, then, you'll kiss her back?" said Mrs. Carberry.

Crissy gave a strange little laugh.

"That's a good girl," said Mrs. Carberry. "Now try to be cheerful. Everything is very nice for you now. Your mother will never worry about money, and you will, no doubt, be educated perfectly, and come out early, and lots of other pleasant things. Now try to be cheerful, and eat a good supper, and go to bed early. Be sure and say your prayers nicely, and wake up happy."

"Yes, I will say my prayers, Aunt Carberry," Crissy replied. "I promise that. And I hope I shall wake up very happy indeed: pray that I may."

"Why, certainly, dear," said the old lady. "I shall say, 'God bless my little Crissy.' Now you are good again, and a dear little

lovable darling. It is not right to find fault with one's parents. Honor thy father and thy mother, says the Bible."

Meanwhile, Granville had been sitting by himself in the library, while Augusta was up-stairs, taking a long while over changing her dress, determined only to see Granville in her aunt's presence.

They had a high tea, and adjourned to the drawing-room as soon as possible. Augusta was only too glad to avoid conversation by plunging into music,—the saddest, most desperate songs she knew, all of parting and regret, long farewells and memories of the past. Ashton contributed his share in "The heart bowed down by weight of woe."

Mrs. Carberry, sitting in the rocking-chair which Mrs. Gunn had so envied her at the birthday party, the chair "without a creak in it," thought a little of her three husbands and the compliments they had been wont to pay her, and could not quite remember to which to attribute some of them. A hair-pin slipped out of her hair. "How snug it used to feel when Jane put it up!" she sighed; "but that is all over."

"Hadn't you better go to bed, little one?" she said after a while to Crissy.

"Please let me sit up as long as you do, the last night," said the child.

"Oh, I shan't let your mother carry you off right away," said Mrs. Carberry. "They must stay and pay me a little visit."

"Oh, don't talk about them," said Crissy. "Let me listen to Augusta. It is so sweet. Let me stay and listen."

Then Mrs. Carberry piled some silken cushions on a sofa and made the child lie down among them, and the music went on until the cuckoo-clock announced midnight.

Then Mrs. Carberry rang the bell for Washington to see Mr. Ashton to his bedroom, and they said good-night.

Augusta saw that Crissy was comfortable in a white embroidered dressing-sacque of Mrs. Carberry's, and lying amidst hemstitched sheets, ruffled pillow-cases, and down-lined silk comfortables. It vexed her to hear the child get up to lock the door on the inside. But when she went into her aunt's room she herself locked and bolted their door and tried the shutters, and even looked into the wardrobe and under the bed. These were nightly ceremonies with which Mrs. Carberry never dispensed nowadays.

The great rosewood bedstead was wide enough for three. The down bed and pillows, the silken wraps, the curtains and canopies, and the delicate perfume that lingered about everything, invited sleep. Mrs. Carberry's eyes soon closed. Augusta was awake much longer, but she also had lost herself in a sort of waking dream, when a strange, metallic sound fell on her ear. A rustle followed. Then she did not actually hear steps, only stealthy pats, at intervals; and then Mrs. Carberry, suddenly turning over toward her, clasped her fast in her arms.

"It is here again!" she whispered. "It is here. Don't you hear it? There, there, I do, I do. Hold me tight. Don't get up! On your life don't leave the bed!"

For her part, Augusta had no power to stir: terror kept her motionless. The soft sounds continued. Mrs. Carberry had covered her head with the quilt and pulled a pillow over it. Augusta did the same.

"A hand is under the bolster!" she heard Mrs. Carberry gasp. After this came silence, and that metallic sound once more.

The women lay close to each other, trembling, shuddering, chilled with terror, clutching each other's garments, for a long while. Then, convinced that the strange visitant, whatever it might be, was gone, they actually fell asleep, and were awakened only by the sound of the gong which Washington was manipulating in the hall below.

Nine o'clock was Mrs. Carberry's breakfast-hour. Every corner of the bedroom was illuminated by the morning light, and nothing seemed to have been disturbed or meddled with.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUGUSTA was the first to rise. She removed the pillow from her aunt's face, and rejoiced to find her unsmothered. In a little while the old lady sat up, with her night-cap on one side, and gazed about her. "Look in the wardrobe before you do another thing," she commanded. Augusta obeyed. "Now under the bed," said Mrs. Carberry. This done, there was nowhere else to look. The doors were not only locked, but two bolts remained in their sockets, and there was also a hook midway between them. The shutters were well fastened; "and all your drawers locked and the keys in the key-cabinet," said Augusta. "Here are your watch and your jewelry, all undisturbed."

Then Mrs. Carberry arose, and allowed her hair to be arranged and a square of lace with a bow of ribbon to be set upon her puffs. She dressed carefully, in view of young Ashton's presence, and, while Augusta finished her toilet, walked about the room, inspecting her possessions.

"Nothing gone," she said,—"nothing whatever. Gussie, go down and talk to Mr. Ashton. There you stand staring at me. I don't like to be stared at when I am agitated. Go down, I say."

Augusta felt that she must obey. She did not want to meet Granville alone. She regretted having been as pleasant as she had the night before, and resolved to maintain her cold demeanor this morning. What was the use of being kind, when, unless she could be sure that he was what she had believed him, she would never marry him?

She drew herself up, therefore, and descended the stairs in stately fashion.

As she walked into the room where Mr. Ashton awaited her, she made him a little bow, which he returned with another, equally solemn, and he had just proffered a remark about the weather, when a scream was heard, and both rushed toward the stairs, to see Mrs. Carberry hurrying down them, holding in her hands a pair of black silk stockings.

"Gracious heaven!" she cried. "Look, Augusta! I was not mistaken. It came again last night. *It*, I say: no human being. You heard it all, Augusta. It came to rob me once; this time it has replaced what it took."

She hurried into the dining-room, and, walking up to the sideboard, began to pull from the stockings a vast number of bank-notes.

"They were under my bolster," she said. "You know, Augusta, I felt a hand there."

"They are the same bills. I remember their look and their smell. Here is one patched with blue paper. Here is one with a pink stain on it. The same hideous filthy things, and all here,—all; not one gone; the same. I am almost frightened to death, Augusta."

It was quite true; and Augusta's agitation was as great as her aunt's. It was impossible for the girl not to connect the reappearance of those stockings full of money with the fact that Granville Ashton had been beneath the roof of Carberry mansion all night.

"Yes, it is the same bundle of bank-notes," Mrs. Carberry repeated. "Not a dollar gone; the same, just as they disappeared."

"And really, then, you had only put them away so safely that you could not find them?" said Granville.

"That is exactly what every one will believe,—that I put them away in my sleep. Augusta, you were with me; you lay at my side; you know it was not so," said the lady, solemnly.

"If I can rely upon my sense of hearing," said Augusta,—"*and* I believe I can,—some one was in the room last night, and some one came close to the bed. And yet every door was fastened in the morning."

"Well, you have a witness to testify," said Mrs. Carberry. "How now?"

"Well, it is a good story, anyhow," said Granville. "I won't contradict two ladies. Some one got in at the keyhole."

"That which came in needed no door," said Mrs. Carberry. "It was nothing human. It was a ghost."

Ashton uttered a little laugh. "Perhaps it *was* a ghost of some sort," he said.

"Are there two kinds of ghosts?" asked Mrs. Carberry.

"There are many kinds," said Granville. "There is the family ghost in silk and velvet, that walks about just to keep up its own reputation. There is the ghost of the man who lies murdered at the bottom of the cellar stairs, who goes about pointing to a wound in his throat. There is the awful thing in white that comes to warn people that their time has come. There is the ghost of Uncle Jeremiah or Aunt Hannah, who wants to tell folks where the true will is hidden. They wear their own old calicoes and ancient hats, I believe. And there is the unpleasant ghost who throws cobble-stones at farm-house windows, and flings teapots and flatirons at the heads of innocent country-folk, and causes the hired help to puff up mysteriously, and, when the minister comes to exorcise him with prayer and psalmody, is heard to laugh and mock in the cellarage, among the cider-barrels and the kegs of pickled pork."

"How you do run on!" said Mrs. Carberry, trying not to laugh. "But tin pans have not been thrown at any of us, and none of the kitchen cabinet are perceptibly swollen."

"There are still other spooks," said Mr. Ashton, rattling on as he had done in the olden days when he first won Augusta's favor. "I fancy this one departed this life with most dishonest principles, and took the stockings full of money under the influence of his last incarnation, but, having been labored with by the angels, had a conscience-spell and restored your property. Meanwhile, I advise you, Mrs. Carberry, to put all that cash out of sight." And the young man walked toward the sideboard and began rolling the notes into small parcels of twenty dollars each, counting as he rolled.

"Have them in the stockings, ma'am?" he asked, shaking out those articles of attire. "Halloo! you've left something here." And he pulled out a little note which had been thrust well down into the toe of one of the glossy hose.

"The ghost has written to you, Mrs. Carberry," he said, "and no doubt has solved the problem." He offered her a white envelope.

Mrs. Carberry, leaving the stockings full of money where they were, walked to the table, and, sitting down, began to sip her coffee. "I don't know why, but I feel afraid to open this note," she said. "I've grown to be a very nervous creature of late. Mr. Ashton, pray begin your breakfast. Gussie, do the same."

"I cannot before I know the contents of that letter," said Augusta. "May I read it, Aunt Carberry?"

"Yes," said the old lady. Augusta cut the edge of the note with a hair-pin, and drew forth a sheet of paper covered with writing in the smallest hand.

"It begins this way," she said. "'I am going to bring the money back to-night,—the money I took on your birthday party night. It is all safe. Mr. Bing said, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,'—they always do in church when they marry them,—and mamma had no need of it. I took it to keep her from marrying him. I thought if I could save her from marrying him and leaving me, you would not mind if you knew, you are so rich. We could have lived all our lives on so much money. Somehow I knew we would die rather early. Jane said of me to cook, 'She'll never make old bones, nor her ma either.' I thought she was right. Who would want to be old bones like Mr. Bing?'"

"Why, good heavens! it is Crissy!" Mrs. Carberry gasped. "Go on; go on."

"I do not believe you know your register opens on a hinge, where the heat comes into your room and the little room with the round window where I slept, but it does. I went up while all were at dinner and tried if I could get through. I could. No one was ever as thin as I. I found I could open and close the registers from either side, and go right through the tin pipe. There is a paper-holder before the register in your room, and my wash-stand before mine. I moved the stand, and the holder was just like a shade. I took the sawdust out of Cleopatra and put the stockings full of money in its place.

The sawdust I put into a paper in the lowest of the empty chest of drawers in the room. If Jane had been found guilty, I should have confessed, but I wanted you to love me while I lived. My plans have been made ever since I found out that mamma had married Mr. Bing and left me. When the doctor gave me some medicine and warned Aunt 'Mira that a spoonful would kill me, I hid the bottle. I have kept it ever since. I always meant to take it as soon as I heard that mamma and Mr. Bing were coming home. I will not live to see them together. I made myself a thief to keep her for my own, and it was of no use. I will not live to see them together. People always forgive the dead: so you will forgive me, for I shall be dead when you read this. Good-by. Please everybody kiss me once,—only not Mr. Bing.

“‘CRISSY.’”

They did not, of course, stop at that moment to read this whole letter through: that was done afterward. As soon as its purport was comprehended there was a rush stairward.

The door was opened as speedily as possible, and, hoping against hope, Granville and Augusta bent over the little nest where among snowy linen and lace and silk the child's slender form lay with her great doll upon her arm. There was no need to look twice: Crissy was dead.

The first excitement of this dreadful discovery was past, and silent horror had settled down upon the house, and at every other moment some one would say, “Her poor mother! what will her poor mother do?” or, “It will kill poor Marcia,”—when a carriage drove up to the door. Out of it stepped Mr. Bing, but he helped no one else out of the vehicle, and came slowly up the steps and into the house.

He looked very old, very sad, and had a crape band about his tall hat.

“The news must have reached him,” Augusta whispered. “But how?” She placed him a chair. He sat down slowly and rested his forehead on his cane.

“I've got a dreadful task before me,” he said. “They worshipped each other. Is she prepared at all? Poor Marcia's last words were, ‘Be a father to her.’ I will, as long as I live, and I'll fix things so that she'll be comfortable for life.”

They stared at him in horror.

“Marcia's last words?” Mrs. Carberry panted. “Do you mean to say that Marcia——”

“Is dead,” said Mr. Bing. “Did you not get my message? She died at sea. I had her on deck, in my arms. She was a little thing, you know; her head was on my shoulder. She knew she was going, but she hoped to live to see Crissy again. She was such a pretty darling. Old and ugly as I am, she didn't marry me only for my money; she was fond of me, and I dearly loved her, God knows. She had everything I could give her, and the most skilful doctors, but it was all of no use.” He broke down here and burst into tears.

After a while they told him that Crissy was dead. It was not needful to tell him how she died, just yet. All that he said was, "They are together. I guess they've met there by now. I hope so."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT night, at the hotel, Mrs. Gunn had awaked her liege lord by a sharp scream and had clutched his arm wildly. He had been dreaming, and thought himself still in the cars, travelling with a great portmanteau filled with stockings full of money. "If it's a collision, I must save them stockings," he cried. Then he felt that a pillow was under his head, and recalled his real position, and said, "What's the matter, 'Miry?'"

"Crissy! Crissy!" cried Mrs. Gunn. "Did you see her? She stood at the foot of the bed and looked at me. Ezekiel, I shall die of horror."

"You've dreamed a bad dream, 'Miry. Guess it was that cocoanut pie."

"I was wide awake," said Mrs. Gunn, "and I saw her."

"Don't you think it, 'Miry," said Mr. Gunn. "It's pitch dark, and you couldn't see nothin'."

"It was not dark then; there was a pale blue light. She looked at me and said, 'Good-night.' 'Zeke, dear, I've seen a ghost."

"I don't believe there ain't none nowadays," said Mr. Gunn, mildly. "It's just a scary dream. There, now, lie down. Don't think of it, 'Miry. I dreamed I was swallowed by an alligator t'other night. Dreams seem truer than what happens when you are awake, sometimes."

At breakfast time, however, a message was handed to Mrs. Gunn, and she tore it open hurriedly.

"Crissy Doble died last night!" she said; "and Marcia on the voyage home!"

Then she went off into hysterics, and, despite all his resolutions to the contrary, Mr. Gunn was obliged to go with her to Carberry mansion, because she could not go alone.

A telegram brought Anna and Henry Jarvis to the house before the day was over. To each, in turn, poor Crissy's letter was handed. The piteous confession affected each differently, but little comment was made upon it until the last sad scenes were over. Why describe them? The little white creature lying in her coffin, with the great doll Cleopatrina in her arms, looked so young, so irresponsible, that one could only think of her as a baby. Yet the living Crissy had a passionate face, and often the gestures and expressions of a tragic actress.

It was only after the home-coming of the funeral party, and when Mr. Bing had sadly gone his way, that people began to express themselves.

Ezekiel Gunn did it by opening his arms, taking his wife to his heart, and kissing her tenderly. "How I have wronged you, 'Miry!"

he said. But he never explained what he meant; and she, poor woman, fortunately never guessed.

"Yes, yes, you meant well, but to go away from me was wrong," she said. "Money can't pay for it. To be sure, I deserved something for keeping a secret from you; but, you see, I did want some nice dresses so. It was this way. When poor, dear Marcia married and went to Egypt, she wrote me a letter asking me to take care of Crissy. Oh, how dreadful to think they are both gone, and how that poor child went! In the letter, 'Zekiel, was Mr. Bing's check for one thousand dollars. She said I must use it for Crissy and myself. I didn't tell you, because you always said money shouldn't be taken for relatives' board in your house, and I did want to keep it so much. I cashed it, and put it in a stocking, and hid it in my piece-bag. But when you went away I hadn't the heart to dress. Most of it is there yet. When it is proper to speak to Mr. Bing, I suppose I ought to offer it back."

"He won't take it," said Mr. Gunn, "but you'd better offer it. Lord! Lord! what an old fool I've been! How I've treated you! How—— Stockings, to be sure! Oh, 'Miry! I've got savings too, 'Miry. You shall always have pretty clothes; women need 'em."

"You shall not leave me to get them, my old 'Zeke," said Mrs. Gunn. "I cannot bear it."

"I can't neither," said Mr. Gunn. "They'll give me back my old desk whenever you say so."

"You shall never leave me again," said Almira. "Oh, how worn you look, how pale!"

"I have felt pretty mis'erable, 'Miry," said Mr. Gunn, whom emotion always made more than usually ungrammatical. "And you don't look none too good, neither."

To his sister Henry Jarvis had said, "See what poverty drives people to. If money were equally divided, there would be no sordid crime. That poor child!—great heaven!—and her mother! And I, I have assailed my soul. Anna, you are my twin sister: I will unburden my heart to you. You remember that I admitted that I raised the money for the completion of my invention by unfair means."

Anna bowed her head. "I remember very well, brother Henry," she said. "I wish you had not. That fact, and seeing your money (what was left of it) in a black silk stocking, made me fear that—that—well, that it was—that you had—somehow, been tempted beyond your power to resist, you know,—borrowed—of course you never would have meant to steal—Aunt Carberry's money. Oh, how I *have* suffered! I wanted to die, Henry. Don't look at me so, brother. I'm your twin sister, you know, and I felt as if I had done it myself,—as if I'd been guilty of *half*, at least, of the crime." And she burst into tears.

Henry Jarvis had, for a moment, folded his arms on his chest and scowled in a very alarming fashion, but when Anna wept he looked down upon her over his chin, without bending his head, and his expression slowly softened.

"At first I felt outraged by your suspicion, my poor child," he

said. "It was a most degrading one. Still, let me be just. I recall some absurd speeches of mine, that would have been deemed strong evidence against me by a jury of my peers, and to my twin sister I will say that I am not sure but that, though I would never have entered a room like a burglar to rob our aunt, I did covet what was hers to a degree that I am ashamed to remember. Perhaps, had I seen those stockings full of money lying on the floor, I might have picked them up, using the cash for my great purpose, and restoring it in time. I might, for I have not your moral strength, my excellent Anna."

"Oh, thank you, dear, for being so good as to forgive me," Miss Jarvis sobbed, rubbing her cheek against her brother's black curls. "Would you mind kissing me? Just once, please."

"Not at all, Anna," said Henry. "But not yet. I will tell my tale first. When you have heard it, you may think me too vile a person to merit your pure caresses; for I have done an evil deed and a shameful one. Be seated, and listen."

"Anna, I did not indeed enter our aunt's sleeping-room and at dead of night despoil her of her hoarded gold,—in other words, of those stockings full of money,—but I did what was no doubt worse. It is a black story, Anna."

Anna, hiding her face in her pocket-handkerchief, whispered feebly, "Go on, please."

"I proceed," said Henry, still pacing the floor, but unfolding his arms in order to emphasize his words the better.

"It was a dark and stormy night. I had been brooding over my disappointments until Melancholia stood beside me and claimed me for her own. I dared not remain alone in that desolate abode, where the mice scampered in the wainscot, and strange sounds, as of ghostly sobs and whisps, filled the air."

"That's only the plumbing, Henry," Anna interrupted. "It gurgles dreadfully. Even during poor ma's life the servants used to leave because it frightened them so."

"Anna, I am aware that it was only the plumbing," said Henry, coming down from his elocutionary flight, and speaking snappishly. "I never knew such a girl for interrupting with irrelevant remarks when I am dilating on serious matters. Of course I knew it was the water bubbling—Where was I?"

"Telling how wretched you felt," said Anna.

"Yes," said Henry, "yes, I felt too wretched to trust myself alone. I knew I should commit suicide if I did not go where I could speak to some human being. The wind roared, the rain descended in torrents, but I heeded not the storm, so much more furious was that which raged within my bosom."

"Oh, Henry!" cried Anna, "I do hope you put on rubbers and took an umbrella." This time, if the speaker heard the interruption, he made no sign, but went on.

"Bending my head to the fury of the tempest, I battled my way toward a drinking-saloon. Rude revelry was going on within, the discordant sounds of ill-played musical instruments; but I craved

companionship too much to insist on harmony and refinement. Opening the door, I entered, and beheld my college friend Jeff Jones 'setting 'em up' for about the lowest crowd I ever saw."

"Setting what up, Henry dear?" asked Anna.

"I have used the vulgar slang for treating the party," said Henry. "Pardon me, sister. Jefferson Jones was already intoxicated. He supported himself by the railing of the bar, and called upon the creatures about him to fill their glasses with the beverage they most preferred, and eternally condemn expense, for he had just come into a fortune. Observing me, he called aloud, 'Come along, Jarvis, and join us.' I accepted the invitation."

"Oh," sighed Anna, "I wish you had reproved him and refused."

"I had my motives, sister," said Henry. "I had my motives. Sister, you are probably not aware of the fact that when a man is intoxicated up to a certain point he considers the first acquaintance he sees his dearest friend."

"No: I thought they generally wanted to fight," said Anna.

"That's another stage," said Henry. "But to proceed. Jeff was very affectionate. He told me that I was the brother of his soul and had been kinder to him than a father; and when I asked him to come home and see my invention he clutched my arm and said, 'Come along, old fellow.'"

"Do you begin to comprehend, Anna? An idea had sprung from my brain, full-grown. I led the drunkard away from those others. I led him to my home. Guiding his footsteps, assuming an ardent friendship, supporting him by the arm, I unlocked the door and assisted him up the stairs to the room where my uncompleted invention was mouldering for the lack of gold.

"He sat before me with an idiotic grin upon his countenance, and said, 'I always worshipped you, Henry. You're the finest fellow the Lord ever made.' Then he told me that his grandfather was just dead, leaving him a fortune; that he had five thousand dollars in his pocket, and intended, to use his own expression, 'to blow it all in before morning,'—in other words, to spend it ere the dawn of another day.

"I can see the scene before me yet," said Henry, with his finger to his temple. "My poor room, lit by one wretched candle, my silent machine, the reflection of my own face in the mirror between the windows,—the face of a desperate man, Anna,—and the drunkard lolling in a chair, bank-notes shaking out from every pocket. Prepare yourself for the worst, sister."

But Anna, trembling, pale, her teeth chattering in her head, sank back in her chair with such a terrified moan that even her brother, fond as he was of producing strong effects by his talent for tragedy, felt that he must go no further.

"There, there, don't be an idiot, if you can help it, Anna," he said. "I neither robbed nor murdered the man. I simply asked him to lend me a thousand dollars. And he fished every cent he had out of his pocket, and said, 'Take it, brother of my soul, take it.'"

"I laid his money nicely on the table, counted the five thousand, all but fifty he had spent in treating strangers, took one thousand, and

asked him again to lend me that to perfect my machine. He said, 'Take it all, bless you!' But I made the rest into two wads, put them in his inside pocket, buttoned up his coat, and took him home to his married sister. He was so far gone when I got him there that his brother-in-law was obliged to help me carry him.

"They thanked me, and I attributed his state to excitement over the legacy. I told them his pockets were full of money, and left him and went home.

"I called it an interposition of Providence, for a time, but I now see that it was a dastard's act, and that I have blackened my soul."

"Oh," cried Anna, with gasps of relief, "oh, oh, no! It may have been mean, but you intend to return it when you have made your fortune, of course, brother. You might pay interest, and perhaps Mr. Jones will have wasted all his money by that time, and be very glad to get it."

"That is possible: you greatly comfort me," said her brother. "In some matters you are very wise, my twin sister. I have the mechanical ability, it is true, but you have much sense, and all the moral worth. Pray for me."

"I do, every night," said Anna. "But, Henry, why did you put the money in a black silk stocking? That was so suspicious."

"Anna," said Henry, "my pockets all had holes in them; and I think I told you I was wearing your stockings, mine being in holes; and I suppose Aunt Carberry's example—we are all monkeys, more or less—I just took one that I found in your bureau drawer. It made an excellent purse."

"Henry, how I have neglected you!" Anna sighed. "I will never do it again. And I am so proud of you, so glad of your success."

"This is the first time you have told me so, sister," said Henry.

As for Augusta, she had bravely told Granville Ashton of what she had suspected him, and he had naturally been very seriously offended.

"Of course I was chattering absurdly that day," he said; "but you should have known me better. In order to have no future misunderstanding, I will tell you that I have done nothing worse than to gamble. I risked all I had, and had an amazing streak of luck. I believe there are places where they allow a man to win the first night, to lure him on. I shall never enter a den of the sort again. I could not trust myself. No doubt you consider my conduct unpardonable, Augusta. If so, I cannot help it."

"I do not imagine that you can forgive me," said Augusta, sadly. But they did forgive each other, nevertheless, and are married now, and live with Mrs. Carberry at Carberry mansion. It is well known that Augusta will have a large share of her aunt's fortune, one of these days.

A white stone stands in the church-yard. Mrs. Carberry had it erected. On it are these words:

CRISSEY DOBLE,

AGED ELEVEN YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

One morning the pastor of the church about which the grave-yard lies was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Carberry. "I have in charge some money for your poor," she said. "It is the gift of my little grand-niece, whose funeral services you performed when we lost her." And she handed to him the black silk stockings full of money, which she had not unrolled since Crissy's death. She had felt too much horror of them, and her heart was lighter as she turned from the parsonage door, leaving the money behind her.

THE END.

ARE AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS OF DUTCH ORIGIN?

THE appearance of Mr. Campbell's work, "The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," was a great surprise to both lawyers and scholars. It was an unexpected, stunning blow, a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Two large, handsome volumes, written in an attractive, even brilliant manner, informing us in sharp, sarcastic sentences, with an immense array of facts, that our most cherished liberties and customs were neither English nor native, but Dutch, were so dazing that no one at first knew what to say, and we have scarcely yet mustered courage enough to frame a reply.

In all other books that describe or criticise our institutions, whether written by ourselves or by foreigners, there is not even a suggestion that our sources were Dutch. In all our political histories, in which every event of our growth is given from the settlement of Virginia in 1607 down to the present decade, there is not a sentence or a hint that would have led one to this discovery, which was reserved for a lawyer of New York. More than that, if we examine the original authorities, the writings and documents of the colonists and of the framers of the Constitutions of the States and of the Constitution of the nation, we find not a word to show that those men, our ancestors, were at all conscious that they were copying from Holland. I certainly never saw an original document, letter, speech, or writing of any kind in which a father of the republic said that American institutions were of Dutch origin, or in which an argument was made in favor of transplanting Dutch institutions to America. Mr. Campbell quotes no writings of this sort, and it is not unfair to infer that none exist.

His method of proof is not at all documentary, although in his preface he tells us that documents are the only sure tests for the truth of history, and he has much to say of modern scientific methods of investigation. In the past, he tells us, history was written from legends, tradition, and rumor. Public documents were considered parts of the private library of the king, and it is only of recent years that official records, diplomatic correspondence, and state papers have become accessible to historians. "One can imagine," he says, "the position of a writer who sat down to compose a work upon his own or any other country when such material was everywhere kept secret." But what about the position of Mr. Campbell's readers, from whom he also has so successfully concealed what should have been his authorities and proof?

The impression his book at first gives of a vast array of facts is soon dissipated when we find that he has obtained most of them at second-hand, picked up at random from miscellaneous reading in books like Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy," the *Chautauquan*, and magazine articles. The results of the original research among documents of which he so loudly boasts in the preface we look for in vain; and when we find him generously acknowledging that he is

greatly indebted to Mr. Carnegie's volume for a large number of valuable facts (vol. i. p. 22) we are fully prepared for what follows.

In the absence of any real evidence, he has resorted to what may be called the speculative method, the method of suggestion, presumption, probability. He wanders round and round his subject with telling anecdotes, witticisms, gibes at the ancient historians, and paeans to liberty. He has the same methods which, for want of proof, are used to persuade a jury to decide against a corporation on general principles. All European nations except Holland have been so cruel and wicked, and have had such ridiculous laws and governments, that as the United States is the only other nation in the world that has not been cruel, wicked, and ridiculous, the reader may judge for himself as to the possibility, if not probability and perhaps certainty, of the one being derived from the other.

He informs us at great length that the English are prone to exaggerate their own merits, trace everything to themselves, and ignore the services of other nations. The writers of New England have all been men of English origin, and would naturally, therefore, he says, be silent about the Dutch sources and assign their institutions to English causes. But if New England was so thoroughly permeated with Dutch ideas as he elsewhere maintains, how was it that the writers escaped? If the Dutch influence had been powerful enough to create institutions, would it not have been powerful enough to compel acknowledgment, or at least an admission or a complaint?

He has a very clever way of throwing out a suggestion which is not avowedly offered as proof or even as argument and yet will leave a significant impression on the mind of an ordinary reader. Thus, in his preface, after showing that in 1563 the Dutch were famous for their ingenuity in inventing all sorts of machines for shortening labor, he says, "Here is the Yankee of Europe," and this hint, mixed with others of a similar kind, gradually builds up the feeling that of two countries so nearly alike one must necessarily be the copy of the other.

After wandering through hundreds of pages heaping up these possibilities, insinuations, and suggestions, and doing it in a manner irresistibly bright and attractive, Mr. Campbell has completely accomplished his purpose, at least temporarily; for an untrained mind can hardly resist the impression that America was thoroughly Dutch in origin,—that our Constitution, the New England township system, our land laws, our customs, and our general principles of dealing, conduct, and government, are from Holland, not from England; and one begins to wonder how it is that the language still remains English.

The book is in its individual sentences very clear; but the general arrangement is most confusing and tiresome to any one who wants definiteness and accuracy. It is a mere collection of points mixed in with a vast assemblage of facts and anecdotes taken from the history of pretty much the whole world. There is no regular orderly presentation of propositions to be proved; no separate statement of each item of Dutch imitation followed by its proof; no rigid analysis, and wisely so; for analysis would be fatal.

For example, why should not that little item of the recording of deeds and mortgages, which he says came from Holland, be in a chapter or at least a paragraph by itself, with all that can be said in favor of the imitation, and then done with it; and so on with the next item? Why should the recording item be spread out all through the book with references to it every now and then? Why should the careful reader, seeking definite, positive knowledge, feel that he must go through the ten hundred and twenty-one pages of the two volumes with a pencil, setting down any distinct item of imitation he can find and putting under it any proof he can collect from the whole?

The reason is obvious. If the book had been divided into distinct topics of positive imitations it could all have been written in one chapter with subheadings for each imitation, and would hardly have extended much beyond the limits of a magazine article. But by scattering the points without any particular order, and using them at intervals, here and there, all through the two volumes, to keep him going, he has succeeded in building up an enormous mass of suggestion and hypothesis which strikes us at first as ingenious and brilliant, but afterwards as implying a strange morbidness of mind and character.

It would be impossible in a single article to discuss all the imitations of Holland,—freedom of religion, free press, universal suffrage, written ballot, free schools, independence of the judiciary, our system of land laws, many parts of the national Constitution, and our whole system of public charities. I shall content myself with only one of his items, because its discussion will cover the basis on which all the others rest. He has said that "the township system (with its sequence of self-government in county and State)" comes from Holland, and that this system was introduced into New York and New England by the Dutch.

It is obvious that this at once raises the question, which is at the bottom of all the others, How did this Dutch influence reach America? It is also obvious to any one who notices the way in which Mr. Campbell has worded this item of imitation, "the township system (with its sequence of self-government in county and State)", that it is overwhelming in its effects. If it be true that the Dutch established the New England township system and that that created self-government in the counties and that thence came State sovereignty, the Dutch undoubtedly created the whole United States. If Mr. Campbell could establish that one item, I for one would be willing to surrender all the others. They would not be worth contending for; and it would remain merely to call on Mr. Campbell to explain, as he surely could, by what accident it was that our language still remained English, and why our courts still continued to cite authorities from the English law reports.

Mr. Campbell's argument I understand to be this. The Pilgrim Fathers, so called, were a sect of Brownists or Independents who were terribly persecuted for their religion in England, and fled to Holland, where they lived, first at Amsterdam, afterwards at Leyden, for twelve years. During that time they probably acquired a knowledge of Dutch institutions, especially of the Dutch towns, which governed

themselves with more or less independence. At the end of the twelve years about one hundred of them came to America and settled on the coast of Massachusetts at a place they called New Plymouth, about fifty miles from Boston.

About ten years after their arrival, a large number of English people called Puritans came to the coast and settled in the neighborhood of Boston. These people continued to come for about ten years, and vastly outnumbered the Independents or Pilgrim Fathers who had settled at New Plymouth. The new-comers or Puritans were not Dutch, and had not as a class been in Holland, but two of them had, namely, Dudley, who was afterwards governor, and had been a soldier in the Dutch army, and Hugh Peters, a minister who had once had a congregation in Holland; and doubtless others whom we have not heard of had been in Holland. They had, however, nearly all of them come from the southern parts of England, where half a century before large numbers of Dutch immigrants had settled. As we find that all these people in Massachusetts established towns which governed themselves in purely local matters, and as there were similar towns in Holland, the Massachusetts town system was clearly of Dutch origin.

So much for the entering in of the influence. Mr. Campbell goes on to show how it spread. People from Massachusetts, some from the Plymouth colony and some from the Puritans, founded Connecticut and established self-governing towns, which were also clearly of Dutch origin, because the people who established them had been under the Dutch influence in Massachusetts, and one of the Connecticut settlers, Thomas Hooker, the minister, had lived for a time in Holland. About the same time, or soon after, the Dutch established these same self-governing towns in their colony at New York. And from these Dutch sources in Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut, establishing the idea of local self-government in a town, that idea has spread to the whole country, creating the local self-government of our counties all over the Union and the self-government of our States, or State sovereignty as we call it.

But now for some argument on the other side. And first of all we must have a clear idea of the exact nature of the New England town system, which Mr. Campbell says was introduced from Holland.

The New England town was a little democracy of people who elected their own officers and through them governed a district of land much smaller than a county. Each town also sent its representatives to the general assembly of the colony. It was a system of local government by means of small districts, each of which had entire charge of its own affairs. The peculiarities of it were the small size of each district, the absolute control over its own affairs, the free voice and vote of all the people in exercising that control, and their right to be represented as a town in the general assembly.

But Mr. Campbell's rather vague description of the Dutch towns would not imply that they had these characteristics at the time the English colonies in America were settled. The most important one of all, the free suffrage and democracy, was absent. "In few, if any of

them," he says, "was there an approach to democracy in later times. That had passed away with the advance of wealth, the rich merchants and manufacturers who secured the charters having generally absorbed the power originally lodged in the whole body of the freemen." (Vol. i. p. 147.)

Elsewhere (vol. ii. p. 429) he says that the free suffrage had been retained in some of the most obscure provinces of the northeast, and, as the Pilgrim Fathers who came to Massachusetts were not in that part of the Netherlands, he has a labored argument to show how they might nevertheless probably hear about it.

Apparently the only resemblance which the Dutch towns near where the Pilgrim Fathers lived bore to those established in Massachusetts was that the six important ones could send representatives to the assembly of the States. The right of the small towns to send representatives, and their democratic government, had been lost hundreds of years before. This makes the resemblance somewhat lame; and the argument is still further weakened by an admission in another passage (vol. i. p. 75) that the township system prevailed in Central Asia and still exists in Upper India. So the Dutch were, after all, not its inventors.

But let us pass all this for the present; for we shall see the Dutchman's idea of town government when we come to the history of New York. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the towns in Holland were all self-governing and represented as towns in the legislature, just as Mr. Campbell would like to have them; how does he prove that the Massachusetts people imitated them? He must show some connecting link; he must give positive proof of imitation, because without this it is perfectly possible that the people of New England developed their town system out of natural conditions, as the people of Central Asia or of Upper India, or the Dutch themselves, developed towns to suit their purpose.

Mr. Campbell, however, neither quotes nor cites any document, pamphlet, letter, or writing of any kind in which any of the people who settled Massachusetts expressed a liking for the Dutch town system or urged its adoption in the colony. If they were so infected by Dutch influence, would they not have said something about it? Would they not have argued in its favor and urged its extension? They were great writers. Many of them kept diaries and journals that have come down to us. We have also their letters, the pamphlets and books they wrote, all preserved with the scrupulous care with which Massachusetts guards every stray scrap of paper relating to her history. How is it that none of the Cottons or Mathers, men of such vast learning, the authors of so many books and essays on all sorts of subjects, ever touch on Holland? How is it that in all the writings of Massachusetts from beginning to end there is nothing Mr. Campbell can quote to show a Dutch influence, not merely in this township question, but in other things or in general?

If there is nothing that shows Dutch influence in general, would not the introduction of some special Dutch institution like the towns have aroused comment, or resistance, and would there not at least be

something to quote on this point? Even Mr. Campbell does not contend that every one of the Massachusetts settlers was literally an out-and-out Dutchman. If there was even a small minority of out-and-out Englishmen in the colony, would they not have protested against the introduction of a foreign method of government, and, like those minorities that followed Roger Williams or Anne Hutchinson, have raised a controversy about it, of which there would at least be some scrap of evidence?

As a matter of fact, we all know that there were in the colony from the very beginning Church-of-England people and others who objected most strenuously to the Puritan methods of government and sent home reports finding all the fault they could think of. Other disgruntled persons went to England in person to make complaints. Many of these complaints were addressed to royalists and to the crown with the intention of bringing down vengeance on the Puritans of Massachusetts and depriving them of their charter. They continued to be made for fifty years, and in the end were successful; and the charter was annulled in 1684.

Now, is it possible that among all these complaints made by Tories (the only typical and out-and-out Englishmen, according to Mr. Campbell) none can be found to the effect that the colonists had adopted a foreign system of local government? Charles II. and James II. had no love for Holland, their enemy and in the end the destroyer of their dynasty and house. What appeal to their resentment against Puritan Massachusetts would have been more effective than to tell them that the colony was adopting the laws and method of Holland?

Mr. Campbell meets none of these points. In fact, he admits in the fullest manner not only that there was no general resemblance to Holland in Massachusetts, but that in most respects the colony was the very reverse of Holland in the things for which Holland was most famous. Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, separation of church and state, and humane laws, were the great Dutch principles which Mr. Campbell says were copied in America. But Massachusetts punished heretics with death or banishment, had the severest sort of censorship of the press, a church established by law, the right to vote and hold office confined to church members, a set of the most bloody and cruel laws, punishing more than twenty offences with death; and, as is well known, she kidnapped the Indians and sold them as slaves, killed hundreds of people for witchcraft, whipped hundreds of Quakers at the cart's tail, and hung four of them for persisting in their religious belief.

But a little difficulty like this is nothing to a man of Mr. Campbell's ingenuity; and accordingly we find him saying in explanation (vol. ii. p. 415), "But at this period she was in a few respects less advanced than some of her sister colonies, simply because she had absorbed less from the Netherland Republic."

In other words, the colony where, as Mr. Campbell contends, the Netherland influence centred, the colony where there was more direct Netherland influence than in any other part of the land except New York, was less like Holland and had fewer of the great Netherland

principles than parts of the country where there was no Netherland influence whatever.

The scattered way in which Mr. Campbell has written his book enables him to deceive the ordinary reader with these statements; and the passage where this admission about Massachusetts and its explanation are given is well removed from the pages where he has maintained that the town system was founded in that colony by Dutch influence.

But let us do some of Mr. Campbell's work for him, and examine the early writings of Massachusetts to see what they say of this Dutch influence and also what they say about the beginning of the town system. The first and most important is Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."

Bradford was the leader of the Pilgrim Fathers. He started with them in England when they fled to Holland. He lived with them during the twelve years' sojourn in Amsterdam and Leyden. He came with them to Massachusetts, assisted in founding the settlement at Plymouth, was elected their governor over and over again, and remained with them until his death in 1657. He was a man of good education, familiar with French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and a student of history and theology. His "History of Plymouth Plantation" is that of an eye-witness, and, as it is lengthy and goes very much into details, it is an authority of the highest importance. If there was strong Dutch influence among his people after they came to Massachusetts, it would surely show itself in this book.

But when we read it there is nothing Dutch about it. Indeed, when we consider that he and his people had been in the Low Countries for twelve years, it is surprisingly free from anything of the sort; and our first thought is that, as usually happens when people of mature years sojourn in a foreign country, very little impression had been made upon their minds, and they remained the out-and-out Englishmen they had been born and bred. If the Pilgrim Fathers had gone to the Netherlands when they were children, and grown up in the country, their ideas and conduct might no doubt have been different. But in the whole book there is only one passage showing any liking for Dutch ways or giving a Dutch reason for anything, and that is an account of the first marriage ceremony that was performed:

"May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which according to the laudable custom of the Low Countries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civil thing, upon which many questions about inheritances do depend, with other things most proper to their cognizance and most consonant to the Scriptures, Ruth 4, and nowhere found in the Gospel to be laid on the ministers as a part of their office. This decree or law about marriage was published by the States of the Low Countries A.D. 1590. That those of any religion after lawful and open publication coming before the Magistrates in the Town or State House were to be orderly (by them) married to one another. Peters Hist. Fol. 1029. And this practice hath continued amongst not only them, but hath been followed by all the famous churches of Christ in these parts to this time." Ano. 1646. (Mass. Hist. Coll., 4th Series, vol. iii. p. 101.)

I cannot tell, of course, whether Mr. Campbell knew of this passage, but at any rate he does not quote it; and it would help him very little. He does not contend, so far as I know, that the Dutch, through the Pilgrim Fathers, or in any other way, introduced into this country the custom of being married before a magistrate instead of before a minister of religion. It would be in vain to make such a contention, for no such custom exists. Our people are almost universally married by ministers of religion, although marriages before magistrates, mayors, or competent witnesses of any kind are usually held valid, as they were in the old common law of England.

So far as it goes, this passage from Bradford would prove that the Pilgrim Fathers attempted to introduce a Dutch method which has been rejected by our people. And the passage is the more noteworthy on this account, because it is a rebuke to all those spread-eagle writers who assume that everything that was done near Plymouth Rock spread out into the whole United States and must be traced back to the Rock as a cause.

The passage is the only one I know of in the whole range of Massachusetts literature that gives a Dutch origin for anything. I was once quite familiar with many of the original authorities of the colonial history of Massachusetts, and I can remember nothing Dutch in them. I have not gone over all of them again to write this article, for it would have been a great labor and was not necessary. But I have gone over those which relate to the first settlement, the time when the town system was introduced, and the twenty years that followed. These are the ones which are relevant and essential, for, if there had been as much Dutch influence among the colonists as Mr. Campbell asserts, it would have shown itself at once, certainly within the first twenty years. If there are no signs of it within those twenty years, there is in my opinion no proof of it.

I have selected the first twenty years, that is, from 1620 to 1640, because after that immigration ceased, and there were no more important additions to the population by migration until long after the Revolution. So far as the Plymouth Plantation is concerned, these twenty years are more than covered by Bradford's History. But the Plymouth Colony was very small and unsuccessful, and the large majority of the Massachusetts population was made up of the Puritans who ten years after the arrival of the Pilgrims came and settled in the neighborhood of Boston. They increased very rapidly for ten or more years by immigration, until there were about twenty thousand, and after that their increase was also rapid by births.

These people were direct from England, and had never sojourned in Holland. But, as Mr. Campbell says that they had come from the southern and eastern parts of England, to which many Hollanders had migrated half a century before, it is necessary to examine an authority which will include them. There is an excellent one, Winthrop's Journal, which has sometimes been published as Winthrop's "History of New England." It is much more voluminous and detailed than Bradford's History, and comes down to a later time.

Winthrop was an accomplished man, of some means, who came

out with the first of the Puritans, and was re-elected governor again and again for many years. He was a lawyer by education, and at the time of his arrival in the colony was forty-three years old, in the prime of life, keen, active, interested in everything, and recorded day by day in his journal minute details of events, and especially controversies and disputes, in which he usually gave the arguments of both sides. I have examined this book from beginning to end, and if it contains anything showing the slightest trace of Holland or Dutch influence, or of any institution, custom, or law established for Dutch reasons, I cannot find it.

So it stands that there is just one solitary passage in Bradford's History giving a Dutch reason for establishing the custom of marriage by magistrate instead of by minister, and this a custom which was not accepted by the American people. As Bradford in this instance gave his reason for the custom, it is fair to conclude that if anything else had been established for a Dutch reason he would have said so; and this conclusion is strengthened when we find that in describing the method of allotting land he gives a reason for it; but instead of being Dutch it is a Roman reason.

I shall quote this passage; but before I do so I wish to say that Winthrop also gives reasons for the establishment of many things, and they are usually drawn from the Old Testament, which was the chief guide of the Massachusetts people in all matters of law and government. It was a rule with the magistrates that when no law could be found applicable to a case it must be decided according to the word of God. From the Old Testament were drawn their reasons for banishing Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, hanging the witches, and persecuting the Quakers. To give a reason for everything they did, and give it fully and minutely, was one of their most prominent characteristics; and I think that any one who notes the elaborateness of the arguments used in Winthrop's Journal and elsewhere must be impressed with the thought that if there had been a Dutch influence at work among these people it would have shown itself unequivocally. Moreover, they were very original in all their methods, and Mr. Campbell is, I think, the first person who has ever charged them with plagiarism.

The passage I wish to quote from Bradford in which the land allotment seems to remind him of Rome is a very important one:

"That they might therefore encrease their tillage to better advantage, they made suite to the Governor to have some portion of land given them for continuance, and not by yearly lotte, for by that means, that which the more industrious had brought into good culture (by much pains) one year, came to leave it the next, and often another might enjoy it: so as the dressing of their lands were the more sleighted over, and the less profit. Which being well considered, their request was granted. And to every person was given only one acre of land, to them and theirs, *as near the town as might be, and they had no more till the seven years were expired. The reason was, that they might be kept close together, both for more safety and defence, and the better improvement of the general employments.* Which condition of theirs did

make me often think of what I had read in Pliny of the Romans' first beginnings in Romulus' time. How every man contented himself with two acres of land, and had no more assigned them. It was thought a great reward to receive at the hands of the people of Rome a pint of corn. And long after, the greatest present given to a Captain that had got a victory over their enemies, was as much ground as they could till in one day. And he was not counted a good, but a dangerous man, that would not content himself with seven acres of land. As also how they pound their corn in mortars, as these people were forced to do many years before they could get a mill." (Mass. Hist. Coll., 4th Series, vol. iii. p. 167.)

Now, I have quoted this passage not only for the suggestion about Rome which it contains, but because it shows the origin of the towns. "Every person was given only one acre of land," he says, and "as near the town as might be," and the reason was, "that they might be kept close together, both for more safety and defence, and the better improvement of the general employments."

This is the earliest mention of the towns in any Massachusetts writing. The event of the allotment of land of which he speaks happened in 1624, four years after the colony was founded, and he refers to the town as in existence, which of course it was; for when the Pilgrims landed they built a village of log huts, and they dared do nothing else. The barren nature of the country and the immediate hostility of the Indians forbade them to spread out. They must keep together for mutual defence and for their fishing and trade on the sea.

At first they held their land in common, and it was cultivated for the public benefit. But at best their agriculture was merely the cultivation of garden-patches. When they passed beyond the communism and garden stage the people still lived in the town and went out to cultivate their lots, which, as Bradford says, were kept as near the town as possible. All other towns in Massachusetts, and, for that matter, in New England, were arranged on the same plan, not because of anything in Holland or in Rome, but because it was a necessity. The people were compelled to keep together in small communities, and could not spread out as in Virginia.

When we examine Winthrop's Journal we find two passages confirming this view. A few days after his arrival with the first shipload of Puritans that were to begin the second colony, which in the course of years absorbed the Plymouth people, he made an entry as follows:

"December 6th, 1630. The Governor and most of the assistants and others met at Roxbury, and there agreed to build a town fortified upon the neck between that and Boston." (Winthrop's History of New England, Savage's edition, vol. i. p. 38.)

Practical difficulties, such as want of water, prevented the carrying out of this plan, and a few days after we have another entry:

"Dec. 21. We met again at Watertown, and there, upon view of a place a mile beneath the town, all agreed it a fit place for a fortified town." (Id., vol. i. p. 39.)

In each instance he speaks of a "fortified" town; not a mere

straggling settlement, but something more compact, complete, and self-sustaining, the sort of community that every one who landed on that stern coast knew to be a prime necessity.

And so we have both Bradford and Winthrop mentioning the town, referring to it as something which was a matter of course, Bradford giving reasons for keeping all the people close to the town, even when they were cultivating their land, and neither he nor Winthrop referring to Holland in any way whatever. On the contrary, Bradford says that the arrangement about the land reminds him of what he had read of Rome.

In Virginia the condition enabled the reverse plan to be followed. The mildness of the climate and the richness of the soil soon revealed that there was not only a livelihood, but wealth, to be gained by spreading out and cultivating large tracts of land. This was the natural method in all the Southern colonies, and accordingly the county became the unit of local government, instead of the township as in New England.

The township system would have been an impossibility in the South, where a single farm was often as large as a New England township; and farther south than Virginia several such townships could have been put within a single plantation. The county system became an inevitable necessity, and we find it everywhere in the South, becoming of less absolute importance as we go north, until in Pennsylvania we have a combination of the two systems, town and county.

But it is to be observed that the first settlers in Virginia huddled together in Jamestown and held their land in common, like the Pilgrim Fathers, and for the same reason. They feared the Indians, and at first they gained their livelihood from the fish in the water and vast quantities of wild fowl along the shores and a few little patches of land which they cultivated more as gardens than as farms. But as soon as they learned the natural capacity of the country they spread out far and wide. Their energies became absorbed with inland occupations, and they cared little for the sea and ships.

The New-Englanders, on the other hand, were obliged to continue as they had begun. They were compelled to devote themselves to the sea more and more, or starve. The difficulties with the Indians never ceased, and before long the alliance of the French and Indians made the danger continuous down almost to the time of the Revolution.

As the Massachusetts people advanced into the interior they moved by towns, for the same reasons and with the same caution that they had established towns on the sea-coast. The town was usually set on a hill-top or on high land, the people went out from it to cultivate their lots, and there was a law that no dwelling in any new plantation should be situated more than a mile from the meeting-house. (1 Palfrey, 434.)

The advancement of the town system into the interior, of course, gave some protection to the sea-coast towns against the Indians, but they continued in their self-governing character, because the other condition remained unchanged, and the people were all engaged in trade, commerce, and ship-building. Their agricultural interests were slight,

and from the nature of the soil and climate incapable of being much enlarged. But commerce, ship-building, and the carrying trade of the world were capable of indefinite expansion, and to these the people devoted their utmost energies, with the result we all know.

That whatever people lived in New England would necessarily be merchants, fishermen, and ship-owners, and therefore townsmen, was clearly foreseen in the earliest times, and the reasons which I have advanced for the origin of the towns receive additional and very strong support from a pamphlet issued in 1622 by the Council of New England, entitled "A Brief Relation of the Discovery and Plantation of New England."

This council was a company chartered by the crown. Its full title was "The Council Established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for the Planting, Ordering, Ruling and Governing of New England in America." The Plymouth Colony of the Pilgrim Fathers was within its domain and obtained from it a patent for their land. The Council intended to manage its great domain of New England for profit and the glory and extension of the British Empire, and the pamphlet was intended to describe the country and encourage settlers. It begins with an account of the many voyages of discovery sent out under the auspices of the Council; then follows a description of the climate, animals, and various products, and the last chapter tells of the sort of government the Council intends to enforce. Beginning with praise of monarchical forms, the chapter goes on to show how the people will nevertheless have full representation in making laws; and then comes the following paragraph:

"And there is no less care to be taken for the trade and publique commerce of merchants whose government ought to be within themselves, in respect of the several occasions arising between them, the tradesmen, and other the Mechanicks, with whom they have most to do; and who are generally the chief inhabitants of great cities, and towns, in all parts. It is likewise provided, that all the cities in that territory, and other inferior towns where tradesmen are in any numbers, shall be incorporated and made bodies politique, to govern their affairs and people as it shall be found most behoveful for the publique good of the same; according unto the greatness or capacity of them, who shall be made likewise capable to send certain their deputies or Burgesses to this publique assembly, as members thereof, and who shall have voices equal with any of the rest."

It seems to me that this passage settles the question beyond any reasonable doubt. Here we have a council of persons, many of them noblemen, all of them living in England, in no way connected with Holland, and yet before the New England town system had come into existence they recommended self-governing towns and town representation as part of the government of the country. They give their reasons for it. Merchants and traders must necessarily live in towns, and not only ought they to be allowed to rule themselves in their own local affairs, but their towns should have representation as towns in the legislative assembly of the country.

The passage, it will be observed, recommends the two essentials

which afterwards became the striking and characteristic features of the New England town system,—namely, that the towns should be not only independent, but should be represented as towns in the legislature.

If any one has a fancy for fixing upon a particular passage or place as the origin of the New England towns, there it is. But I do not like that way of putting it. The New England towns originated in the necessities and circumstances of the country, necessities and circumstances which the Council, the settlers, and every one saw who became familiar with the land, and it cannot be said that any one man or set of men had the honor of the invention.

The Council of New England saw that the colonists would of course be traders and fishermen, dealing in ships, fish, lumber, and furs; agriculture would be of little importance; and the principal part of the people would live in towns on the sea-coast, some of them very likely large towns, and many of the people would very probably become great merchants. They not only knew this, but they were aware that every one else who thought of going to New England knew it, and unless they made the government of the country attractive to this merchant class and gave them special privileges they would not go.

There was nothing new in a town governing itself and becoming a political entity of more or less local independence. The idea is a simple and natural one, springing up instantly when circumstances suggest it as valuable to accomplish a result. History is full of instances,—the Greek towns, Rome, the free cities of the Middle Ages, as well as the towns of Holland. But the Council of New England needed no assistance from such sources, any more than the captains and sailors who visited the New England coast and saw and reported the evident and only way of settling and living upon it.

When we look into the history of the Massachusetts laws relating to the towns, we find that the towns existed before any laws were made about them. They sprang up naturally, instantly and spontaneously, wherever a company of settlers pitched upon a tract of land as suitable for their purpose. By the year 1635 the town system was settled and established, and any one who wishes to prove a Dutch influence must prove it to have been at work before that year,—that is, between the years 1620 and 1635. But there is nothing in the laws or in any other contemporaneous document to show the slightest trace of Dutch feeling. In fact, every step of the development has all the characteristics of an indigenous growth.

And now a word as to the Dutch influence in New York. Of course every one knows that the Dutch were there for about forty years before the English conquest, and when the assertion is made that these Dutch had the town system, freedom of religion and of the press, recording of deeds, equal inheritance of land, and various other valuable customs, most persons are ready to infer that these things spread thence to the whole United States.

But let us examine the first of these assertions, which is made in Mr. Campbell's usual liberal manner without citing any authority whatever. The Dutch had towns, of course. People had towns

everywhere; and as the Dutch in New York were principally traders, and the Indians were very hostile, it was absolutely necessary that they should live in towns and have them fortified. But were these towns self-governing, and did they send representatives to the legislature, after the manner of the Massachusetts system? The most superficial glance at the history of New York shows that the Dutch towns never sent representatives to the legislature, for the very good reason that during the Dutch dominion there was no legislature in the colony.

This is the first check one receives after reading Mr. Campbell's extravagant eulogies. The Dutch, the authors of all our American liberty and institutions, had not, it seems, progressed so far among themselves as to have representative government in their own colony. Now, the English colonies, those that were owned by feudal proprietors and those whose charters were granted by kings, had representative government from the beginning. But in Dutch New York it was not established and could not be established, although the people rebelled and clamored for it.

There was no self-government in the Dutch colony at large, and no self-government in the towns. These towns were mere ordinary towns, and had none of the peculiar characteristics of the New England system. In some of these Dutch towns on Long Island English people from New England had settled, and they demanded local self-government for themselves. It was granted, to pacify them and avoid offence to New England:

"It is a suggestive fact that the first town court erected by the Dutch was one for the benefit of the English residents of Hempstead, Long Island, a place then within New Netherland. In 1644 Kieft granted land to Robert Fordham, John Strickland, and other persons of English origin, then in allegiance to the States-General, with corporate powers, including the right to nominate magistrates for the governor's selection, and to establish laws by ordinances with the consent of the inhabitants. . . . So extraordinary a grant of self-government at this early period was intended to placate the border English." (Fowler's Introduction to Laws and Acts of New York, published by the Grolier Club, p. 23.)

The Dutch notion of municipal government was, as Bancroft puts it (History of the United States, vol. ii. p. 305, ed. 1846), that "the city had privileges, not the citizens." Citizenship was a mere commercial privilege, not a political enfranchisement. The Dutch in New York learned all they knew of the self-government of towns from the New-Englanders. Indeed, so far as they learned any lessons at all in liberty they came from the same source. When the people on one occasion clamored for representative government they were incited by New England influence, and Stuyvesant, the governor, in rebuking them, said, "Will you set your names to the visionary notions of the New England men?" (Bancroft, History of the United States, vol. ii. pp. 306, 307.)

He was supported in his rebuke by the Dutch West India Company, which declared that the demand for representation was "contrary to the maxims of every enlightened government." "Have

no regard," they said, "to the consent of the people, and let them no longer indulge the visionary dream that taxes can be imposed only with their consent." These New York Dutch were so far from introducing into America any liberty of their own that they were planning to copy English liberty, and were listening complacently to proposals of submitting themselves to English jurisdiction. All this is commonplace New York history, which Mr. Campbell should not have kept from his readers.

Sydney G. Fisher.

A CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT IN MEXICO.

A MUTUAL friend arranged for me to spend the holidays, some years ago, with the manager of one of the great silver haciendas of Mexico.

It was a day and half the night by stage from the city; the last twenty miles through the wildest and roughest mountain country in the world.

Highwayman was only another name for a Mexican out of gold, at the time, and this route, not more on account of its natural facilities than from the fact that it began at the capital and ended in the silver district, was a favorite resort. Foreigners especially were victims, and murder at the outset was the usual programme.

It is always astonishing how quickly familiarity breeds contempt. At the club they told me of the dangers much as one would warn a stranger of ditches and fences in a run after a fox. That mutual friend, however, did take the trouble to give me a pointer or two about sending my luggage on the day before, to avoid attracting attention, and getting myself up in some rough miner's attire for the trip.

As I should arrive in the small hours of Christmas morning and had no desire to rouse a stranger host to receive me then, least of all if arrayed in miner's togs, with heavy boots and battered sombrero, I took the additional precaution to direct my luggage to be left at the hacienda inn, where I proposed to stop and brush up a bit before presenting myself at the manager's mansion.

For something suggestive of defence I slipped into my hip-pocket a delicately decorated revolver. It was a pretty little thing, and at times—strictly times of peace—I had displayed the artistic bauble with no end of pride.

The day wore away with appropriate agony and occasional changes among the passengers; but at the first night station, where they put on extra mules for the worst of the mountains, I found myself left alone. This was bad enough, but at the last moment it became decidedly worse.

Just as the rickety coach was starting, a fellow jumped in, instantly disposing of himself in the corner diagonally opposite me. The smoking lantern swinging from the roof, in the centre, was chary enough of light, but what it gave convinced me that if ever there was a

cold-blooded cutthroat, a dyed-in-the-wool road agent, I had him, right there, for my only fellow-passenger.

He was gloomy, sullen, and black,—a Mexican of the Mexicans. There were two huge pistols and no end of cartridges in his belt, and the hilt of an ugly-looking knife protruded from the bagging folds of his leather jacket.

Directly I noticed two flashing eyes under the broad brim of the sombrero, and an erratic coolness crept down my spine as I realized that they were riveted on me.

Within ten minutes I believe he could have beheaded me with a feather. I earnestly hoped he would appreciate the fact and not feel called upon to resort to that villanous knife.

A vague thought of self-defence suggested the artistic caricature in my hip-pocket; but even in the dim light of that lantern I believe I should have been ashamed to produce it in the presence of the two colossal weapons in his belt. It would have turned high tragedy into a roaring farce.

Pulling my hat well over my face, I sought the innermost depths of my corner, still keeping a fraction of one eye on the fellow in the diagonal retreat, that I might be prepared to give myself up as gracefully as possible the moment he indicated any readiness to receive me.

Thus we sat for two hours, while the creaking coach lurched and swayed and the lantern smoked and swung. That other fellow did not move, nor did I.

In time it became evident that he was growing nervous. So was I. Possibly he was waiting for some particularly secluded spot, though goodness knows it was secluded enough anywhere, so far as I could see,—which was not an inch beyond the foul windows. He might have duplicate copies of himself in hiding somewhere along the way and be waiting for their aid; though I would quickly have assured him that such a thing was absurdly unnecessary, if he had made bold to consult me.

Suddenly the coach gave an exaggerated lurch and stopped. The change produced a momentary shudder; but the same thing had frequently happened through the day, owing to some dislocation or fracture in the economical simplicity of gearing by which the mules and coach kept company. The driver always clambered slowly from his elevation, hunted through the old breaks for a dangling end of string long enough to repair the new one, and we were off again. But this time it was different. There was an awkward pause. Not having been introduced, there was nothing for us to do but sink deeper into the seclusion of our respective corners and wonder what was coming next. I wondered, at least, and, as the other man made no move to take advantage of the situation, I came to the conclusion that the delay was no more to his purpose than to mine.

Suddenly a grim head and shoulders were thrust into the coach, and a gaunt arm was stretched forth between us. I fancy the other man started a little. I am sure I did. I could feel it to my toes; but it was only the driver, after the lantern.

Another cold shudder. It was bad enough in the miserable light,

before. It was immeasurably worse in total darkness. It flashed upon me in that darkness that the driver was in league with my other man. A beastly coward he must be, or a wretched judge of human nature, to hesitate about proceeding at once, without so much formality; nevertheless a drop or two, as cold as spring water, crept out from under my sombrero and wound its way down my cheek while I waited.

The driver came back, with the lantern on his arm. He muttered something in a sullen grunt, and instantly that other man was out of the coach, on his side. As quickly I was out of it on mine. He had understood the driver; I had not. He knew precisely what he was doing; I knew nothing at all, except that, whatever might be his game, my best way to avoid an unnecessary surprise was to keep that other man in sight.

I hate surprises; more especially disagreeable surprises; most of all disagreeable surprises coming so late in life that a fellow dies before the shock wears off. I don't care for any immoderately prolonged warning or to make an exasperatingly labored exit from this world of sin and sorrow; but, all things being equal, I'd rather not be roused from a sense of calm security by the cold point of a dagger pricking my ribs to find it in my heart before I've had time to appreciate where I am: so I resolved to keep an eye upon that other man.

He started rapidly forward, well on one side of the road. I did the same quite as well on the other side, through a wilderness of gnarled mountain trees and ghostly rocks and gorges, faintly visible in that moonless night. I could only now and then distinguish his shadow, dodging in and out among the other shadows, gliding stealthily forward, faster and faster, as, with grim determination, I kept pace with it.

Suddenly it stopped. It's a fine old Mexican trick, that, to spring upon a fellow from behind and find his heart that way; but if human nature has a right to object strenuously to anything it is to Death's approach as it were by a back door.

The shadow was still, for a moment, on one side, and I was still on the other. Then it moved slowly forward again. So did I.

It grew darker. We were climbing a gorge, with dense foliage, apparently, overhanging. Not the faintest outline of that other man was visible, but by dint of bending every energy to it I found that I could catch the sound of his feet, lightly as he stepped.

A moment later he was walking faster. So was I. Then he stopped short again. So did I.

With a shudder it suddenly struck me that possibly he had some other plot on hand than I had fancied,—some plot which did not include me at all; in which case my meaningless tactics were doubtless driving him to the necessity of disposing of me.

What a fool I had been to cling to him! He'd shown me plainly enough that he had no use for me; only I had been so stupidly absorbed in my own diagnosis that I couldn't take the hint. Now the kick was obviously about to come, and it was painfully evident that I must take that.

It might possibly have rectified the matter if I'd turned and made a bolt through the blackness back toward the broken coach, but it's bad enough to make such a mistake, in the first place, without apologizing for it in that way.

Retraction is the hardest punishment for a blunder, and I determined to take my chances where I was. The first intimation came in a metallic click from the other side of the road. He was lifting the hammer of one of those fiendish monsters in his belt.

Thanking heaven that it was so dark, I slipped my dainty toy from my pocket and cocked it. Bless the dear little bauble, it made a noise almost as loud as his.

Then we waited, in silence. He had taken the lead so far. He must keep it, now. He must fire first. In the darkness he would miss me. The flash would reveal him. I would fire, and— H'm. A cold chill ran through me at the thought, Suppose he did, and suppose I did, and instead of being killed suppose I killed that other man? H'm. But he didn't.

How darkness and uncertainty magnify everything! It was only the soft sound of a pebble, pressed by his foot, but I knew that the other man was moving on again. So was I.

He walked faster. So did I.

Did ever one cling so persistently to his murderer?

On and on we went, together, now in the forest, now in the open, now along a ledge, now through an echoing defile, now silently, now over grating, rattling stones, now fast, now slow, he on his side, I on mine, for two mortal hours. Whither was he leading me?

At last a faint light appeared in the distance. It might mean almost anything; but it proved only an adobe mountain hut and stable with something of a rough stone inn at the front,—doubtless where the mules were changed when the coach was on duty.

Fortunately, it was on the other man's side of the road, for I should not have known what to do. He rapped. I crossed and waited. The door opened, and a faint light partially revealed us to each other. There he stood, pistol still in hand. So did I. We were looking squarely at each other, not at the door, as the Indian opened it. We each turned quickly to the door. The Indian spoke. I could not understand him, but the other man answered and entered. So did I.

Seating ourselves in opposite corners of a large, bare room, we waited, in silence, till the Indian brought two mugs of pulque covered with tortillas. I hate pulque; I detest tortillas; but that other man ate and drank. So did I.

The stuff might be drugged, or poisoned, but, in truth, I had reached a point where that seemed rather an inviting incident.

The other man lighted a cigarette. So did I. The Indian lighted a candle, and, muttering something, led the way, followed by that other man and me.

Up a flight of creaking stairs we climbed together and—great heavens!—into one small room, with one small window and two small beds, one on one side, one on the other, with a small, bare table in the geometrical centre of all.

On this table the Indian left the candle, and went out, closing the door behind him.

We were alone.

Instantly that other man appropriated one cot, boots, hat, and all, pulling one rough blanket over him. I did the same with the other, taking care that my precious pistol, which was still cocked, in my pocket, should lie at my fingers' tips.

The candle still burned, between us; for he had not put it out, nor had I.

It was painfully evident that there was something wrong in my diagnosis of the case. The symptoms were against my suppositions; yet there were features still apparent behooving me to be on guard. I thought of speaking, introducing myself, as it were, relying upon his charitable consideration of the fact that there was no one else about to manage the matter for me; but I didn't know a dozen words of Mexican-Spanish at the time, and they were chiefly restricted to "bread and water," "Go to thunder," and such stock sentiments, well calculated to meet the emergencies of travel, but hardly adequate to the social demands of the moment. Besides, it might be awkward attempting to be friends, after the glimpse we had of each other at the inn door.

While I was still considering the matter, he apparently fell asleep. So did I. Unintentionally I slipped from jest to earnest. At least I was roused with a frightful start by a sputter and flash. It was only the candle dying in the socket. The best of two hours must have slipped away, and I had not the remotest idea where they had gone. That other man was there, however. I could still hear him breathe, and all seemed satisfactory, but the start which woke me set my heart bumping furiously, and before it recovered I distinctly heard that other man slowly, cautiously, coming out of bed. What was that for? Another chill.

Pulling the blanket down a little, I strained my eyes and by a dim light stealing through the window I surely saw him, sitting erect, then standing, then, with a real Arctic chill to my toes and fingers, I caught the shimmer of a polished blade, and watched while he appeared to be testing the edge of it.

A Mexican will play with a pistol and put on no end of bravado; he will even shoot a man in the face in extraordinary extremities; but a knife in his hands means business, pure and simple. He'll stab a man in the back for mere recreation.

Steadily, stealthily, the villain came creeping toward me. I was glad, at least, that I was awake. I believe the very worst death a man could die would be to half rouse from a sound sleep, under the impression that an ugly nightmare was kicking him, and die before he discovered that it was a dagger.

How that blade gleamed! It shone like an electric lamp as it came slowly across the room, and my finger trembled on the trigger of my gaudy little friend. It was much better than nothing, after all. It might even save my life. How I prized it!

At last he stood beside my bed. A shimmer ran along the blade.

His hand was not over-steady, nor was mine; mine, under the blanket, aiming the revolver as best I could to pierce the blanket first and then pierce him. I wonder the hammer did not fall. I was surely pressing dangerously hard upon the trigger. At the thought I relaxed a little, for he could not strike until he raised the knife. When the blade went up there might yet be time. I resolved to chance it; for in truth I wasn't over-anxious to kill that other man.

He bent over me till his heart was beating within two feet of that little bore. Something seemed to whisper "Now or never!" in my ear. It was almost impossible to breathe. My finger tingled on the trigger and began to press again, when from somewhere came the muffled grating of a laggard clock slowly dragging out its report of the progress of our mutual enemy.

Count it? Surely I counted every stroke. And so did he, I fancy. How strange it seems what little incidents the mind cheerfully takes note of during some of the grand events which should occupy its entire attention! The clock was striking twelve. Twelve! Midnight! When it began it was Christmas eve. When it finished it was Christmas morning.

That other man was waiting for something. So was I. For a moment he did not move, nor did I.

It was Christmas morning.

"Now or never!" the whisper repeated. I knew it before. The man was bent so low that I could not even see the blade. It would rise and fall. Then I should know it. Still I waited, fool that I was, all because it was Christmas morning.

"Now or never!" came again as if some one hissed it in my ears. I let my pistol fall. I couldn't make it "Now." Fate made it "Never."

With a sigh that other man stood erect. For the first time I had taken the lead. He waited an instant, then, without the least precaution, walked heavily across the room and threw himself upon the bed again.

Two things, I believe, will keep a man awake,—anxiety for one he loves, and indigestion. This was neither of them; and the next I knew the room was full of sunshine and the bed across it empty. For once that other man had set an example which I had failed to follow. Too bad! How it must have surprised him!

Springing up, I leaned out of the little window to look upon one of the grandest mountain scenes which the Great Architect ever produced in all the universe.

Over the sublime panorama of glistening peaks and clouded gorges the rising sun poured its flood of glorious light. As my lungs filled themselves with that clear and almost frosty mountain air, I could have shouted a "Merry Christmas!" to all creation.

If, in all my life, I ever knew what it was to be truly, thoroughly grateful, it was upon that Christmas morning, that the supreme reality of life was not blotted by the horrible thought that I had killed that other man.

The coach, more or less repaired, was climbing the hill. Breakfast

was waiting in the one room which received us the night before, and in half an hour I was off again,—this time alone. With all my heart I was sorry that the other man was gone. A dozen like him would not have disturbed me on that glorious Christmas morning.

In two hours we reached the hacienda inn. It was primitive to a fault, but I succeeded in procuring a bath, a refreshing sleep, and such a general transformation of myself that the innkeeper refused to believe that I was the same individual, till he had been to my room and inspected the garb in which I came.

The manager of the mines received me with magnificent hospitality when I reached his palatial home, producing the instant and lasting impression that he was the handsomest, most courteous, and most courtly Mexican I had ever met.

"We had given you up for to-day," he said, as we sat over wine and cigars. "Foolishly, I never thought of your coming by private carriage. I expected you by the coach, last night. The last part of the way is rather bad at night, and sometimes the coach is held up, especially if there is an American aboard. They're supposed to be walking deposit vaults. So I ran down to the inn at the foot of the gulches to come back with you as a kind of native protectorate.

"I was frightfully disappointed that you were not there; but I had rather an adventure, all by myself. Just listen.

"A month ago one of our miners shot a foreman. I made a sharp hunt for him, and once came near enough catching him to receive a bullet through this arm. He sent me word, through his friends, that if I did not stop he'd shoot me dead next time; but I kept after him till a week ago he disappeared entirely.

"Well, no sooner had I entered the coach last night than whom should I find but that very man as the only other occupant!

"I was well ruffed up in knives and pistols, as we Mexicans usually travel in these mountains, and I could see that the fellow was not in for an open fight; but he never took his eyes off me till two hours later, when the coach broke down.

"I might have taken a chance at shooting him, but it was quite too much like cold-blooded murder. Evidently he didn't propose to give me a chance to do it in self-defence unless he had the best of it at the start, and if I had tried to make him my prisoner the driver and every one we might meet in the mountains would have taken his part.

"I knew he was determined to kill me, and half expected every breath I breathed was the last; but there was really nothing for it but to wait and take my chances.

"Eight miles from the half-way inn the coach broke down, and the driver announced that he couldn't repair it till daylight.

"Now,—can you believe it?—we two, each thirsting for the other's blood, actually walked that eight miles side by side. The only explanation I can give is that he was a little afraid to attack me single-handed and was waiting on the chance of meeting some one by the way, or for some advantage that would give him a good lead.

"If I walked faster, so did he. If I went slowly, so did he.

Twice I stopped, and so did he. He was evidently determined not to lose sight of me till he found his opportunity. Yet often as I came almost to the point of closing with him something seemed to hold me back.

"Have I taxed your credulity too far, already? I hope not, for the strangest is yet to come. Side by side, with pistols drawn, we reached the inn. Together we ate and drank, and, as I live, there was but one room unoccupied,—one room with two beds. He was given one of them, I the other. He did not sleep, nor did I. Just as the candle between us burned out, I saw him start. Then all was darkness. That was his opportunity. The only way to prevent it was to take the initiative or lie there and die like a dog. I drew my dagger and crossed the room. If he moved, I was ready to spring upon him. If not, I proposed at least to disarm him, and the only way to do it would doubtless be to kill him first. I felt that I should be justified, and was fully resolved.

"I stood beside him. I bent over him. I—— No, my friend, not as you think. Call it woman-hearted, if you like, but at that moment a clock, somewhere, began to strike. Strange, at such a time, to stop and count. You can hardly credit it, I know, and yet it is true. I did. I counted. It was striking twelve.

"It was Christmas morning.

"I could see by the light from the window a faint glisten at his eyes. They were partly open. He knew I was there and that I had the best of him. He dared not move. He was mine. My hand began to rise, then stopped. I couldn't do it. On the one morning of all the year sacred to peace and good will to men I couldn't strike a blow to take a human life. I deliberately turned and went back to my bed.

"Now, strangest of all, with the earliest daylight, when I left the room, to come on here on mule-back, that man was sleeping so soundly that my going didn't rouse him. And the result? I've decided to give him up and let him go in peace; for I fancy I did much better for him, and I'm sure I feel much better myself, than if I'd blackened this Christmas day with even the most justifiable kind of a murder."

Then I told him of the revolver under the blanket, and how the fact that it was Christmas morning alone held back the finger pressing on the trigger, and we joined in heartiest congratulations that we had not killed that other man.

Henry Willard French.

COMPENSATION.

THOUGH darkling dawns the day, and storm winds beat and blow,
Till life would almost pray for death to end its woe,
If only for one hour the shadows pass away,
Yielding to light and love, 'twere good to live that day.

Mary E. Stickney.

SOUTH FLORIDA BEFORE THE FREEZE.

"GO West, young man," has been accepted as the proper thing to do, and for generations both old and young have flocked there to compete with the wide world in agricultural products and combat with tornadoes, blizzards, droughts, floods, and grasshoppers.

"Distance lends enchantment," and our childhood game "Follow your leader" is played more earnestly and on a larger scale in maturer years. Once turned that way, the tide of emigration has flowed westward, crossing mountains and deserts, unmindful or ignorant that nearer home and more accessible to the great markets there is a land conspicuous for the absence of extremes of heat or cold, devastating storms, and epidemic diseases, and where the most valuable productions of two zones flourish side by side.

Within forty-eight hours by rail from the rocky hills of New England and thirty-six from the worn and crowded farms of the Middle States, South Florida, more salubrious in climate, more perfect in healthfulness, more varied in productions, than any other part of our common country, is still sparsely settled, and has thousands of acres of beautiful, healthful, and productive land waiting for home-seekers and transformation into orchards and gardens.

Nature does not provide altogether a paradise anywhere, and the most we can do is to contrast advantages with defects, and draw conclusions therefrom as to the adaptability of a country for the purposes we have in view.

But correct conclusions cannot be drawn from a superficial view, and this is essentially true of South Florida, where time and intimate acquaintance are required to discover the advantages, and realize, as compared with other places, how free it is from serious drawbacks and obstacles.

This information, based on years of residence, telling of the climate, soil, and productions, of practical experience, successes and failures, may prove interesting, especially to people touched with emigration fever, or who may be thinking of leaving present surroundings for their own or their country's good.

To begin at the beginning, although the first American mainland discovered by Spanish adventurers, and the first colonized by Europeans, Florida, and South Florida especially, is essentially new. It remained nominally a Spanish possession until 1821, but practically until long after that time, except for St. Augustine and a settlement or two on the coast, it was the undisputed home of the red man.

Comparatively soon after it came into the possession of the United States the rich lands of North Florida attracted attention and settlement, but even as late as 1835 every white settler south of St. Augustine was massacred or driven out, and to the close of the last Indian war, in 1858, the interior of the Peninsula remained, as far as white settlement is concerned, in Indian possession.

It had been fought over by the whites, but the information obtained and disseminated by returning soldiers did not encourage a rush of white immigration. It was represented as poor, flat, swampy, pestilent, the abiding-place of malaria, voracious insects, and venomous reptiles.

In its subtropical climate, however, vegetation was always green, and its natural grasses afforded pasturage for cattle throughout the year. Lands too poor or wet, as was thought, for cultivation gave good grazing, and gradually, in isolated homes, far apart, cattle-owners took possession, and their flocks and herds ranged from gulf to ocean.

But as to developing the country, that was not in their line of business. They cultivated cow-penned patches in corn and vegetables, and planted orange-trees around their dwellings for shade and by way of luxury; but proving the adaptability of the land for profitable agriculture and the support of a dense population was not to their interest. On the contrary, and naturally, they opposed immigration and the turning of cattle-ranges into farms and gardens.

The orange-trees, however, planted carelessly at first for shade and ornament, were destined to induce a new order of things and a wholly unlooked-for rush of immigration, to which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe unintentionally contributed. Her famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was credited with having much to do with bringing about the great civil war, and her beautiful though small orange grove at Mandarin, on the St. John's River, had much to do with inciting what was known as the "orange fever."

In the early seventies, when reports crept into the papers telling of the fabulous money returns from the few old trees scattered about the State, interest centred around descriptions of Mrs. Stowe's grove, which was represented as a veritable gold-mine in the matter of profitable yield.

Basing estimates on this grove, containing a limited number of old, fully matured trees, the public was assured that one thousand to five thousand dollars per acre could be realized in ten years and upward after planting, and this, not possibly, but certainly: the facts were easily demonstrable; Mrs. Stowe's grove stood as living proof. All that was necessary was to secure land below the probable line of injurious frost, clear it, plant orange-trees—and wait; and as to the land, it all, or nearly all, belonged to a paternal government whose citizens could procure homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres each at a cost of fifteen dollars in fees and five years of idyllic residence. The latter, indeed, in a climate so genial, would be nothing more than a protracted picnic, interspersed with a few privations that could be easily borne in view of the Monte-Cristo-like wealth awaiting only the flight of time. In a prominent Northern paper of the day, over a well-known and honored name, the following facts and figures, based, it was said, on a personal inspection of the groves and country, were published:

"A man can enter one hundred and sixty acres of first-class land at a cost of fifteen dollars for fees. A temporary house of pine logs will be sufficiently comfortable for the climate. If able-bodied, with his own labor he can clear and plant ten acres in orange-trees the first

year, and thence on, every year, add ten acres to his grove. In ten years the first ten acres ought to yield one thousand dollars an acre. In eleven years the first will yield, probably, fifteen hundred dollars an acre, and the second ten, one thousand dollars,—an income of twenty-five thousand dollars. In sixteen years, at this rate, he will have one hundred and sixty acres of solid grove, and the income of a nabob. He need not worry about transportation. When his grove comes into bearing he can club with adjoining growers and they can build railroads to suit themselves. Only tide over the time until the groves bear, and churches, schools, cities, palaces, can be built, and the wilderness be made to blossom like the rose; meantime, for tiding over, fish, game, plantains, bread-fruit, yams, and vegetables can be had in abundance. And all of this in a climate like a dream of delight,—soft, balmy, odoriferous, healthful beyond compare, and conducive to unexampled longevity.”

Such reports, evidently made in good faith and widely published, quickly brought South Florida into prominence, and immigrants flocked from all parts of the United States, and even Europe, the tide being swollen by many who had had fortunes wrecked in the panic of 1873.

Altogether it was a superior class of immigrants, comprising people of education and refinement, many of whom had been wealthy, many of whom still had moderate means. Perhaps a majority were from towns and cities, unskilled in agriculture of any kind; but that was not considered a disadvantage. Agriculture was not the attraction. The “forty-niners” did not go to California to raise beets and turnips, and the South Florida immigrants of that day and generation did not come to compete in the pursuits of clodhoppers.

They brought pluck, energy, faith, and glorious enthusiasm, but only for orange-culture. For each one the days were feverish and the nights restless until his grove was planted, and thence on its care absorbed his attention. He could not spare time or labor for such transient, plebeian things as cabbages and potatoes. Every waking hour was given to the cultivation or increase of his grove, and to calculations showing the size and date of the coming fortune. Meantime the granaries of the West and the canneries of the East were relied on for bread and vegetables,—except sweet potatoes, which grow perennially.

Prior to 1880 there was no railroad in the State south of Gainesville, and the interior was reached by steamers up the St. John's and Ocklawaha Rivers, and thence by wagons, carts, or on foot, as the case might be. Men city-bred from youth, and accompanied, perhaps, by delicate wives or daughters, boldly pushed into the wilderness and extemporized shelters of palm-leaves pending the planting of groves and the building of more substantial dwellings; and young men by hundreds deserted counters and desks to dig for gold, or rather golden fruit, in the South Florida Eldorado.

And that whole South Florida, in soil, climate, conditions, and peculiarities, ran counter to all past experiences, whether of city or country. Skilled agriculturists and professors of ancient languages were about equally fitted to grapple with the mysteries of seed-time

and harvest in a climate where roses bloom in December and spring vegetables fructify in autumn, or to choose between high, low, white, red, gray, and chocolate-colored sand as the primal foundation for orange-groves and fortune.

Existing orange-trees proved the adaptability of soil and climate, but that was all, for they had grown "as the lilies do," and owners could give no practical information as to what was best in soil, or seasons for planting, or methods of cultivation. The novices had everything to learn, and without teachers or text-books had to choose between pine-land and hammock, high hammock and low hammock, rolling pine and palmetto flats, oak ridge and spruce thickets, savannahs and bay-heads; between sweet stocks and sour stumps; between seedlings and foreign buds; between planting in winter and planting in summer; between deep cultivation and shallow; between muriates, nitrates, sulphates, phosphates, and guano.

Necessarily, mistakes were numerous; and mistakes that throw away two or three years' labor or consume that much of a lifetime are serious. But, as a rule, the neophytes tried over and over until success was reached in a greater or less degree.

Locations that proved unsuitable were abandoned for others; groves ruined by any one of the many causes open to inexperience were replanted. There was no such word as "fail" in the vocabulary of the South Florida pioneer of that day, and his enthusiasm was both unquenchable and contagious. It infected all comers. It was in the air. South Florida was going to be, was bound to be, the freest, the happiest, the richest land on earth.

In that belief railroads were built through long stretches of wilderness, certain that emigration would follow and plant oranges for transportation. New towns were "located" by hundreds; churches, schools, public halls, and opera-houses were built in profusion; cities greater in size than "Greater New York" were staked off in sombre forests, and corner lots were sold where the only inhabitants were ticks and roaches.

A lady travelling on the South Florida Railroad one night soon after the yellow fever scare was heard to exclaim, "Just look there! Tell me about not having yellow fever in the piney woods! Why, we've been running through a graveyard for an hour!" She had been looking out at the white-painted corner stakes of an embryo city gleaming in the moonlight. There were hundreds of such towns in South Florida in which thousands of lots were sold in good faith and in the honest belief that they would soon be the centres of wealth and population; others were mapped out for the express purpose of catching "suckers." Some hunters found a "city" in a cypress swamp sixty miles from a railroad and a day's journey from any human abode. There it was, laid out and staked off in streets and lots and squares and public parks: they killed a bear in the Primitive Baptist Church lot.

It was in truth a time of boom and speculation, when every homesteader expected to be a millionaire or the founder of a city. South Florida, "the only one in all the world," being limited in extent, there was no limit to the prospective value of land; and villa sites,

town lots, acreage tracts, and property of all kinds changed hands with wonderful rapidity and at constantly increasing prices. It was a good time for our pioneers, if they had been wise, to unload. But few were wise. Few could be tempted to take the tide at the flood. Instead, they borrowed money at twelve, eighteen, even twenty-four per cent., to hold on with, to build better houses, to fertilize groves, to pick up bargains in real estate. What did the rate of interest matter when property was doubling in value year by year, if not month by month, and when groves would soon be regular gold-mines in the matter of yield?

This condition was glorious while it lasted; prosperity was rampant; the people were happy. There was only one South Florida. "Its delightful winters and health-giving climate could not be duplicated or carried away." "Prices must go on and up until every acre was a home or garden, and every owner a man of wealth and leisure." The pioneers and orange-growers thought so; the builders of railroads and cities, the founders of electric lights and newspapers, the investors and money-lenders, all thought so; and it would have been so, perhaps, except that, after all, God disposes.

"It is the unexpected that happens." One starlit night in 1886 an ice-cold wind stole down from the North and, passing all established "frost-lines," penetrated the "orange belt." Ungathered fruit was frozen, and the trees were "nipped," retarding the growth and fruiting of young groves, and curtailing the crop for several years in older ones.

The greatest injury, however, and one from which all classes suffered, was the shock to confidence. The record had been broken, the frost-line destroyed. Investors must take into consideration a heretofore unrecognized danger, and in consequence there was an immediate and rapid decline in the demand for property. Who could tell when another freeze would come? and in fear of it, though little actual damage had been done, the South Florida boom collapsed. Other agencies, too, helped to "knock the bottom out."

A considerable factor in the general prosperity had been the demand for residence property and the building of winter homes. People of means, who cared nothing for orange-culture and to whom scratching a living out of the ground in any shape was unnecessary, had vied with each other in the acquisition of beautiful locations and the building of picturesque cottages. Yellow fever laid its blighting touch on this end of the boom, and paved the way for the magnificent hotels in which life for the Florida season has taken the place of winter homes.

It flourished for a while, in mild form, at the seaports,—Pensacola, Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West. The interior of the State was unaffected, and has always been. As far as human knowledge goes, the disease has never penetrated the great piney woods region of South Florida; but this assurance did not assure. As with the frost, all past experience might be set at naught, and some bright morning the State might wake to find itself, from one end to the other, in the clutches of "yellow Jack." So investors argued; and for a while investors, settlers, and visitors all gave South Florida a wide berth, leaving its redemption to the unfortunates already involved.

For these, more than by frost or fever, or floods or droughts, disaster had been brought by inflated prices, fictitious values, the effort to rival winter residents in style and equipage, the banking on future incomes. All present demand for property had been eliminated, but owners could not, or would not, admit any diminution in intrinsic values. There was still "only one South Florida," and every foot of it would yet be in hot and eager demand.

To maintain this view, to hold on, to pay taxes, to mature groves, to "keep up with the procession," our original settlers borrowed more and more money, until they were plastered all over with ten to eighteen per cent. mortgages.

Meantime orange-growing was not panning out as had been expected. Early mistakes had been rectified, early difficulties overcome, insect enemies had been successfully fought, but the time, labor, and fertilizers required were all proving greater than had been calculated. Fruit could be produced in a few years, but not paying crops; and as the trees increased in size the semi-annual application of high-priced fertilizers had to be increased. As yet, as a rule, the crops were not sufficient to pay for the maintenance of groves, interest on debts, and living expenses. Still, though more and more money had to be borrowed, and though nearly all energies were directed to orange-culture alone, the foundation seemed solid, the outcome sure. It was only a question of time when the groves would pay off encumbrances, and forever after be a source of certain income; and as winter after winter passed without injury from frost, and with yellow fever apparently banished, it seemed only a question of time when, with confidence restored, South Florida property would again be in active demand. Then our homesteaders and pioneers could "unload," and, with debts paid, money in bank, and permanent incomes assured, would glide down the hill of life in serenity and peace.

The time had almost come; at least they thought so. From a few hundred barrels in 1875 the production of oranges had grown to 5,000,000 boxes in 1894, meaning the distribution of \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 in the orange belt for fruit, box-materials, and labor in picking, packing, and shipping. At that rate, surely, the growers would soon be rich and independent; and they would have been, but "one woe doth tread upon another's heels."

Christmas day, 1894, dawned bright with hope.

Then I was a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

New Year's morning, 1895, saw three million boxes of frozen oranges on frozen trees. Another wind from the frigid North had passed, leaving dead, withered stumps in place of the living trees that represented wealth, income, the toil of years.

This time ruin seemed complete, the situation almost hopeless. New trees might be grown from the roots of old ones, but years of

waiting, patience, and labor would be required. Meantime, without money, credit, or resources, the question of bare existence was a problem.

New conditions must be created; food-crops must be grown; the country must be made self-supporting, and all in the shortest possible time. In these directions a brave effort has been and is being made. Out of the old, a new Florida is being evolved, founded on diversified industries. Orange-groves will be rebuilt, but will never again be the sole, or even the chief, dependence.

Besides oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, and other semi-tropical fruits, besides peaches, pears, strawberries, and grapes, besides January new potatoes, beans, peas, cucumbers, and egg-plants for Northern markets, corn, oats, cotton, sugar, cassava, rice, tobacco, cattle, sheep, and hogs will be grown in increasing quantities. Sugar-refineries, rice-mills, starch-factories, canning establishments, will give a home market and work up surplus products. Meantime phosphate, by thousands of tons, is being shipped to Northern and European markets.

There are yet life, vigor, and recuperative power in the land, and new South Florida immigrants can start on the "ground-floor" with the free benefit of twenty-five years' actual and expensive experience.

R. G. Robinson.

MARRYING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE was a cynical fellow in the Middle Ages who, under the sarcastic title "The Fifteen Joys of Marriage," wrote an elaborate description of fifteen woes which were likely, one or all, to distress the foolish man who had slipped like a fish into the great net of matrimony. It is not probable, however, that his little treatise turned a single man from the error of his way. How should it have, when the great weight and authority of Mr. Punch have not been able in these days to make any appreciable difference in the issue of marriage licenses? Yet the genial philosopher's advice, which is an everlasting shame to Mrs. Judy, was perfectly decided. The truth is, men will not take advice which they do not want, no matter who offers it. They know that all the world loves them when they are lovers, and so the vain creatures will go a-wooing. All the pretty business of kneeling and sighing is becoming; when a man is courting he is more interesting than he has ever been or ever will be again. Whether it be Jockey who dons his Sunday coat to propitiate his goddess of the hay-field, or the fine gentleman who swears at his valet for a speck of dust when dressing for a certain important interview, he is worthy of notice; and even the frog, when he will a-wooing go, becomes a hero fit for poetry. The uneasy period of courtship tries the souls of men and shows what stuff they are made of, and therefore the manners of men of the fifteenth century when marrying or trying to marry indicate very fairly the refinement of society at that time.

A Venetian who was in England towards the end of the fifteenth

century reported that he did not see a lover in that country. He would not dignify by that name the cool, calculating young squires whom he saw eagerly scanning dower contracts, nor would he give such a title to maidens like Elizabeth Paston, who was "so willing to none as to" an old pock-marked widower, "if so be that his land stand clear."

The adventures of John Paston the younger in search of a wife form a romance in which the hero is enamoured of title-deeds and mortgages, courts real estate boldly, routs stingy fathers and guardians, and skillfully manages to feel some real affection just at the right moment for just the right woman. He was a canny young fellow, and quite early in life commenced to think of settling himself. As he had great confidence in the diplomacy of his elder brother, Sir John Paston,* who had been much about court, he deputed the most of his wooing to that knight. Whenever John heard of a marriageable woman, maid or widow, who had a comfortable fortune, he would despatch his gallant brother with a message of love. The youth knew a little Latin, and had probably learned that Cupid and cupidity were derived from the same root. So when he felt a longing to possess the property of any lady, he imagined that the sensation was caused by the fierce darts of the little god of love.

Mistress Alice Boleyn was one of John's first loves. Lady Boleyn "was in no wise agreeable" to his suit, but, although she would not advise her daughter to marry John Paston, still she would not prevent her doing so if she liked him. Sir John, who was conducting the negotiation, accordingly counselled his brother to speak with Mistress Alice himself. "Ye be personable," wrote the knight encouragingly, adding, with an air of great wisdom, "Bear yourself to the mother as lowly as ye list, but to the maid not too lowly, nor that ye be too glad to speed, nor too sorry to fail." The young suitor's best chance was to show himself to the girl and to disclose "somewhat of his good-will" to her, and this he had an opportunity to do, as Lady Boleyn, with "no other errand but for to sport her," brought Alice to Norwich, near which town John was living. Although John flattered himself that the lady came for the express purpose of letting him see her daughter, he was too bashful to urge his suit in person, and wrote that he would not speak to Mistress Alice or her mother until his brother Sir John came home, even if he did not come for seven years.

John's love swelled like the Solway but ebbed like its tide, and when his heart was rejected he wasted no time in regret, but promptly offered it to some one else. There was a Mistress Elizabeth Eberton in London for whom he professed an unusually warm feeling, and to whose parents he sent his brother with certain proposals. To make their bids lively, Sir John was to represent John as "going, going," and almost "gone" to another party. It was to be carefully mentioned that John was offered another marriage in London which was worth more than six hundred marks, and which Sir John was commissioned to conclude if the Ebertons would not deal with him. He was to tell

* Both brothers bore the name John.

them, however, that they were to be preferred, even if they could not give as much with their daughter as John could get with the other woman,—“such fantasy” he had in Mistress Elizabeth. It was probably this other woman with the attractive dowry of whom John Paston politely wrote to his brother, “See and speak with the *thing* yourself.”

Courting by proxy must have been sometimes a dangerous business for the proxy. Sir John was a gay young knight, dashing enough to be chosen to ride in a tournament with the king, and it may be that some of the wealthy widows and maidens that he courted for his brother with gallant diplomacy were tempted to bid him speak for himself.

Mistress Kateryn Dudle gave him to understand that she recked not how many gentlemen loved her, and that she was not at all displeased at his visiting her in his brother's behalf, although she was not thinking of marrying just then. Lady Walgrave also was a coquette of whom a susceptible man might well have been ware, and she entertained the ambassador of her suitor by singing and playing on a harp. She was charmingly capricious, and Sir John in courting her for John in the country had to compose wily compliments and use deep stratagems.

“I spoke for you that in faith I trow I could not say so well again,” he wrote after one battle of words, in which he had attacked the lady with all his artillery, and in which she had managed completely to evade and puzzle him. One day “her dealing and answers” were so favorable that “a fainter lover” than John “would and well ought to take therein great comfort, so that he might sleep the worse three nights after.” (That comfort should have anything to do with sleeplessness is strange only to the uninitiated.) Sir John hoped to be able within three days to tell his brother with certainty how Lady Walgrave would be disposed towards him forever thereafter; but she had a fancy to live up to “*mutabile semper*,” and the next message to John announced that there was in her “no matter or cause for comfort.” She positively refused to receive John Paston's ring. “Yet I told her that she should not be anything bound thereby,” wrote Sir John, “but that I knew . . . ye would be glad to forbear the dearest thing that ye had in the world, . . . that should cause her once on a day to remember you.” His eloquence was in vain: Lady Walgrave said she would do nothing that might cause John Paston to hope.

Before this interview Sir John had stolen a musk-ball from her to send to his brother as a token, but the lady demanded that it should be restored to her. Without giving it back, Sir John asked humbly whether she was displeased with him for having taken it, and she answered, “Nay.” Emboldened by this, the ambassador told the coquettish dame that, for sin of his soul, he had not sent the musk-ball to his brother, lest it should cause the ardent young lover to sleep the worse, but that now, God helping him, he would send it to him. However, he would tell John “not to hope over much on her, which is over hard an hearted lady for a young man to trust to.” This was a cruel thrust, but Sir John made reparation by saying he feared, for all his advice, his poor brother would not and could not give up hope.

"Again she seemed not displeased," and she did not forbid that John should have the token. "Wherefore," wrote the ambassador, "I send you herewith your ring and the unhappy musk-ball," adding, slyly, "Make ye matter of it hereafter as ye can."

John was accustomed to disappointment. The names of many ladies were mentioned in connection with his. There was Stocton's daughter who married Skeerne. She opened her heart to a seamstress making her trousseau, and related regretfully that she had come near marrying Master Paston, who had wanted to come with twenty men and run away with her. The seamstress thought she spoke of Sir John, but the knight said indignantly that he would not have married the woman for three thousand marks. Then there was Mistress Grysecresse, who chose another man and was to John "a foul loss," and Lady Elizabeth Bouchier, with whom John's suit did not prosper, probably because of some awkward interference from himself. It may be, however, that John was more piqued at Lady Walgrave's rejection than was his wont, for he wrote shortly afterwards to his elder brother, "I pray you espy some old thrifty draff [worthless] wife in London for me." Nevertheless he was soon courting again, this time actually hazarding a sentimental, heart-burning love-letter to the lady herself.

He offered his "poor service" to Mistress Margery Brews, protesting that he was and would be hers and at her commandment during all his life. He besought her to ease his poor heart that once was at his rule but now was at hers, and entitled her his "own fair lady" as romantically as any knight or troubadour. The letter is refreshing. The practical youth seems to have fallen genuinely, wholesomely in love. But one unfortunate fact spoils the story. John was wholly unacquainted with the lady to whom he wrote his ardent billet-doux. Very probably he had heard descriptions of her; he had friends who knew her; perhaps he had even heard what her dowry was; but information at second-hand, though useful, is not enough to inspire the sacred flame, and John was the same "crafty wooer" as ever.

His promise to Mistress Margery to serve her all his life did not prevent him from looking about to see whether he could do better. His brother was commissioned to speak for him to a Master Fitz-Walter, who had a sister-in-law to marry and with whom John thought he might make a "bargain." The faithful proxy was also sent to inspect a Mistress Barly, whose dowry, he discovered, was so small that marriage with her would be "but a bare thing."

Meanwhile the courtship of Margery Brews went on somewhat slowly. Her father demanded a larger settlement than John Paston could give, although his mother and elder brother were kind in helping him. There was some queer diplomacy practised on both sides in the negotiations that followed. Sir Thomas Brews, the father, showed himself a hard man and refused his consent to the match unless a certain income were assured to the young couple. He was willing to increase Margery's dowry, he said, although it would be an injustice to her sisters, if John's relatives would add to his fortune. Dame Elizabeth Brews's rôle was to encourage John and keep him from giving up the game. She told him to put his suit in her hands, and invited him

to come to Topcroft for St. Valentine's Day. "Every bird chooseth him a mate at that time," she said, and encouraged him not to despond by quoting the elegant lines,

It is but a simple oak
That is cut down at the first stroke.

Her letters were skilfully composed. After telling him her husband's stern demands, she wrote, "But an we accord I shall give you a greater treasure, that is, a witty gentlewoman, and if I say it, both good and virtuous; for if I should take money for her, I would not give her for a thousand pounds."

John's policy was to make his expectations seem to Sir Thomas Brews somewhat greater than they were, so as to induce him to increase Margery's dowry; which in turn John represented to his own family as a trifle larger than it really was, in order that they might be encouraged to assist him the more; and very cleverly did the youth manage the business. Margery played the prettiest part of all. Very early in the affair she declared her fancy for John. Perhaps she was touched by his letter, which was "moighty foine language entoiely;" and after his visit on Valentine's Day her heart was completely won.

"Right reverend and worshipful and my right well beloved Valentine," she wrote to John, mingling affection and respect very neatly, "my lady my mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than you know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore; for if that ye had not half the livlihood that ye have . . . I would not forsake you."

Later, when the negotiations seemed at a stand-still, she wrote again, "I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf [her dowry] but one hundred pounds and fifty marks, which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire. Wherefore, if that ye could be content with that good and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground; and if you think not yourself so satisfied, . . . good, true, and loving Valentine, . . . take no such labour upon you as to come more for that matter, but let it pass and never more to be spoken of."

A great many letters were written on the subject, and every one concerned must have become heartily tired of it. Sir Thomas wrote that he was "agreeable to make the bargain sure" if his conditions were agreed to, otherwise he wished to hear no more about the marriage. Sir John said to his brother, "I pray you trouble me no more in this matter," and the patience of Margaret Paston, John's mother, was also exhausted. She told Dame Brews that for this marriage of Margery and John she had "been as glad, and now lately as sorry," as ever for any marriage in her life.

At last, however, John's romantic troubles came to an end. He married Margery, and retired from the weary business of offering himself to the highest bidder. She was good-looking, young, well-born, and in love with her prosaic "Voluntyne." The lucky dog got

more than he deserved ; but he seems to have made a kind and careful husband.

John had always regarded marriage as a very important means of improving the family fortunes, and as his younger brothers and sisters grew up he inquired eagerly for portions and estates which they might acquire by the simple method of marrying the possessors. In recommending a husband or a wife for one of the family, the worthy Pastons usually mentioned only the necessary qualifications. The beauty and virtue of the future spouse might be taken for granted, but there must be no chance of a misunderstanding as to the income.

John heard of a mercer's daughter, a goodly young woman, who was to have two hundred pounds in hand and twenty marks a year after the death of her step-mother. He thought she would be a good wife for his brother Edmund, and, without giving any further description of her, advised the young man to see about securing the prize. "There is offered me a good marriage for my sister Anne," wrote Sir John, "Skipwith's son and heir of Lincolnshire, a man of five or six marks a year." Not a word did the kind elder brother write about the suitor's appearance, character, or manners. Those trifles needed not to be considered until more important matters had been settled.

Margaret Paston wrote sternly to one of her sons, "I charge you on my blessing that ye be well ware how ye bestow your mind, without ye have a substance whereupon to live." The young people hardly needed the exhortation. William, while at Eton, where he had not yet attained proficiency in "wersyfyynge," wrote to his brother to inquire about the fortune of a Mistress Alborow, whom the precocious youth thought of marrying. The money and plate for the girl's dowry were ready, but William was afraid she would have no income until after her mother's death. He had met her at a wedding, where she had been commanded by her mother to make him "good cheer." This she had done, but yet he had not regarded her very attentively, for he told his brother to "specially behold her hands," as he had heard she was "disposed to be thick."

In the "Encomium Moriae," which was written not many years later than these letters, Folly says that neither man nor woman would ever think of marrying without her, hinting that she was more necessary than the priest ; but it is hard to find that she was even present at these marriages of the Pastons, much less an assistant in them. If it is true that Folly directed the bridegrooms and gave the brides away, she must have performed the part under a mask, perhaps under that solemn one of great wisdom which she loves to wear when most foolish.

Emily Bailly Stone.

FORWARD.

THERE'S naught in looking back. Be up and on !
No clock can tick for us the moments gone.

Carrie Blake Morgan.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

OF course the general's will was at the bottom of the affair, but the Eve behind these fig-leaves was his second wife.

They could not call her a step-mother, for the general's children were all older than she was. The general was well along in years when she married him, but that was her affair.

There hangs his portrait, painted by Copley. Look at it.

You do not believe he was sixty when it was painted?

But they say he was.

He was more handsome and fascinating at sixty than his sons were at thirty. The second wife was rich,—very rich. She brought the greatest quantity of gold and silver plate into the family, all marked with an Arabic cipher, to which she added the Chevalier crest,—a terrapin, and the motto "Not to the swift."

No one knew certainly who her people were. She said they were Spanish, and her own appearance supported her assertion.

There is her portrait, painted at the time of her marriage. Look at it. The general went to Paris, a long journey in those days, to buy those diamonds she wears, and the corbeille.

Sometimes, even when there was no one to dine at home but the family, Mistress Chevalier would sail into the drawing-room, that peafowl's tail of green embroidered velvet spread behind her, her beautiful black hair turned back—like that—in a *tour*, her arms as naked as Venus's, her point-lace falling from her milk-white shoulders, and flashing from hair and ears and fingers, and flaming in a fire-circle about her delicate neck, the diamonds,—magnificent stones, worth a score of negroes.

Lord! how the daughters would stare at their plates, and how the sons would sneer at each other, as the general would meet her midway the room, lead her to her seat at table, and kiss the dimple on her shoulder before he left her.

They say she loved him passionately,—that often when she thought they were alone and he would pass her chair, she would turn her head upon her lazy cushions and hold out a beautiful hand. . . . And he?

Would kneel beside her and kiss her pomegranate lips and lovely throat until you would have sworn him twenty-five and mayhap not married at all.

They say, too, 'twas a pretty sight to see her with her little son. A maid going to help her dress one morning heard so much laughter and such baby shrieks that she first peeped in at the door.

And, behold, the mistress on her hands and knees, and baby, just from his bath, on her back.

She was crawling over the velvet carpet in her linen shift, looking over her shoulder at the little shouting rascal, who tugged at her hair with one hand while he beat her with the branch of jessamine in the other. The black "Da" sat and shook like a fuscous mould of berry

jam, while the young mistress crawled about, crushing the yellow flowers under her soft hands and knees.

The door of the inner room sprung open, and in walked the general, his dressing-gown with the Persian border wrapped around him.

There was shrieking then, I warrant you.

Those years were the general's holiday-time. He had earned it, for his first wife was a Guelph, and everybody in Carolina knows what that means.

She never got down on her knees, except to pray, in her life; and she never prayed for anything except money.

She put on mourning the second year of her marriage, and never took it off again. They say she slept in her crape veil.

Her children were all born black in the face and crying, and they cried the greater part of their childhood.

The boys got ashamed of it after a while, for their English blood was strong, but the girls never did, and ought to have lived in a land of drouths. Their tears would have fertilized a desert.

As it was, there was rain a plenty and to spare, and the general kept out of their way, gave them umbrellas and handkerchiefs for birthday-gifts, and rejoiced greatly when they cried over him at their weddings for the last time, as he thought. But some of them drowned their husbands in tears and came home again damper than ever; and no one but the second wife could have stood them.

She laughed, ordered more fires, brighter lights, opened the windows, and filled the house with flowers and gay company.

She called the eldest Niobe to her face, and spoke of them collectively as the Weeping Willows, for they were tall and liked to be thought willowy.

They cried so much over their little half-brother that the boy fairly detested them and ran away from the sight of them.

He grew up strong like his father and beautiful like his mother, a veritable *enfant de l'amour*, but when he was ten and the general was seventy the fine handsome old gentleman died suddenly.

The mistress was but thirty, just the age of the youngest step-daughter, and she sat in the drawing-room when the will was read with such a look on her face that nobody but a Guelph would have dared to cry. The boy sat by her, the very print and copy of his father, with his little aquiline nose, his bright blue eyes, and his father's own trick of holding up his chin and stiffening his spine when he desired to see clearly.

Now, the general had been good to his children. He had given generously to his sons, and had helped them in business. He always gave marriage-portions to his daughters.

They all came to hear the reading of his will,—the women shrouded in crape, with red eyes and noses. The mistress sat in the gown the general had loved her the most in, and everybody stared at it and at her beautiful grief-stricken face.

The will stated that she should hold the old Chevalier place for her son: if she survived him it should be hers absolutely, to leave as she pleased.

There should be no division of property until the last son was of age. Then came bequests to relatives and servants, and that was all.

The step-children were furiously angry. One would have thought them on the verge of starvation. "Wait eleven years!" they cried. "Wait until that precious brat is of age? And his mother with everything in her hands and responsible to no one? It is not to be endured!"

And so on: worse and worse.

The mistress looked from one to another.

"I will not tell you to leave my house," she said, in a voice both sweet and frozen, "nor remind you of the home you have always had here. You now have homes of your own, and must live in them, as I shall live in mine. As long as you are in my house you must conduct yourselves as your father's children should. Your quarrels and cruel speeches insult his memory."

They took flight like so many blackbirds, but the mistress was so good-natured they flew back at intervals, and every now and then the boy was permitted to visit them. He went with pockets full of gold and returned a total bankrupt. He gave, and they took, with both hands.

About a year after the general's death the boy came home from a visit to his eldest brother, Robert, who lived in the city. He had been at home for a day, perhaps, when he was taken ill.

His illness puzzled the country physician, and a city colleague was sent for.

But the boy died.

His mother, looking at his dead body, spoke out her thought: "He has been poisoned. His brother has poisoned him."

And she called the eldest son Cain, and Robert the Devil, to his dying day.

The speech went abroad like a blot of ink in a tumbler of water. Robert never forgave her. There was no proof that the child had been foully dealt with, but the suspicion embittered his life and followed him to the grave, and so they hated each other fiercely.

The Chevalier place was very valuable. Add to that the mistress's money and plate and jewels, and one can see why every bachelor, and many a man who could not marry, looked longingly into her beautiful face.

But one could tell by the manner of her walking, the inflections of her voice, and the immobility of her attitude when she sat, that for her there was neither light nor sweetness, nor hope nor desire, left in life.

And yet she went about as usual, even after her son's death, steadily refusing the shroud of crape, and having always in the house light, flowers, perfume, and pleasant company.

The step-children looked curiously at each other as year after year slid away, and said to each other that she would never die.

Many of them died of dropsy and other watery disorders, and their children grew up, but at ninety Mistress Chevalier was still alive,—

and at ninety-three; although, truth to tell, she had shrivelled into a brown mummy, and sat all day, and oftentimes all night, in a great wadded chair with a hood over it, stuffed about with cushions and propped with pillows and hot-water bottles. Her body had mummified, but her mind was as clear and as crystal as ice.

She would look with her deep black eyes at the faithful mulatto slave-woman who waited upon her, and laugh to herself,—a strangely clear laugh to issue from such sunken lips.

Sometimes her step-grandchildren would go to see her. When they were children they were afraid, but as the years passed they got quite used to the sight of the great coffin in one end of the room.

"It is a very comfortable bed," Mistress Chevalier would often say. And several times when she thought the hour had surely come, she made the slave-woman and her daughters put it on its trestles and lift her in, and she would lie, waiting for Death, gazing with a corpse-like smile at the general's portrait.

At these times the family, in all its branches, rejoiced. There were only a few of the direct line left. Nearly all had married: some were rich, and some were poor, and all were avaricious.

At last one morning the faithful mulattress found the mistress dead in her coffin.

Once again the children of the house assembled in the drawing-rooms to hear the reading of a will,—the women, as usual, a hypocritical row of veiled *pleureuses*. All were present except the son of Robert.

He had inherited his father's hatred, and Mistress Chevalier's death revived the story of her son's. So the step-grandson stayed away from her burial.

His portion of the estate should be the Place itself. But the will ran, "To my faithful and devoted attendant 'Cilla, or Lucilla, Chevalier I leave the Place and certain sums of money at interest, herein more fully described and specified. . . ."

This Lucilla Chevalier was none other than the mulatto slave-woman, whose papers of freedom, together with those of her daughters and sons, had been declared before the will was opened.

Therefore was she a legal heir. A gasp of horror ran round the room.

The Chevalier Place!

But that was not all. If the surviving relatives of the testator should attempt to set aside the conditions of the will in any way, on any grounds, the entire property, real and personal, should go to the dead woman's physician. Between this man and the Chevaliers there had always been feud and ill favor.

Niobe's son received a life interest of many thousand dollars, and there were a few legacies here and there among the poorest Guelph-Chevalier tribe.

The mistress's gold and silver plate, diamonds and other jewels, were locked up in a bank in the city, to be disposed of in accordance with sealed instructions locked up with them, a year after the reading of the will.

When Robert's son was told these things, he turned white, and then green,—a livid, unpleasant shade.

The Chevalier Place, his patrimony, left to slaves! And God knew to whom the gold, the silver, and the diamonds were left. The sealed instructions with them would undoubtedly reveal further determination on the part of the dead woman to insult and rob the family.

Mistress Chevalier's coffin had been placed in the family vault, between those of her husband and their little son. By her desire the coffins were on one shelf, touching each other, and covered with a velvet pall, on which she herself had laboriously embroidered the Chevalier coat of arms, with its significant crest and motto.

The vault was in the church-yard of old King William, Seaforth, facing the salt-marsh and flanked by the rice-fields.

Thither went, in his rage, the son of Robert the Devil.

By his direction the mistress's coffin was dragged out, wrapped in the pall, and sunk in the edge of the marsh, with not a stone to do it reverence.

By night came Niobe's son,—who, mindful of his life interest, felt ashamed of his cousin's poor revenge,—dug up the coffin, and replaced it, dripping, in the vault.

A slave of his let slip the thing to a fellow belonging to Robert.

Again the vault was opened, the casket was dragged out by slaves, and in the flare of pine knots was delivered to the marsh,—this time in a spot where the salt tides rose daily and flooded the place.

Then the avenger of disappointment and family dishonor met his cousin in the city street and triumphed over him. "No easy matter, either," he concluded, "for the old mummy-case was damnably heavy. Find it again, if you can."

He passed fleeringly.

Niobe's son let the marsh keep its secret, and bided his time.

When the year had expired, the various heads of the tribe met, as if by appointment, in the private office of the president of the bank.

But each one, as he entered, looked haughtily and inquiringly at the others. At mid-day the large and ponderous strong-box was brought into the office, and the key inserted in its intricate lock.

The men and women crowded about the table, squeezing and jostling each other, the women shoving aside their crape veils to see better.

For fifty years and more, no one had laid eyes on the once famous Chevalier diamonds.

The box-lid was thrown back; all the necks were craned.

The men's fingers itched for the gold and silver, the women's for the precious stones.

The box was empty.

Empty,—save for a folded square of paper, sealed and stamped with an Arabic cipher.

"Shall I open it?" inquired the president of the bank, looking from one bewildered face to another.

"If you please," answered Niobe's son.

"Is there no address?"

"None whatever."

Broken open, the letter ran :

"MY DEAR ROBERT,—

"Sixty years ago I wronged your father. To-day I repair the wrong as far as I am able. I intended leaving my plate and jewels in this box for you, but I prefer to give them to you with my own hands. Come and take them from me.

"Your affectionate grandmother,

"JUANA DE RILVAS-CHEVALIER."

A card with a mourning border dropped from the letter to the table.

Robert picked it up mechanically, and read,—

Missess Geoffrey Robert Chevalier.

At Home.

*The Chevalier Vault,
King William, Seaforth.*

"God !" he ejaculated, staring at the bit of glazed pasteboard and then at Niobe's son.

Then he seized his hat, pushed his wife aside, and rushed from the bank.

From the city to Seaforth Station, St. Peter's Parish, from the station to the church-yard, from the church-yard to the marsh.

The tide was up.

For hours he sat looking at the slowly receding water.

Niobe's son touched him on the shoulder.

"Fool," he asked, politely, "where did you bury her?"

"There," said Robert, doggedly, pointing ahead of him.

The marsh was drying with sucking sounds under the sun. A slave near by murmured to himself.

They caught one word, then waded to the spot and dug, sank a spade, a log of wood, and several other heavier things, and watched the quicksand suck them out of sight.

Then they scrambled to the marsh bank and went each his separate way.

Claude M. Girardeau.

THE WESTERN HOUSEKEEPER AND THE CELESTIAL.

IN British Columbia, and, in fact, all along the western coast of North America, the "heathen Chinese" will be found enacting the rôle of the neat-handed Phyllis, with a subtle difference. Like everybody in this transitory and variable world, he has his good and bad points, and the former are not often sufficiently emphasized. As a rule, he proves an apt pupil, far more so than the Biddys so well known to us: once show him how to make a thing, and he will remember it for all time, his brain seeming to be able to retain recipes in a most marvellous and elastic manner. He speaks a limited, and sometimes fearful and wonderful, style of English, that has to be heard to be appreciated, and attentively and analytically listened to to be understood. He is fairly clean and honest, and excels in the culinary department, for he delights to experiment in new recipes; nothing pleases him more than to be permitted to try his hand on making some new dainty, as cookies, fritters, cakes, or doughnuts, using butter and eggs, if not carefully watched, with a lavish hand. And, as eggs are an expensive commodity out West, you will understand why the announcement "He makee lovely sponge-cake" is not always duly appreciated. He hates rain like a cat, and if a down-pour commences about six A.M. you need not be astonished if your servitor does not put in an appearance till after it has somewhat abated, your breakfast being quite immaterial to him. Their hearts, if they have any, are well hidden. Only to children do they usually show any softness: them they delight in, and are their willing slaves. The transformation in their faces at the sight of a baby is wonderful. They will smile and chuckle, no matter how cross they may have been the moment before, and make some flattering allusion to it. One of the crankiest I knew actually to present a silver brooch to one wee girlie. "Babee, babee," he would exclaim, and crack his fingers and grin all over his parchment-like face, whenever he caught sight of Miss Marie. The fact that she treated his advances with lofty disdain and indifference did not lessen his admiration, but rather, I think, increased it.

At first glance one Celestial seems the counterpart of another, but after a time you will notice the differences. Some are short and squat, others tall and thin. Some have the harsh, forbidding countenance that bespeaks Tartar ancestry, others are smooth-skinned and placid-faced, while others again are scowling and irritable. Some have clear saffron complexions, a contrast to the drawn, sallow face of the opium-eater, with his vacuous eyes, that can, however, at times dart deadly glances of hatred—those small, restless black orbs, that seem to see nothing, and yet see everything.

Extremely difficult is it to discover if you have made any impression upon them, or in what spirit your words and teachings have been received. Their yellow, parchment-like faces are usually immobile, expressionless masks that betray nothing.

In hotels they act as chamber-maids,—save the mark!—gliding about in soft flapping shoes, with pale, dreamy faces, silent, secretive, as befits the Oriental.

The usual custom in Vancouver is for your Celestial, after he has washed up the luncheon-dishes, to discard his white jacket, don a loose blue one, and wend his circuitous way to Chinatown. At five P.M. he will turn his steps homeward, and then the streets become alive with jabbering, gesticulating China boys, hurrying back to their respective places to prepare dinner.

On Saturdays you will meet many of them bending under great clothes-baskets, which they carry on their shoulders. These are the washer-men taking home the week's "washee," which they do for a modest sum. But I cannot say that I can recommend the Chinaman for laundry-work; most decidedly not for flimsy, befrilled articles of attire; these will, in almost every case, suffer lamentably.

As gardeners they are great successes, utilizing every scrap of ground to some good purpose.

At night your "boy" returns to Chinatown, where he sleeps, letting himself in the next morning with a latch-key, which, on hiring, you trustfully confide to him. This may seem strange and imprudent to Eastern housekeepers, thus leaving your house at the mercy of an unknown, characterless man,—for, of course, they never have testimonials; but it is a trust rarely if ever abused, a fact which speaks favorably for the Celestial. Generally they demand and receive large wages. We had, however, one at the modest sum of ten dollars per month, who was an excellent cook, excelling in bread- and cake-making, but with a truly execrable temper. He was always muttering and growling to himself as he went about his work. Besides cooking, he had to set and wait upon the table, sweep the lower rooms (we attended to the bedrooms), and occasionally wash the windows. At times he would break out into what we supposed was intended for singing; but anything more harsh and unmusical I have never heard. Query, can the Chinese sing? What roused his anger more than anything was our being late for meals, or people dropping in for lunch. If at such times we rang for more bread or cake, after a sufficiently lengthy interval, to impress upon us the fact of his displeasure and to ponder on our greediness, he would flounce in, scowl at us, and, as he snatched up the plate, mutter very audibly to his mistress, "No makee cakee, too cheap, two dollas and a harf"—which was somewhat embarrassing for both hostess and guest. Our patience eventually gave out, and we dismissed this amiable creature, who departed, for once all smiles, with his wages and aprons, leaving behind his latch-key, and in all probability a description of the place, written where it would attract the notice of the new-comer, though invisible, or at any rate unintelligible, to us. This is a favorite practice of theirs, and serves either to encourage or warn away applicants; if the latter, your path will be a thorny one for some time to come, and "boys" will prove many and fleeting, much to your wonder and perplexity. You will find yourself at very unequal odds when dealing with Oriental subtlety and spite.

Being bereft, we early one afternoon started on an energetic servant-

hunt, wending our way as a natural course towards Chinatown. As you near this delectable and odoriferous quarter, you pass several outlying Chinese shops, into one of which, a crockery-store, we darted and accosted the owner—a smug little man, in a wadded purple silk jacket, loose trousers, and flapping shoes—with the question as to whether he had any boys for hire. He shook his sleek little head in apologetic denial; but he knew of one. “Not speakee mooch English, but nice-looking boy, velly nice-looking boy.” This last with much emphasis and unction, looking up at us sideways with bright black eyes, like a little yellow canary-bird. We were not much impressed by this information, and, having, after sundry pointed queries, discovered that his domestic accomplishments fell short of his reputed appearance, we shook our heads firmly, and said briefly, “No do Jin Sing. Good-day.” He smiled sadly at this, and as he bowed us out of the door murmured, “But velly nice-looking boy.”

We wandered on with the same indifferent luck, till we reached the narrow, ill-smelling street, with its rows of low frame buildings, including a Joss-house, known as Chinatown.

The custom in employing a servant is Arcadian in its simplicity. You visit no registry office, you put in no advertisement; you simply stand on the sidewalk and hail any Chinaman who appears suitable, with the laconic inquiry, “Want a place, boy?” If he does, he will stop, grin affably, and an animated conversation will ensue, during which others will pause to listen with aimless, childish curiosity. The candidate will begin by reeling off glibly a list of his accomplishments: “Me cook, wash, make bleed, cake, pie, puddin’—twenty dollas?” This last with an insinuating smile and a sidelong glance, to see how you will receive it. You shake your head, “Too muchee.” More conversation ensues, and finally he either agrees to your terms or drifts smilingly off. You turn desperately to the most hopeful-looking bystander, who on your opening interrogation looks blandly imperturbable and indifferent, and the same conversation is repeated.

Such was the course we pursued, and soon had a group about us, listening placidly to our interrogations and wants. From the balcony of one of the opposite houses a few pale, listless Chinamen gazed languidly down on us, probably meditating on the strange ways and doings of white women, and of these two in particular.

A fat Chinawoman in loose trousers and jacket waddled indifferently past us, with a cabbage under her arm, and disappeared down a cellar-way. The listening group gradually melted away, and we wandered up the street, past the shuttered tailor-shops with their whirl of machines and chattering voices, the butchers’ with their strange and uninviting wares, and disappeared into a tea-store, the owner of which we knew. “Boys” out of service are in the habit of going to these stores, whose owners, on the promise of a fee, engage to find them a place: so it is their object to suit you if possible, and thus is, I think, a far better way than ours of ourselves paying the registry woman.

But for some reason no boys were on hand to-day: many had not yet returned from the canneries, where they work during the fishing season; and so we turned disappointed away. We tried an opium-

shop next, the only inmate of which was a sallow young man who was leaning inertly back in a chair and staring with lack-lustre eyes straight before him. The proprietor, a bland, comfortable-looking man, came forward, regretted deeply in excellent English that he had no boys just then, and bowed us out with the utmost politeness and affability. We were becoming desperate by this time, and it was growing late: so, shaking off the dust of Chinatown from our feet, we betook ourselves to the Japanese quarter. Finding the native Y. M. C. A. wholly deserted, we invaded a tiny bric-à-brac store, over which a nice-looking little Jap in European clothes presided. He giggled deprecatingly in answer to our query, and "didn't know." He then vanished into a back room, whence came sounds of suppressed laughter and numerous voices. He as suddenly reappeared with a boy in tow, who smiled and wriggled bashfully, but said not a word. "He speakee not muchee English," explained his mentor. After some very one-sided conversation, we extracted that he had never been in service, but had formerly worked in a saw-mill. However, he would be pleased to try. We gasped, and made our way out. Half-way down the street we looked back, and there, peering out after us from the open door, were several close-cropped black heads, giggling audibly like so many curious little children.

We looked at one another and laughed; they were really too ridiculous. The Jap, by the way, does not, as a rule, make as quick or as good a domestic as the Chinese, but is cheaper, willing, and good-tempered, if slow.

By this time the afternoon was closing in, and we were tired and hungry, with the uninviting prospect of a dinner to get ready looming darkly before us. However, all things come to him who waits. And as we were wending our dejected way homeward, we were accosted by a nice-looking China boy, tall, slight, and clean, desirous of a place. After some discussion, he elected to accompany us home and see for himself if the place would suit him before giving final assent. Feeling deeply honored by this condescension, we led the way, followed by our almond-eyed henchman, who graciously consented to carry our parcels. I kept a casual eye on him to see that he did not vanish, and with him our dinner. He came, he saw, he consented. On entering the kitchen he walked about, examined the tins and utensils, and looked into the cupboards and the shed, while we stood breathlessly waiting for his decision. Finally he nodded. "Come to-morrow molning," he remarked, laconically.

We heaved a sigh of relief, and handed over the latch-key, with strict injunctions to be sure to bring with him his aprons and a white jacket. The Chinese bump of locality must be good, for, though he had never been in this part of the city before, he seemingly experienced no difficulty in finding his way back the next morning. But, alas! our trials were not yet ended, for after he had been with us a few days he suddenly and quietly disappeared in the midst of getting breakfast, though his wages were as yet unpaid, "and never came back any more." He had in all probability received a better offer through the medium of some compatriot. It is wise never to pay your "boy" his full

wages each week, if you wish to keep him. If you do, he will probably not put in an appearance the next day. Always keep a small amount back: this is a plan that has been tried and approved by experienced housekeepers.

After this, boys good, bad, and indifferent applied, and actually the amiable Celestial we had dismissed came round with a friend whom he wished to get the place, and very blackly did he scowl when we said no.

One, however, who presented himself, we decided to take. He could not come till the afternoon, he said, so we suspected that he was going to take French leave of his present place. But they are inscrutable, deep as the sea, and are frequently very trying to your temper and patience. He came, beamed, made bread, and charmed us all into a state of restful security. Then imagine our feelings when one morning early, on calling out some direction to the busy Sing, as we supposed, a strange head was poked in at the bedroom door, nodding and smiling winningly at us, with the explanation, "Him sick, me come instead." We gasped, but submitted to this arbitrary arrangement, and he proved himself a fairly good cook. The other, we found out later, had departed in one of the "Empresses" back to China. I wonder if any white servant would have gone to the trouble of suppling some one else before vacating her place.

One's experiences with Chinese servants are generally novel and ludicrous, though at the same time trying.

Thus it may be seen that housekeeping in the far West has many uncertainties; still, though your almond-eyed servitors are provoking, undependable, and obstinate, they are in a measure amusingly so, and refreshingly original. If time and space permitted, one could multiply anecdotes and experiences relevant to their peculiarities, easy-going familiarity, suspiciousness, and love of imitation and of money-making. Some of the stories related over afternoon tea are laughable and unique, and usually to the disadvantage of the *raconteur*. It requires a clever person to get the best of a Chinaman.

May Hoskin.

LINES.

O H, thou wert born to rule, and not a slave,—
 To be thy passions' king, not minister!
 No base alloy should mingle with the gold
 That shines, a breastplate, on thy princely heart.
 On the clear summit of thy sovereign brow
 No marring thought should ever leave its sign,
 Nor in the vision of thy piercing eye
 Should stir the lightest fleck. Else 'twere as when
 On some majestic boulder washed by tides
 A caitiff hand hath scrawled an unclean word.

Julien Gordon.

THEATRE-GOING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

EVERYTHING in Russia begins with a religious service except balls and theatrical performances. In fact, Sundays and feast-days begin over-night, at sundown, as was the custom in New England within the memory of people now living, and end at the same hour on Sunday. Obviously, it would be highly improper to offer temptations to the Orthodox to neglect the evening service which forms a part, as it were, of the mass on the holy day. Consequently, no balls are given, and the Imperial theatres are closed, on such festival eves, or German dramas are performed, ostensibly for the benefit of foreign residents who cannot be expected to understand or observe Russian customs to the extent of fasting from their amusements. For this reason the Imperial Mikháil Theatre, the home of French and German drama and opéra comique, and the unsubsidized Circus, reap the benefit, and Saturday night is a favorite at both places, while Sunday night is the favorite ballet night at the Russian Opera-House. When Russian opera and drama are utterly inaccessible, during Lent, the Mikháil Theatre begins its "benefit" nights, and the Emperor, Empress, and fashionable Russians finish their devotions early, it is to be presumed, and encourage foreign talent by their presence there or at the Circus.

Theatre-going in St. Petersburg, by the way, used to be an art: now it is a lottery. I suppose there are persons in the inside ring who have reduced it to an exact science under the new laws, as they did under the old, to my certain knowledge. When I first reached the capital, I speedily discovered that no one could get into the theatre or opera (especially the latter) who did not have what is called in America "a pull," and in Russia "protection" or "connections." Unless one got hold of some person connected with the theatrical administration, or the influential friend of such a person, no tickets were to be had. Russians said this to me plainly, and I thought they were exaggerating. I believed it after considerable personal experience. At first I got a few tickets through this Circumlocution Office. Then I experimented with the ordinary plan and the theatre ticket-office. I got nothing. Time after time I was informed, at the hour announced for the opening of the sale, that not a seat was left. This was even worse than the plan of selling the worst seats to the first comers, which is practised in some American theatres. I tired of this after a while, and wrote a complaint to the Chief Director of the Theatres, requesting that seats be reserved for me at certain approaching representations. It was really a bit of bravado on my part: I did not expect that any notice would be taken of my letter. One day, long after, when I had completely forgotten the matter, after making due allowance for the measuring off of miles of red tape, I was told that a man in the Imperial livery had demanded access to me.

"Show him in," said I.

In walked a very tall man, with a quantity of fat collected in the manner which an alderman would call "presence"—if he happened to be the owner.

"Did you write a letter to His Excellency the Chief Director of the Imperial Theatres, madam?" he asked, in a thunderous and, it seemed to me, a menacing voice.

"Yes," I replied, after an effort at recollection, and feeling rather nervous as to the results of my foreign impudence.

"His Excellency has sent you this, madam. Be so good as to take it, if it suits you, and to pay me for it."

"This" was a solitary ticket for Tchaikovsky's opera "*Evgénie Onyégine*," in the front row, price seven rubles:* I had asked for the eighth row, price two and three-quarter rubles. The man's size and voice cowed me into taking the ticket, and he looked unutterable things at me and squeezed "tea-money" out of me to boot. I think he had never been sent on such an errand before, and respected me highly for the trouble to which "His Excellency" had put him on my behalf. I also think that some one must have died opportunely, or I should not have received even this scanty answer to my letter.

I used that ticket. But it was Carnival week, and the fates had decreed that a person with "protection" should invite me to a matinée ballet that day and to an early dinner, at which I ate Carnival pancakes of buckwheat with melted butter and caviar,—a very heavy dish. Being alone, I could not go into the foyer during the very long waits between acts and refresh myself by observing the diligence with which the guards at the door of the unoccupied royal box saluted officers, or by drinking the crimson *kliúkva* juice and water (Russian lemonade), which would be good were it not always over-sweetened. The theatre was very hot, and I, with the obstinate prejudice of an outer barbarian, was still clinging to my warm underclothing. All these things, combined with the fatigue of dancing (by sympathy) that long matinée ballet, were too much for me: I fell fast asleep while the somewhat inferior prima donna who played the part of *Tatiana* was flinging herself about awkwardly in her long monologue scene in her chamber when she should have been asleep.

There was no impropriety in my going alone to the theatre. Women have more freedom, in some respects, in Russia than in America; and I have seen young girls at concerts and theatres quite alone, or in company with other girls of their own age. I must add that women cannot go in the boxes unattended by a cavalier, and that these girls, though perfectly well-behaved and no doubt perfectly respectable, were not of the fashionable classes. In those classes, in Russia as in other European countries, governesses and companions are necessary sheep-dogs, and from my observations I should say that they understand thoroughly their mission of being discreetly deaf, dumb, and blind when the wolf, a young man, is in the vicinity of their lambs.

Of course it is more fashionable to have a man with one, even in the parterre. But unescorted girls never evoked a glance or a com-

* About three dollars and fifty cents.

ment, so far as I could discover. What did excite comment was our staid selves, when we went to the theatre. Russians are not used to seeing gray hair on any except very old, really decrepit women. We gradually discovered that our gray hair, unaccompanied by antique years and faces, aroused surprise. Still greater was the surprise that we disregarded the apostolic injunction about women keeping their heads covered, which still lingers, as a tradition of etiquette, among all ranks of Russian women, but especially among those below the court circle, for all who have passed their early youth. Bonnets being prohibited, our gray hair plainly required that we should follow their good example and wear a cap, or a black lace *fichu*. But my memory was still haunted by visions of the horrible "confections" of black lace and purple ribbons which I had seen in New England in my youth, and certainly what I saw of similar head-gear in Russia was not calculated to convert me. To speak plainly, I could not help feeling that when a Russian woman once adopts a *fichu*, head-dress, or cap of black lace, which is the usual material, it never seems to occur to her that that article needs to be cleansed, freshened, or renewed, no matter how greasy, rusty, and tumbled it may have become. There are exceptions. But for utility and ornament I prefer an uncombed, coffee-colored wig, with an unmistakable parting, pulled too low on the brow.

To return to the subject of theatre-going proper. The press and public had long been attacking this system of selling theatre-tickets, which excluded every one who had not a yearly subscription to a seat, or "protection," and made theatre-going an art. A new system was established before the next season began. That is the lottery system.

I must explain that the theatres never advertise in the morning papers (there are no evening papers), in American fashion. The newspapers simply publish the names of the plays at the chief theatres for the current day, in the semi-reading columns, like an American "entertainment directory," with an occasional advertisement of a concert, or something of that sort, inserted by recklessly extravagant managers. If one wishes to know about the entertainments in town, theatres, fairs, concerts, races, plays, prices, actors, hours, change of plays, and so on, he must subscribe to the "*affiche*" which is published by the Management of Theatres, on tough tissue-paper, and distributed by special messengers between nine and eleven o'clock in the morning.

The *affiche* contains full programmes of all the theatres, and one can carry it to the theatre; otherwise he must buy a programme from the theatre attendants in the vestibule.

Under the old arrangement, if one depended even on the advance notices printed in the *affiche*, he arrived too late to get anything but the most expensive boxes, and sometimes even those were "sold."

The new, lottery plan is complicated. Ten days in advance, *affiche* and newspapers publish the list of plays for a week in all the Imperial theatres, which are the only ones affected by the system. The would-be theatre-goer then writes on a postal card, with return card attached (no notice whatever being taken of letters or irregularly prepared applications), in a stipulated form, a request for one box, or for seats (the latter not to exceed three), specifying date, theatre, play, and loca-

tion desired. As much latitude of choice as possible as to location is requested,—for instance, “fifth to seventh row,”—to insure greater chances of obtaining places.

These applications are sorted, put in a lottery-wheel, and drawn out, none being admitted to competition which arrive after a certain time before delivery day. Then the return cards come back, stamped “Too late,” or “None,” or bearing name of theatre, date, and seat-numbers for the lucky winners. These cards must be presented at the central office, and the seats claimed, within two days; otherwise they are put on public sale. For this “insurance” of seats an extra charge is made, varying, at the Opera, for instance, from a ruble and a half on the most expensive boxes, costing fifteen rubles, to five kopeks on the cheapest seat in the gallery, costing twenty kopeks, or ten cents. The tickets are never taken back and the money refunded for mere change of actors or of a secondary piece; but if the chief piece is changed the money will be refunded, if desired, minus the insurance tax. The newspapers asserted that the postmen sold the lucky cards to any one who cared to buy. I do not know that the accusation was true, but it would have been an easy thing to do, since there was no way of identifying the people who presented the cards at the office.

I remember going to claim my tickets for the second representation of Rubinstein's opera “*Iván the Terrible and Young Merchant Kaláshnikoff*,” founded on Lérmontoff's celebrated poem of that name, having been notified that I had drawn seats. My *affiche* had not notified me of any change; but it appeared that, although the Emperor and his family had been present at the first representation, and had approved the opera highly, to all appearances, and although the newspapers had praised it, giving a detailed sketch of the adapted libretto, acting, and music, and had found nothing to condemn, the authorities had seen fit to prohibit it, because “there was church singing in it,” of which they did not approve on the stage. So I was informed at the theatre office, at least. I remarked, with some vigor, that there was church singing in other stage pieces, and that the Imperial choir executed religious music on the concert stage every Lent; that I should suppose that the question of propriety might have been regarded as settled when the Emperor had given leave for its performance, after about ten years had elapsed since its first production and immediate suppression, which would seem to afford ample time for investigation and meditation. The ticket-girls laughed and agreed that all I had said was true and reasonable, but “Mr. Pobyedonóstzedf had issued his orders, and would I take my seats to see Músorgsky's opera ‘*The Rusálka*’?” (The Water-nymph.)

I took them, as I had not seen the “*Rusálka*,” because I knew that all Russian operas are always magnificently staged, as a rule finely sung, and that most of them are musical treats.

As for Rubinstein's “*Iván the Terrible*,” I am sure that the real trouble lay in the introduction of *Iván* on the stage. I was never told, but I am sure that I am right in stating that an unwritten law, tradition, or whatever one may call it, forbids the presentation of a Russian sovereign on the stage. Glinka's famous opera “*Life for the*

Tzar," which is given on all Imperial birthdays and national festivals, ends with a superb tableau of the entrance into the Kremlin of Moscow of the young Mikháil Feodorovitch, newly elected to the throne, the first of the Románoff sovereigns. The whole opera is filled with the Tzar,—in words,—and the curtain descends at the exact moment when he should come in view of the audience and account for the enthusiastic cheers of his faithful subjects who are intoxicated by his presence in the wings. It would have cost only an extra horse, and a suit of clothes, to gratify the audience; but the Tzar does not appear.

Naturally, this objection to an actor impersonating so sacred an individual as the Tzar would apply with peculiar force to so dramatic a figure as Iván the Terrible. Any spectator who could read and was blessed with the faintest spark of memory would know that when the Muscovite Tzar walked off into the wings, in the guise of a pious monk, chanting an anthem, he was going, according to his custom (if we are to believe the authority of history and the lists of his victims for whose souls and himself he ordered prayers to be said in perpetuity), to be a witness and possibly an assistant at the tortures of those who had displeased him, and thus take a hand in proving to them the existence of—the opposite of heaven. There are two theories about the character of Iván the Terrible current among Russian historians, but—on the principle that extremes meet—the facts on which they are both founded are identical and indisputable. I believe that the authorities were too well read and possessed of too much imagination not to supply the undignified companion picture to Rubinstein's perfectly dignified and proper scene. But I think their mistake lay in assuming that the audience cared a kopek about Iván, except as an actor for their temporary entertainment. I think so because, compelled to meditation by their action,—that is the logical result, the world over, of erecting unnecessary barriers,—I questioned several Russians as to the attitude of the people toward Iván. Whence came their patience, loyalty, long-suffering, and astonishing refusal to accept his abdication, and their equally astonishing tearful entreaties to him to have pity on them and rule over them again? The answer, in every case, was, substantially, "The Tzar is the Lord's Anointed. When we have a good Tzar, we thank God for the blessing. When the Tzar is not good, we accept him loyally, as a punishment for our sins." That explains the whole situation, in the most comprehensive manner.

It is rather the fashion to decry Russian operas and to pretend that one's delicate ear and foreign culture render it impossible for him to endure anything but Italian opera. Still, though the Italian opera nights at the Imperial Theatre, given by a Russian company with foreigners in the leading parts, and all performances at the private Italian Opera, are generally crowded (especially if there be a scornful pet tenor), the house is always filled for the national operas. The enthusiasm and applause are vociferous, the calls before the curtain are innumerable, and very fatiguing to people who are not gifted with the temperament which goes into a delirium over the stage, and who like to get to bed before the small hours begin to wax large,—which the

Russians do not. The same holds good, in great measure, of Russian drama. It includes many capital national plays, which are acted very finely, even better than the translations or adaptations or imitations from foreign plays. But the French drama, at the Mikháil Theatre, is more popular with people who are, or who wish to be thought, fashionable.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

LOVE'S LESSON.

I SAID, "Love's joy hath grown
 A living woe.
 Take back thy gift, O God!
 I did not know
 Each hope but masked a fear,
 Each smile a pain,—
 That every glittering link
 Would prove a chain."

Swift as the lightning's glance
 God's answer came.
 Stretched at my feet behold
 Love sudden slain;
 Broken the shining wings,
 Tear-dimmed the eyes,
 Thrown from the gates of his
 Lost Paradise.

Then all my frozen heart
 Woke into flame:
 "God, give him back to me
 With the old pain.
 Love never fashioned so
 Heavy a cross
 As that o'ershadowing
 Grave of my loss."

God smiled in pitying:
 "Once more I give
 Heed to thy wail. Behold,
 The dead shall live.
 Measure thy gain by loss
 Others despise.
 Love's strength endureth through
 Love's sacrifice."

Marie M. Meinell.

AN ANONYMOUS LOVE-LETTER.

" . . . And I beg you will believe that nothing restrains me but the certainty that you have no love for me. Should the time ever come—and I pray God it will—when I find I may approach you, when there is a possibility of your loving me, I will declare myself. It is, as I said, a strange and unconventional thing, this letter. Another woman might treat it jestingly, but not you. From the trueness of your nature you will believe in it and in the motive I have stated. I hereby give myself to your service; to the worship of you and of no other woman. There are sometimes harsh and unforeseen changes in life; should you ever stand alone, should you ever feel that you have no one on whom to rely, you may be assured that I know,—that I am guarding you, and that if I find you can love me I will ask the privilege to protect you. I have no fear that you will misunderstand this. To-night the tide of longing is too strong, and it compels me to break through the deep and perhaps eternal silence and speak but once to you,—you who have grown to be the very motive of my being; to say, though it be the only time,—

"I love you.

"Yours."

This letter succeeded in doing two things. It surprised Genevieve Waring, and it puzzled her. Heretofore she had thrown all anonymous communications into the scrap-basket under her father's library desk. They were addressed to him, and always wanted money or its equivalent. But this one was handed on a silver waiter and read in her rose-hued boudoir. It was written on thick white linen paper, and she had commenced it before knowing it to be anonymous. Then, naturally, she finished it.

Afterwards, although it was by no means Miss Waring's first love-letter, she re-read it. It was rather long, and she read it carefully, and then sat with her delicate black brows drawn into a straighter line than usual. There was something about this letter that she had failed to find in its predecessors. Whether it was its self-forgetfulness, its uniqueness, or its evident genuineness, which appealed to her, she did not stop to consider, but she straightway began mentally summoning before her every man of her acquaintance who could possibly have been the writer. She found herself impatiently discarding one and then another as utterly improbable, and at last she gave it up in despair and laid the letter in her silver-knobbed desk, deciding to trust to her own perception. But just one week later a crash came, and she who had long been motherless was left without a father, and she who had always been an heiress was without a fortune. It was terrible to lose her father. When she found herself sole inhabitant of a great house with its army of silently-shod servants, she realized that he had been all she really had loved. Afterwards, in the dim library, with

her father's empty chair before her, she learned that she was comparatively poor.

Mortimer Gray told her. He had been her father's lawyer, a silent, uncommunicative man of forty, in whom she had absolute confidence. After she learned that the house in which she sat did not belong to her, Miss Waring was silent for several moments, and Gray watched her keenly through his glasses.

The world had heretofore been to her a small place, easily travelled by private coaches, with a princely disregard of distance; a place closely peopled with those who had gathered around her own orbit; a place she knew perfectly well, and in which she had some authority. In an instant it had become great and bare and untried, something which was quite capable of adjusting its own machinery, and indeed of going on regardless of her existence. She glanced here and there around the room, and then at the lawyer.

"Must all these go too?"

He nodded.

Presently she rose.

"Mr. Gray, this is quite as much as I can think of to-night. I thank you for telling me at once. It was far kinder. If you will call again in a day or two, I shall be glad of your advice."

Her black gown swept softly over the carpet, and she closed the door after her.

Gray nodded meditatively to himself, then gathered up his papers and departed.

The next day, in looking through her possessions, Miss Waring remembered the anonymous love-letter, and she read it again. It brought a sense of comfort with it, for she felt absolutely alone. She had friends, yes; with a sigh she told herself that it might be better if there were not quite so many, for she did not know where to turn.

A month later her father's estate went under the hammer, and, after weighing the various suggestions made by and through acquaintances, Genevieve Waring decided to cast her lot with Mrs. Demock.

Mrs. Demock was a widow of limited means and unlimited family pride. She owned a moderately large house, and was overjoyed to add to her own resources by having her extra apartments occupied. She was also sufficiently worldly-wise not to be intrusive.

At first Miss Waring felt the novelty of irresponsibility and of adjusting her life on entirely new lines and within the limits of a very moderate income. Then the weeks and months began to drag. There had been so abrupt an upheaval of everything. She scarcely knew what to lay down and what to continue. The months of solitude which followed gave ample time for reflection, but she had to own that she was growing listless and dreamy. She had friends; it is not true that friends always look the other way when fortune has flown. But in her old life she had been the centre of a brilliant circle which was in keeping with her father's wealth and position. Now,—she looked around at the dainty parlor of her quiet little apartment;—no, they would not match; there was no doubt about it. And when the time of her first mourning was past and she sent out a few cards, she found

herself instinctively using that sense of fitness which made her match the people with her quiet little room before she addressed the cards.

It was on the night when she addressed these cards that she felt most unsettled and lonely. She belonged neither to her past brilliant life nor to the quiet months just over. She sprang up, pushed the pile of envelopes from her, and walked restlessly to and fro. She caught herself imagining how the door might open and a woman enter,—a woman with the soft gray hair of acknowledged age,—not Mrs. Demock,—who would hold out her hands and say, "My child, I was a friend of your mother." And then doubtless she would cry.

Miss Waring strolled to the mirror, smiling at her own imaginings, but the smile was tremulous. She leaned forward, critically examining her reflection. It had waving, dark hair, and sombre eyes, and proud, sensitive lips, and a slim white throat shining through the black net of her gown. She turned away half impatiently.

"If anything, I look better than ever," she said.

Just at this moment a caller was announced. It was a man, Dr. Hugh Torre, whom she had known for a long while. Previously he had shown her much attention, but she had always considered him utterly worldly and flippant.

After talking for a while she owned to herself that she had misjudged him. Afterwards he faced her steadily in the lamplight, and asked her to be his wife.

At the very moment when surprised words of refusal were on her lips a new and startled thought ran parallel with them:

"What am I living for?"

She had an indistinct idea that she would marry some time; why, of course. But should she go on putting it off? He was a gentleman, he had wealth; could she love him? No, not then. Could she marry him without? No. She put out her hand as if to repel the thought, and her lips opened to speak, but in the instant of hesitation he had arisen and touched her hand with his lips.

"Ah, no! Do not answer me now: I beg you will not. Even if, as I still fear, you cannot love me, take time to consider; for I have loved you so long!"

The words rang in her ears after the door closed behind him. Where had she heard them? Ah, she remembered. She went to her desk and took out the anonymous love-letter. She stood under the lamp and read it. She had not done so for a long time. It seemed strangely like the voice of an old friend. Could it have been—was it the man who had just left her? She shook her head resolutely. She would not think so; she did not wish to think so. A tender expression settled on her face as she read, and she sighed as she folded it up, but not sorrowfully. It was strange to feel that there was some one, unknown, who loved her so well. Yes, she felt an absolute faith in the writer; he still loved her. He had cared nothing for her fortune. She wondered what he was like. She knew he was strong and true and tender.

And as she sat with the letter in her hand, and the new look deepening on her face, all unconsciously an ideal was formed in her mind.

Presently she arose and put the letter away, and sat down to write a kind but firm note of refusal to the man who had just been with her.

From that night Genevieve Waring possessed, almost unknown to herself, a new interest in life. She did not analyze the feeling, but she commenced to renew her old associations with a keenness of enjoyment she had not believed possible. She took up the threads which had been abruptly dropped at her father's death. She found herself wondering at the warmth with which her acquaintances met her. Why had she doubted their sincerity? Why had she imagined that her youth was over, that life held nothing new for her? It held a vague, delightful something which she unconsciously anticipated; she did not question what.

Mortimer Gray, who called one afternoon about her small investments, found himself asking her if she was going away. She laughed almost merrily.

"No, indeed. Why do you ask me?"

The lawyer studied her through his glasses.

"I do not know exactly: you seem different, and——" He shook his head helplessly, and his eyes followed her keenly as she poured tea for him.

"I know what you mean," she said. "I have somewhat of the feeling that I am looking forward to something. But as a fact I am only going presently with Mrs. Demock to see Dreska's new pictures."

As Gray arose to take his cup he looked at a painting on the wall. It was a portrait of her father.

"He did that, didn't he?"

"Yes: that is one reason I take an interest in him," she replied.

"What is the other reason?"

"And is there another?"

"You implied it."

"I suppose, then, it is because every one else does at present. Besides, the man himself is interesting. I like him better than I do his pictures."

Mortimer Gray was silent for a moment, then he said, "Dreska would have made a great painter had he not become a fad. He is a man who might flourish in adversity."

"But you should not judge a genius by your rigorous code, Mr. Gray," she said.

"No, I suppose not. Yet I find myself judging some men by others who have been my landmarks." He nodded towards her father's picture. "In my youth I tried to live up to what he was in adversity, and in my manhood I longed to be like him in his prosperity."

He arose to go. Miss Waring held out her hand: her eyes were misty.

"Thank you," she said. "I sometimes feel as if you were my only friend."

The lawyer started to say something more, but changed his mind and left abruptly.

He stood on the street corner shortly after and let his down-town car pass him unhailed.

"You no sooner know a woman than you don't know her. She's one eternal state of transition," he said.

One week after this Miss Waring gave a sitting to Sydney Dreska, the painter. She was surprised when she found she had promised. It came about quite naturally through Mrs. Demock.

"My dear," said that lady, "he has admired you extravagantly for years,—ever since you went once with your father to look at the portrait. He has quite confided in me, and you can afford to be generous to such a genius. He would not dare ask it for himself; I volunteered. But it is an honor, my child: why, he declares your lines to be most exquisitely classic. Here he is now.—Yes, Mr. Dreska, she will do it: you can thank her now yourself."

The painter bowed and murmured his thanks so ardently that Miss Waring felt strangely as if she were promising more than a few sittings. The feeling was intensified during the first one. She fell into a reverie and quite forgot Mrs. Demock, who was absorbed in a portfolio of water-color sketches. The pale light falling whitely on the painter's handsome blond head; the indistinct, half-finished faces—and there were a great many half-finished—peering here and there from their canvasses like the ghosts of forgotten moods; the silence,—all seemed to enclose her and to put her every-day world at a dreamful distance and make it unreal. When she went out into the sunlight she felt as if let suddenly down to earth with a jar.

At the second sitting Dreska talked in a low tone while studying her expression. Afterwards she acknowledged to herself that he possessed a magnetism of voice and manner which in all her experience with men she had not known equalled. Gradually she discovered that her time was not being measured by days but by sittings, and that the intervening periods found her restless and anticipative. She met Dr. Torre on the street, and marvelled to herself that she could have hesitated for an instant when he asked her to marry him. She broke other engagements to make the time suit the painter's convenience. At last, on a day which was appointed for a sitting, it stormed. Mrs. Demock was in her room with a cold, and Miss Waring was startled to find how utterly impossible she found all regular occupation. She could settle herself to nothing. At last, in the afternoon, she threw her book aside in despair and determined to send an apologetic note to the studio, and perhaps receive one in reply, when Mortimer Gray was announced. She greeted him quite like a petulant child. She did not wish to talk business, and told him so.

"Then we'll let business go, at present," said the lawyer. "By the way, I should say you were not going anywhere to-day." He looked quizzically to where she sat in the silk cushions of a divan, with the toe of her slipper patting the floor impatiently under her lavender tea-gown.

"That's just it," she said; "but I don't know how you knew it. I want to go somewhere and cannot. I have a sitting with Mr. Dreska to-day——"

"He's painting you, then?" The lawyer dropped his stick, and stooped from where he sat to pick it up.

"Yes. It's nearly finished, and I'm so interested."

"Of course," he said, absently.

"I wish you wouldn't speak that way," she broke out, suddenly,—
"as if you were not pleased with me,—as if you had a right to rebuke me! You make me feel childish. I don't feel so with others, and I don't like it. Now, what is it you want to say? There's something on your mind——" She broke off as if half ashamed, but the lawyer smiled grimly.

"If there is, it had better stay there. I am told that my manner is somewhat unfortunate. It may misrepresent me sometimes. I assure you I would not criticise you in any respect. You would be right to resent it. I hope I may never presume on my old acquaintance." He arose and looked at his watch.

"No, please don't think I meant that. I did not think how it sounded. Please don't go," she said, repentantly.

But he assured her that the business could wait, and then took his departure.

"Business! He is so dreadfully practical!" she murmured, when the door had closed. "How different artists are! They seem to go right to the heart of things." And then she bethought her again of the anonymous love-letter.

She flew to her desk and drew it out. Then she lighted her lamp and pored over it. Yes, the *r*'s and *s*'s were like Sydney Dreska's. Why had she not thought of it before? His handwriting, if disguised, would be identical with this, she was sure.

It was so clear to her now. When she had been an heiress, he was a struggling young artist. He could not approach her then. Now he was famous. He had striven and waited for this. It was just the sort of thing an artist would do. Every sentence seemed uttered by Dreska's voice. She bowed her head on the letter for a moment and thought. If this was true, he loved her. Well, she already thought so. Presently she rose, put the letter away, lay back in the cushions, and closed her eyes. Was she glad? She went over their acquaintance. She recalled many little things unnoticed in the past which now convinced her more and more that he was the writer of the letter. She imagined the sitting as it would have been that day, but without Mrs. Demock. She imagined Dreska's words and manner, and then . . . when she opened her eyes at a sound, he was standing before her.

"Forgive me," he said. "I was shown right in, and you looked so beautiful, I could not awaken you. I had to study you awhile. Ah, I must paint you sleeping! You will let me? What a wonderful model you are!"

She gazed dreamily up at him and started to rise, but he was kneeling before her.

"No, no, do not move. . . . The day has been so long," he was saying, unsteadily. He held her gaze. In the dim light she seemed steadily drifting towards him. He seized her hands, and his words poured forth in an impassioned torrent.

"You must listen! I have adored you so long! You must love me! You must! I cannot live longer without you! Speak to me, tell me, say you will love me!"

She strove for an instant with herself. Did she love him? She wanted him there. She wanted to hear him speak. Would she be happy for a lifetime? As one grasps at something tossed by a wave, she strove for decision, but it swept by. This was no time to measure the practical side of life. Not now. His wild words were very sweet. And in that hour she promised to marry Sydney Dreska.

It was all so sudden. There was not much time to weigh and consider. And why should she, if she was happy? He worshipped her with all the boyish abandon of an artistic nature. What more could she ask?

Dreska pleaded for a short engagement. There was no reason for waiting, he argued, and no one to consult.

She remembered to write at the very first to Mortimer Gray, who had been her only adviser since her father's death. Several days passed and she received no reply. Then he called and expressed his wishes for her future happiness. He looked worn and older, and said that he had been very busy. He was more silent and inexpressive than ever.

"You should go away for a while," she said, kindly, when he was leaving. "I am afraid you are working too hard."

He bowed over her hand, which he closed suddenly in both of his, and hesitated as if about to speak, then turned abruptly to the door. As he went out he glanced up at her father's picture.

On several occasions during their engagement Miss Waring was on the eve of speaking to Dreska about the anonymous love-letter. But each time she waited. He was so unusual, this genius, so sentient and perceptive. She would learn to do nothing to jar or ruffle him. She prayed that she never would. She had read somewhere that it was hard to be the wife of a genius. This occurred to her occasionally in his absence. But in his presence he carried all before him. He was so impulsive and poetic that she forgot or put aside the doubts which might occur to any woman. Once she asked him if he had ever been as much in love before, and was half ashamed of the doubt the words implied. He answered that he had imagined himself in love, oh, many times, but had never been so in reality—never!

And once—it was on the very day before the wedding—she told him how she had been destroying many old letters, and then asked him, half shyly, half jestingly, and wholly sure of the answer, if he had ever written an anonymous love-letter.

Dreska was going out the door at the time, but he started and looked back rather sharply, then laughed, and said, "One. One only."

Afterwards she locked her little desk with a happy smile on her face. Since the night he told her he loved her, there had been no doubt in her mind as to the writer of the letter, but now she was sure, and it gave her a strange sense of rest. She had not before realized how dear that letter had become, and how her faith had grown to cling about the writer.

That evening she received one of Mortimer Gray's business-like epistles. It said that he was called away imperatively and would not be present at her wedding. It expressed his regret in formal terms, and went on to say that, owing to her father's past generosity, he was able to offer her as a wedding-gift a sum which had been bestowed upon him long before, and which he had put out at interest in anticipation of this very time. If she would look upon him merely as the agent in the matter, and accept it as a wedding-present from her own father, she would be conferring a lasting favor upon hers faithfully, Mortimer Gray.

This note, more constrained than the lawyer's wont, caused the only tears Genevieve Waring shed on her wedding-eve, and they were for her father.

It was very like all quiet church weddings. Mrs. Demock, who was unswervingly loyal to *les convenances*, arranged that the bride should be given away by a remote cousin whom she had not seen since her childhood. But as he had a fine appearance and some distinction, and as the bride's white gown fitted marvellously,—albeit 'twas too severely plain to suit Mrs. Demock,—that lady was at peace with the world.

Indeed, as she remarked to the remote cousin, who drove home with her after the wedding, "I am very much relieved. For a girl who carries her head like that, and has notions beside, should marry a fool,—or a blond man as clever as Sydney Dreska."

Just before leaving for the station Genevieve and her husband were alone for a moment in her own little parlor. She had changed her shining draperies, and stood ready in her dark going-away gown.

"You look more beautiful in each costume, darling," said Dreska, who was fastening her gloves by the lamp. "You are a never-failing model. I shall paint you in black fur, thrown back,—so—"

She scarcely knew why she shrank a little and involuntarily sighed. Her eyes fell on the desk, and she put her hands on his shoulders and smiled up in his handsome face.

"Dear, why need you have written an anonymous love-letter?"

"An—anonymous—love-letter?" he repeated, looking puzzled. "Oh, I remember." He laughed half tolerantly down at her. "Haven't you forgotten that one admission? You women are all alike. Why, because I just had sense enough left *not* to sign my name. It was to an opera-singer with whom I was once infatuated. Come, there is the carriage." He caught up her cloak and opened the door.

She was standing looking back at the little desk.

"What is it?" said Dreska, pausing. "Have you lost something?"

She turned slowly, and her face was quite white.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, come on. It's too late now."

There was the sound of wheels, and Mrs. Demock's voice calling.

"Yes," she replied, mechanically following him. "It is too late now."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

WITH THE WHITEFISH NETS.

THE scudding clouds portended rough sailing for those who were that day to go down to the sea in ships, and across the lowlands and the sandy stretches that form the north bank of the lower St. Joseph River we could hear the heavy booming of the surf upon the shore of Lake Michigan, a mile away. The thunder of the waves, rolling inland through the gloom of the early morning, told us that the lake toward which we were steaming down the river was in no quiet mood: it joined with the sky in predicting for us a boisterous run to the place where the whitefish nets were anchored, twelve miles out. But Captain Schoenbeck smiled with easy confidence as he stood at the wheel, and his little steamer pushed her nose resolutely on toward the open water.

It was to the conductor of a trolley-car on the St. Joseph & Benton Harbor line that I owed my acquaintance with Captain August Schoenbeck, of the fishing-steamer *Sir Arthur*. "Get off here," he said; "walk down to that wharf, and on the other side you'll see some fishing-tugs tied up. Find the captain of one of them, and maybe he'll take you out." There, among the scattered fish-boxes and the great spidery reels upon which the nets are dried, Captain Schoenbeck was busy with the details of his work ashore. He looked me over as he considered my request. Yes, he would take me; his crew was short a man, and perhaps I could help a bit. He must start for the fishing-ground at five o'clock in the morning. I had better take a rubber coat or an oil-skin; it would be rough on the lake at daylight.

So it came about that before sunrise the next day I tramped down the quiet streets of the town to the wharf where the *Sir Arthur* lay. It was too dark to see the color of her paint; nevertheless the crew were busy stowing away on the after deck a lot of boxes containing trout nets to be set in place of the whitefish nets that had been used during the summer. These net-boxes were closely packed in rows across the deck, and over them was lashed a big tarpaulin to keep off the spray that we knew would fly thick when we got to sea. Each box contained one gill net about four hundred feet long, with small floats fastened on one side and sinkers on the other. Even crowded closely as the boxes were, they filled the deck completely, while on each side of the engine-room were placed nests of boxes in which the fish of the day's catch were to be put. When all was on board, the only clear deck-room that remained was forward of the wheel-house.

The captain was the last man to reach the wharf. His vigilant eye searched the tug from stem to stern, and found everything ready for the cruise. Then he cast off the bow-line, and stepped to the wheel as the sharp fore-foot began to fall away from the mooring-place.

"All clear?" he called from the wheel-house door.

"All clear, sir."

The bell in the engine-room rang the signal to go ahead slow, and the boat cut a circle to port on her way to the fishing-ground. Before

us and to left and right the night hung dark, but behind, where the sun was soon to swing up into the heavens, the horizon showed a dim silvery sheen. We could feel the throbbing of the engine below us and hear the engineer shovelling coal into the furnace. A few faint sparks floated out from the funnel and drifted down the wind; a moment later the skipper rang for full speed ahead. The line of bubbles that marked the tug's wake had hardly straightened out astern, when with the wheel hard over we rounded the last turn in the river and headed down the narrow reach between the long piers. The wind-whipped lake was close ahead, but the boat was almost abreast the light on the north pier before we met the scud of the first heaving surge. It was only an earnest of the pitching to come, but out to sea we steamed, head to the swells, with hatches down and all tight fore and aft from cut-water to rudder-post. The foam-crested rollers pounded on the bows and fell off to starboard and port in swirling torrents, roaring viciously. The air was full of flying spray and wind-blown spindrift. As the little craft soused its nose into each swell it staggered and trembled; then, buoyant as dry cork, it rose to the lift of the wave and climbed to the crest, only to pause a moment and slide into the trough beyond. Astern, the street-lights of the yet sleeping town shone bright behind the light-house lamp. All but the light-house glare faded as we slipped on to the west, where all about the black water gleamed with the ghostly tops of thousands of scurrying white-caps.

The sun rose in a blaze of brilliant color; the whirling clouds above us caught the rays as the morning broke; around us the dark purple hollows that lay between the racing waves took on a lighter shade; a gull or two shot by as the tug ploughed on in a smother of foam; and all the while Captain Schoenbeck, pipe in mouth, stood at the wheel and held his course straight to the place where in that riot of waters the red buoy marked the end of the line of nets. When the sea is running high, kicked up by a piping breeze, it is no small task to "pull" the whitefish nets; and you must know, moreover, that these fresh-water sailors of the Great Lakes, be they of carrying craft or the fishing fleet, are called upon to face the same dangers that are feared by the Jackies of the salt seas. They also know the thunder of mountainous combers; they also know the chill of icy waves and the bite of freezing spray; they too must dare the fury of relentless gales; and more than those of broader oceans, perhaps, they know the perils of the lee shore. But we of the *Sir Arthur* that day faced none of these, for the wind had spent its force and was dying away. As the sun rose the sea fell rapidly, and, though the long surges still rolled up from the west, they drove by us with less headlong violence. Only a sea-man's eye could have seen, far off to starboard, the dingy white flag that streamed out from the staff on the net-buoy; but our skipper saw it, and, rounding to leeward, one of the crew picked up the float with a boat-hook and dragged it on board.

Then all was bustle on the *Sir Arthur*; there is little rest on a fishing-tug once the nets are reached, for, blow high or low, it is then all hands on duty. The fish-boxes were quickly hurried forward; a heavy roller was fastened in brackets placed for it upon the gunwale at the port

bow, over which the nets were to be drawn on board,—“pulled,” as the operation is called by the fishermen. The captain resigned the wheel to his passenger, for the time one of the crew, and all the ship’s company but the engineer gathered on the forward deck. The net-buoy was stowed away, and a man at each end of the roller grasped the net and began slowly to drag it on board, hand over hand. The motion of the vessel aided them: as the bow fell they pulled in the slack, as it rose they held hard what they had gained. Standing in the little hatchway,—for in the falling sea it could be opened now,—the captain, assisted by one of the crew who stood on the deck beside him, took the fish from the nets as they came over the roller and tossed them into the fish-boxes. At times a big fish would thrash about vigorously as it was brought to the surface; then a long gaff was brought into action, for whitefish nets are not of the strongest stuff and must be handled carefully. As one by one they were dragged on board, each net was unfastened from the next and laid aside to be washed and put by until the following whitefish season. It was hard work at the roller, even to trained arms and strong backs, and the skipper and his three men changed places at intervals, each thus getting a rest at the easier labor of disentangling the fish. So for hour after hour the fish were dragged over the side, and all the while the slowly working engine pushed the tug up the line of nets as fast as it was hauled in. The catch was not so large as catches sometimes are, yet it was not disappointing, and one by one the fish-boxes were filled as we gradually crept up to the anchored end of the last net.

The whitefish of the Great Lakes is widely known as a table delicacy; but to be eaten in its perfection it must be had fresh from the icy waters of Lake Superior, or the land-guarded basin men call the Georgian Bay, or that crowded water-way of the north, the St. Mary River, where John Boucher and his fellow-“scoopers” dip them from the rapid current with long-handled scoop-nets. You must go to its habitat if you would find it at its best, and moreover to a very restricted portion of its habitat; for, be it known, the whitefish is found all over the Great Lake region, up to the Arctic Sea, and even down some of the connecting rivers as far as brackish water. But only north of the forty-fifth degree of latitude can it be said to be in its prime. Say, if you will, that it lacks the flavor of the famed *Salmo salar*, or the amethystine trout of the Great Lakes, or the brook trout that flash in mountain streams,—you cannot know if you have not tasted it near the Canadian border. The whitefish of commerce, finding its way to the table of the consumer through the dark and devious channel of the cold storage warehouse, is as tasteless as it is lifeless.

Speaking broadly, the whitefish is the most valuable member of the salmon family in America, and the pursuit of it has grown to be an enormous industry. The fish are usually small in size, but in northern waters often attain a weight of ten pounds and a length of two and a half feet. The flesh is firm, flaky, and rich, and of a bluish-white color, changing to a pure opaque white on being boiled. It is one of the staple catches of the Great Lake fishermen; but there are also taken lake trout, sturgeon, pickerel, bass, herring, yellow pike, and

many other varieties in less abundance, as well as quantities of fish not classed as food. They are caught principally in gill nets, and in such fishing each end of the long chain of nets used—sometimes ten miles long, and often four—is attached to a large float or buoy; one is anchored, while the other drifts about at the mercy of the winds and the mysterious lake currents. Often these lake fishermen find other catches in their long nets than fish alone. Now and then a corpse is brought to the surface: Captain Schoenbeck told of two that he had found, bloated and eaten by the fishes. That we were spared; only fish, an old shoe, and the long stem of a bunch of bananas which doubtless had been thrown overboard from a passing passenger steamer, were entangled in the Sir Arthur's nets that day.

At last we worked up to the anchored buoy, and the catch was over, although the work of the cruise was not yet done. The trout nets on the after deck were to be set, a matter requiring more care and skill. The captain and his most experienced sailor took their places at the stern and attached the first net to the buoy-lines; then we steamed slowly down wind, paying it out by hand as we went. The nets had been so placed in the boxes that with careful management there need be no tangling. The captain handled the side on which the floats were attached, his assistant the other upon which were the sinkers, and as each net was let go the next was deftly attached to it without decreasing the vessel's speed. It was a task demanding prudence as well as practice, and a little hardihood too, for all the after deck was awash and the air was full of spray. One by one the nets were dropped astern, and at last the end buoy was tied fast; but even yet the work was not over; the day's catch must be cleaned and everything put in ship-shape order before we reached the wharf. The fish were cleaned on the forward deck and then stowed away in boxes in the little hold. Instead of throwing overboard the refuse, it was saved to be sold to fish-oil makers. Almost the entire catch was of whitefish, although there were some trout and a few coarser fish that could only be used in making oil. When the fish were cleaned and assorted, the nets were washed, preparatory to putting them away for the winter, and the Sir Arthur was headed back toward the mouth of the St. Joseph River.

Around us squadrons of long-backed white-caps still rolled on to the east. Dead ahead the low sandy shore shone bright in the afternoon sun, a line of golden yellow beyond the foam-flecked emerald sea. Behind us the horizon circled sharp under a cloudless sky. Out of the waste of restless waters in the west came a big propeller, with bulwarks looming high above the wash of the waves. We crowded on steam to beat her to the piers, but she drew up and passed us without effort, raising her bows gracefully in slight obeisance as she lifted to the larger rollers. And as the shadows lengthened toward the close of the day, we steamed out of the tumbling waters of the lake into the quiet current of the river, and, bung up and bilge free, with enough fish on board to gladden the hearts of the tug's owners, ran past the little town and tied up to the wharf. The Sir Arthur had completed one more cruise.

Allan Hendricks.

WALNUT LORE.

In after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine.

"I WILL put one of these walnuts into my pocket," said a gentleman who was sitting beside me at dinner the other day. He seemed to think an explanation was necessary, and so he added, "I carry a walnut about in my pocket to prevent my rheumatism."

I had heard of a great many queer cures for rheumatism, but here was a brand-new one,—a walnut! I know a gentleman who carries a small potato in his pocket as a preventive of rheumatism. He says that he does not know whether it is a foolish thing or not, but on several occasions when he left his potato at home he really felt twinges of rheumatism.

In New England many folk used to tie a snake-skin round the neck for "rheu-maticks;" while in Georgia, and generally through the South, the negroes and even the whites carry the right forefoot of a rabbit to ward off attacks of rheumatism. All this passed through my mind while I replied, in tones of curiosity, "A walnut?"

"Yes. It is also a cure for toothache. I first heard of the cure in the country, where it was known to work. I tell you there is really something in it."

Indeed, there is more in walnut lore than is dreamt of in my neighbor's philosophy. The use of the walnut for rheumatism—however whimsical such a practice may seem nowadays—is a relic of those old superstitious notions which, under one form or another, have clustered round the tree. These notions run back to pagan days.

The Romans regarded the walnut as the symbol of fruitfulness; it was consecrated to Venus, and played an important part in weddings. According to Varro, many a Roman wedding was celebrated under the walnut-tree; oaken boughs were carried during the ceremony as symbols of fecundity; the bridal wreath was of verbena plucked by the bride; wreaths of holly were sent as tokens of congratulation, and wreaths of parsley and rue were given under the notion that they would ward off evil spirits; torches of hazel were burnt on the wedding night to insure prosperity to the newly-married couple.

Then nuts were handed with due solemnity to the bride and groom, and when they had retired nuts were given to the guests. This ancient custom, according to Rev. T. Thiselton-Dyer, still obtains in certain parts of Italy, where the peasants scatter nuts at the marriage festival, just as the guests at an American wedding throw rice over the bridal couple.

The walnut-tree was held sacred to Jupiter, who was, among other things, the god of thunder and lightning. The supposed immunity of this tree from lightning has long caused special reverence to be attached to it, and has given rise to several superstitious usages. Thus, in the district of Lechrain, in Bavaria, where the Easter Sunday fire

is lighted in the church-yard with flint and steel, "every household brings to it a walnut branch, which, after being partially burned, is carried home to be laid on the hearth fire during tempests as a protection against lightning."

There is a Lithuanian myth in which a walnut-shell takes the place of Noah's Ark. The legend runs as follows: "Once the great god Pramzimas, while eating walnuts, looked down from his castle in the sky, and the two giants Wandu (Wind) and Weja (Water) were having a high old time. Pramzimas saw that if the floods continued to rise the people would be drowned: so he was kind enough to throw the half of a walnut-shell, which he had in his hand, into the flood, and it floated to the mountain-peak on which the people had gathered for refuge. Now, this walnut was large enough to hold all the people, and to float them safely till the deluge subsided."

It is only natural that the walnut, which held a prominent place in wedding ceremonies, should be used in courtship and love-matters. In many parts of Europe the walnut is still thought to possess mystic virtues in love-matters,—as in Bohemia, where on Christmas Eve the young try to ascertain their future in love and marriage by a pretty ceremony. The young men and women fix colored wax lights in the shells of the nuts and float them in water, after silently assigning to each the name of some suitor or lover. He whose little barque is the first to approach the girl will be her future husband. But sometimes the young woman interferes with fate. Thus, if an unwelcome suitor seems likely to come in first, she blows gently against it, and so allows the favored barque to win.

Another method of divination in love-matters popular among the country young people is to set the two halves of a walnut-shell afloat in a basin of water. Should they drift together, it is a pretty good sign that the young man represented by the shell boat will soon become a bridegroom. But if the shells sheer away from each other, "no weddin'-cake 'll ever come o' that lot," as the saying goes.

Among the European peasantry it is considered a bad omen to dream of the walnut: some misfortune will follow. Another bit of folk-lore declares that the walnut in dreams indicates unfaithfulness in love.

On the other hand, to dream of the gathering of walnuts is said to foretell the discovery of unexpected wealth or treasure.

Just what relation there should be between the walnut crop and other crops I do not undertake to say. But Wilsford tells us that "great store of walnuts and almonds presages a plentiful year of corn, especially filberts."

Quite as fanciful is the popular notion among some of the European peasantry that the walnut crop has an influence on the birth of children. Thus, in Westphalia the folk say that when the nuts are plentiful there will be an unusually large number of babies. In some mysterious way, too, the eating of the walnuts for the first time by a woman who is, as the Germans say, "in blessed circumstances," is supposed to make both the tree and the woman good bearers.

The use of the walnut as a medical remedy is very curious. As

we have seen, it is still a popular preventive for rheumatism and tooth-ache.

In days gone by, medical practice was regulated by the "doctrine of signatures." According to this "doctrine," the external shape or character of flowers, fruits, and plants indicated the particular disease for which nature had intended them as remedies for the ills which the flesh is heir to. A heart-shaped leaf was for heart-disease, a bright-eyed flower was for the eyes, a foot-shaped leaf or flower would cure the gout, and so on. Thus, the heart's-ease, the heart-trefoil, or clover, and the leaves of the wood-sorrel were all reckoned as curatives for heart-disease. Indeed, the popular names of many plants, such as the Jerusalem cowslip, called "lungwort," show the reputation such plants once had in folk-medicine.

The walnut, on account of its bearing the signature of the whole human head, was regarded as peculiarly valuable for all mental cases. The outside answered to the pericranium, the harder shell within represented the skull, and the kernel resembled the cover of the brain. So that we find the old doctors recommended the outside shell of the walnut for wounds of the head, while the bark of the tree was regarded as a sovereign remedy for ringworm. Walnut leaves, when bruised and moistened with vinegar, were applied in cases of earache.

As a rule, the walnut has been credited with propitious qualities, and is generally supposed to bring good luck. Thus, in Russia many of the peasants carry a walnut or other nut in their pocket-books, believing that it will act as a charm in their efforts to gather money.

It has remained for the Italian folk to give the walnut-tree a bad name. They call it the "witches' tree," and are afraid to sleep under its branches. At Bologna the peasants have a curious notion respecting walnut-trees, stoutly declaring that on St. John's Eve the witches regularly hold a midnight meeting. For some reason or other the Neapolitan witches are fond of roosting in the branches of the walnut-trees, and one of their favorite retreats is a big walnut near Benevento.

According to an old tradition, where the church del Popolo at Rome now stands was once a walnut. After a while the superstitious folk discovered that the witches and other powers of darkness held their tryst under its branches. They called upon Pope Paschal II. to curse the tree, which he did. Then the walnut was cut down, and the people built a church in its place.

Finally, we have the walnut associated with modern workers of evil. Perhaps our readers have seen or heard of the "shell game:" sometimes it is called "thimble-rig." The thimble-rigger takes two or three walnut-shells, and places a small object, usually a pea, under one of them. Then he makes one quick change of the position of the shells, and offers a reward to the knowing person who thinks he can locate the "little joker," as the pea is called. If the person fails to do it, he forfeits a sum of money equal to the promised reward. The game is an ancient one, and is practised by fakirs of almost every land. *C'est partout comme chez nous*,—it is everywhere as with us,—and men play about the same tricks the world over.

Lee J. Vance.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett.

The final test of a novel's excellence in plot is its adaptability to the stage; and it is to the credit of the J. B. Lippincott Company that three of its recent tales have achieved the distinction of becoming dramas. The first two of these are *A Social Highwayman* and *Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo*; the third is *The Sign of the Cross*, which was written and has been dramatized by the notable hand of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Mr. Barrett knows, as few authors can, what the stage demands in plot and situation. He has given swift action, incessant incident, clear-cut characters which render his novel as vivid as a drama, and he has chosen a time and scene which are of perennial interest to a people who revere the Cross.

The story, in brief, is this: Nero, the emperor, finds it both politic and to his liking to persecute the new sect called Christians. His chief instruments in this are Marcus, a magnificent character, and Tigellinus, his rival for Nero's favor, who is base and pitiless. It becomes the especial duty of Marcus, the wealthy and powerful prefect, to exterminate the Christians, and to this task he addresses himself with little compunction. But suddenly there comes within his power a young and innocent girl, Mercia, who proves to belong to the hated sect; and the great and splendid Marcus, the envied match of every great dame in Rome, the favorite of the empress and of Berenice, the reigning beauty, falls deeply in love with the pure and lowly maiden. In order to shield her from Tigellinus, who suspects Marcus of being in love with her, Marcus imprisons Mercia in his palace, and it is to unfold the troubled current of the lover's life through all the eddies which beset him that the tale is narrated.

It would be a grave fault to anticipate the reader's pleasurable surprises by revealing the plot of *The Sign of the Cross*. Suffice it to say that the infamous slaughter of the Christians in the arena is depicted, that the life of imperial Rome is brought into vital touch with our own daily life by the naturalness of the characters and incidents, and that the same literary methods which have made *Ben-Hur* one of the most widely read of contemporary books have here been employed with singular felicity and effectiveness. As an example of the style, both of sentiment and workmanship, in which the book has been written, we venture to extract a few lines of the scene where Marcus hears for the first time the story to us so old, yet always fresh: "At least, I am thy prisoner," said Mercia. "Ay, true; but not by any choice of mine, gentle lady." "Why then not leave me with those who need me yonder?" asked Mercia. "I could not bear to do so; thou art so fair, so young, so sweet, and——" "My youth is better able to suffer the hardships of that prison than is the age of many who are there. I am content to bear whatever burden is placed upon me, for His sake." "His sake? Of whom dost thou speak?" "Of Him who came into the world to save the world, and died that men might live," answered Mercia.

All this was so much jingling of words to the ears of Marcus, who knew but little of the foundation of the Christian faith, and he said, "Lady, I understand thee not. Tell me of this—superstition." He paused before the word, but could find no better substitute. "Dost thou indeed wish to hear?" asked Mercia, gently. "Yea, indeed," he answered, glad only to keep silence in her presence, to look upon her and listen to the sweet, rich music of her voice. "Then I will tell thee the noblest, greatest story ever told to ears of man,—a tale so sad, so glorious, so grand, that imagination cannot equal nor invention surpass it. Hearken to it, Prefect, full of the world and its faithlessness, proud in thy strength of power and place, proud of thy birth and wealth! Hearken to it, and pray to be led to the true understanding of it, which, alas! I cannot impart." And then she told the story of the "Man of Sorrows."

We can confidently predict for *The Sign of the Cross*, the stage version of which is now playing in several American and English cities with remarkable success, that it will win the favor of the enormous class of readers who enjoy a story of biblical times possessing action, color, and point.

Chemistry for Engineers and Manufacturers. By Bertram Blount and A. G. Bloxam.

With the rise of the new chemistry which searches into the hidden forces of our daily life and teaches how to harness and employ them, to bend them to commercial advantage or to avoid their blind evils,—with the advent of this extension of the science of chemistry there naturally runs parallel the allied effort to make all that is known to the few intelligible to the many. Hence such a useful work as this, entitled *Chemistry for Engineers and Manufacturers*, by Bertram Blount and A. G. Bloxam, eminent English chemists, belonging to many learned bodies and identified with every side of the subject which they here treat in a clear and practical manner.

The present is Volume II. on the subject in hand, and is devoted to the chemistry of manufacturing processes. The previous volume dealt with the chemistry of engineering, building, and metallurgy, and, like the present handsome, usable volume, is issued jointly by the J. B. Lippincott Company in Philadelphia and Charles Griffin & Company, Limited, in London.

These books are exponents of "dominant principles." They do not pretend to follow minute detail, nor would the readers for whom they are intended—business-men, manufacturers, mechanics—want exhaustive *minutiae*. What is demanded by these is that sort of knowledge in bulk which, acted upon by large experience, can give direction to professional efforts which otherwise would be ignorant or mistaken. There is a very full bibliography for those who desire to follow the subject further, and the illustrations are both abundant and easily understood.

A Whist Catechism. Compiled by M. d'I. L.

The questions which constantly arise in the mind of a devotee of whist rarely receive immediate answers, and thus the making of other people's experience is seldom viewed in its evolution by the student. Here is a pretty little volume which supplies all this in a very engaging and complete manner. The form it takes is that of query and answer, and the author has adopted this form as the natural outgrowth of her own interrogations as a learner.

For less advanced players who desire to ascend the intricate pathways of whist to mastery in the game, we can commend unqualifiedly this small and handy emanation from the Lippincott press. The present is a second and much augmented edition.

Navigation: Practical and Theoretical. By David Wilson-Barker and William Allingham.

In the same useful series which includes *Know Your Own Ship*, and *Latitude and Longitude and How to Find Them*, now appears *Navigation: Practical and Theoretical*, by David Wilson-Barker, R.N.R., F.R.S.E., Master Mariner and Younger Brother of Trinity House, whose titles well denote his high position in this specialty; assisted by William Allingham, a navigator of no less reputation. This is a small and convenient hand-book, whose aim is to teach by easy stages the theory of navigation to those whose opportunities have afforded them a knowledge of the practice alone. "It is well to remember," remarks the preface, "that a mastery of the theory of navigation bestows confidence upon practice." In other words, "knowledge is power," and the sailor who knows the most will the best succeed. Very helpful will this handy volume be found, and the Messrs. Lippincott have done well to add it to their valuable series.


The Pilgrim's Progress. With Preface by Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Charles H. Bennett.

To possess an adequate copy of the most enduring book, except the Bible, in all letters—namely, *The Pilgrim's Progress*—is a consideration to every scholar, every learner, and every layman who reveres his mother-tongue and its great literature. To possess a copy with the name of Charles Kingsley as sponsor in an admirable Introduction, and with the illustrations of Charles H. Bennett, is to have a treasure-trove of inestimable bibliographic value. The Lippincotts have just done the world of collectors and readers the rare service of providing such an edition, and here are presented, as never before, the remarkable series of pictures whose creator Kingsley mourned so deeply and of whose "cunning hand and brain" he spoke so admiringly. The volume is one of the most portable, appropriate, and substantial devoted to Bunyan's masterwork which we have ever seen.

Tables for the Determination of Minerals. By Dr. Persifor Frazer.


That a fourth edition of Dr. Persifor Frazer's *Tables for the Determination of Minerals* has just been demanded shows the ability with which this standard work is made to fit the times. Each edition has hitherto brought the latest knowledge into relation with all that was known before, and this last brings the book entirely up to date. Dr. Frazer's aim from the first has been to adapt the system of Professor Weisbach, of Freiberg, to American conditions, and he has based his text upon the exhaustive work of Professor James D. Dana, to whom he gives a foremost place in the profession they severally ornament.

The present volume is bound in limp leather, for daily use, and is printed in the best style of the J. B. Lippincott Company, whose technical books are unsurpassed in these respects. The tables are clear and complete, and include one hundred and thirty-five species added to the former lists, thus rendering the book as nearly complete as science can make it.



For Freedom's Sake.
By Arthur Paterson.

The novel which everybody wants is that which best fulfils the prevailing demand. Taste for American history is uppermost at the present time, and we hope it may never abate. In this vein is *For Freedom's Sake*, by Arthur Paterson, a virile, interesting, masterly tale of John Brown's raid in Kansas, which has met with instant recognition and will, we predict, take a permanent place among American novels. The love-tale of Brown's lieutenant is a charming thread upon which to hang an heroic narrative.





TWO MODELS.

RUNNING DOESN'T EXPRESS IT.—McCorkle.—“Isn't Tenspot running into debt pretty lively?”

McCrackle.—“Running isn't the word for it. He is fairly sprinting.”—*Detroit Free Press.*

“OOM PAUL'S” EFFECTIVE PRAYER.—Here is a little anecdote, told, not by a malicious Outlander, but by a Boer. In the early days, before the Transvaal was a republic, there was a famine in the land, and a party was organized to hunt the harte-beest. For days the party scoured the veldt in vain; there was no sign of game of any description. Then one of the Boers declared his intention of retiring into the bush to pray for succor, as did the patriarchs of old. He accordingly left the party in company with a native and disappeared into the bush.

Some hours afterwards the Boer returned and informed the party solemnly that he had prayed, and in three days' time a very large troop of harte-beest would pass that way. The party remained at the camp, and, sure enough, two days after the promised game appeared in sight, and the Dutchmen, with thankful hearts, made a great haul.

From that moment “the man of prayer” became the popular hero until he was elected President of the South African Republic. That man was Paul Krüger.

And now listen to the edifying sequel. It was some time afterwards that the native who accompanied Krüger into the bush gave his version of the affair. The native stated that when Krüger entered the bush he did not pray, but struck out for a neighboring Kaffir kraal. Calling the head men, the Boer informed them that the white people were starving and could find no game. There was a large number of armed Boers on the other side of the bush, who had sent him to tell them that unless they (the natives) discovered game in less than three days they would all be shot. Knowing Boer methods only too well, the frightened natives set out forthwith, discovered the game, and drove it towards the Boer camp.—*London Figaro.*

A COMPLETE VENGEANCE.—At a certain theatre not long ago a gentleman who gets murdered in the first act, and who subsequently turns up as foreman of the jury, was dissatisfied at the rate of stipendiary emolument wherewith his efforts were rewarded. Being unable to obtain redress, he vowed vengeance.

So the next night, when in the course of the trial in Act IV. the man who had done the deed denied all knowledge of it in the stirring words allotted to him by the collaborators, the foreman of the jury upset the calculations of everybody in the theatre by rising solemnly and saying,—

“I tell you, Simpson, you did do it. I ought to know, for I am the very man you killed; and it's the last time you'll do it, sir, at the price I'm paid at present.” Chaos.—*London Tit-Bits.*

THE ONLY DRAWBACK.—Reggy.—“Sweet Arline, will you be mine?”

Sweet Arline.—“Before I answer your question let me ask you one. Do you swear when you lose your collar-button?”

Reggy.—“Never.”

Sweet Arline.—“Then it cannot be. I cannot marry a man who has no spirit.”—*Town Topics.*



WHAT
MARK
HANNA

SAYS: •

"It is a pleasure for me to testify to the merits of

JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT,

which is used in my family."

W. Hanna

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Ask for the Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT.

IT MAKES FLESH AND BLOOD.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,

Sole Agents, New York.

PROOF.—“Is Mrs. Beverly so highly cultured?”

“Yes: she can look at a hole in a newspaper without wondering what was cut out.”—*Chicago Record*.

THE MAMLÛK IN EGYPT.—Egypt was full of these Mamlûk establishments, from the royal court, with its elaborate household, numerous officials, and splendid appointments, to the small emir who kept a band of strong fellows within the court-yard of his barricaded house and was ready to throw in his lot with the strongest faction that happened to bid for the supreme power. When the fight came he would sally out with his Mamlûks and revel in blood and slaughter; then he would return, perfume his beard with civet, sprinkle his jubba with rose-water, call in the singing girls and musicians, and enjoy a complicated menu, served in jewelled dishes on a kurst of matchless silver inlay, to the accompaniment of Arabian melodies and the pungent fumes of the frankincense in the swinging censers.

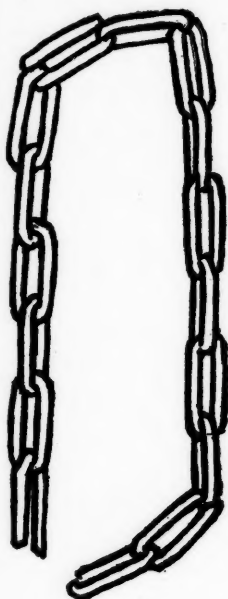
As he increased in power and wealth—and the wealth of many of these quondam slaves was fabulous—he bethought him of his immortal soul, and devoted immense sums to the endowment of hospitals and schools, and the building of those exquisite mosques which still make Cairo, despite all Western innovations, one of the loveliest of cities. For the mosques which entrance the artist in Cairo are almost all the work of the Mamlûks, and beneath their domes sleeps what remains of the fiery, undisciplined, sensuous manhood.—*Spectator*.

THE CHRISTIAN ERA.—The “Christian era” was suggested or devised by Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman monk, who in 527 began its use and proposed that all public and private documents should be dated “in the year of our Lord.” It did not come into general use in France until the eighth century, nor in England until July, 816; in Spain it was not adopted until the eleventh century; in Portugal it was made legal in 1415; in the Empire of the East it was established by royal edict in 1453, a few weeks before the fall of Constantinople.

TRIED TO DROWN HIS RIVAL.—Some time ago a family living at New Mills, Berwick, got a collie dog pup and put him alongside a kitten, and the pair seemed to get on very well for a time. Jealousy was not long in springing up, however, and a few days ago the puppy was seen to lift the kitten in his mouth, carry him to the back of the house, and, looking around to see that no one observed him, drop the kitten in the ash-pit. Pussy was recovered, however, and, like an invalid, received a double share of attention for some time after. This must have still further intensified the dog’s jealousy, for his next move was even more remarkable.

One day the dog was observed to lift the kitten in his mouth and proceed by a circuitous route to Whitadder bridge, about three hundred yards from the dwelling. Trotting to the middle of the bridge, he halted, put his head through between the metal uprights, and dropped Tabby into the river from a height of twenty feet. He then began to jump and bark, evidently an expression of satisfaction at the success of his murderous plan. The noise the dog was making served to attract the people of the house, who, on going to the bridge, found the cat struggling in the river. It was rescued; but how the pair will get on in future remains to be seen.—*Westminster Gazette*.

Broken Chain



THE family circle is never so happy after the chain is broken and a link taken. Some family chains are strong, others weak. Have you a good family history? Or is there a tendency to coughs, throat or bronchial troubles, weak lungs? Has a brother, sister, parent or near relative had consumption? Then your family chain is weak. Strengthen it. Take

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. It makes rich blood, gives strength and vigor to weak lungs and run-down constitutions. With its aid the system throws off acute coughs and colds. It prevents the chain from breaking.

Shall we send you a book about this, free?

For sale by all druggists at 50 cts. and \$1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York

AN ABSURD IDEA.—“Do I understand you to say that this man never made a statement that wasn't true?”

“That was what I said.”

The questioner laughed loud and long.

“Impossible!” he said. “Absurd! Preposterous! Why, he's a government weather prophet.”—*Chicago Post*.

INVENTOR OF THE AIR-BRAKE.—A number of years ago a Pennsylvania inventor wanted to sell McKee Rankin, the actor, a large interest in a patent air-brake for railways for a small sum. The actor did not feel like investing, even on the solemn assurance of the confident inventor that the apparatus was greatly needed, but he has always wished he had advanced the sum offered, for the young inventor was George Westinghouse, and the air-brake has proved one of the most important and valuable inventions of the century. Westinghouse is like Edison in his capacity for hard work. After a day spent in directing the great commercial organizations of which he is the head, he goes to his laboratory and private shop to conduct the experiments which it is his delight to carry on. To such a man the invention of the air-brake was merely a step in the career of fertile planning and investigation. When his brake was well started on the high-road to success, he turned to the steam-engine and brought out a practically new type in that field.

By the time this engine was placed on the market electricity was attracting the attention of inventive minds throughout the country. Westinghouse viewed the situation, and decided that the then common use of low-tension continuous currents, while good for incandescent lighting and power purposes on circuits of limited extent, was unsatisfactory for longer circuits. He looked forward into the future of electrical distribution of power and saw that high-tension alternating currents would prove the most important in a few years. So he bought up the leading foreign and domestic patents in this branch of electrical development, then neglected, and went to work improving and perfecting his apparatus.—*Boston Transcript*.

BURNING BANK-NOTES.—The novel spectacle of a steamer being stoked with bank-notes was recently witnessed at a Mediterranean port. Forty-five sacks of the apparently valuable paper were tossed into the furnace of the vessel's boiler under the longing eyes of the stokers, who stood restively by with an evidently burning desire to possess themselves of at least a handful of that which they somewhat inelegantly styled “rum fuel.” The notes were cancelled documents of the Bank of Algiers, whose manager superintended the operation of their absolute combustion.

FORTUNES IN FLOWERS.—It is commonly supposed that Mr. Chamberlain is the greatest amateur orchid-grower in the world; but this is far from being the case. His collection is worth from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. The collection of the dowager empress of Germany, however, is worth nearly double that of Mr. Chamberlain. Miss Alice Rothschild is a most enthusiastic horticulturist, her collection of roses alone being valued at fifty thousand dollars. The Archduke Joseph of Austria owns two hundred thousand dollars' worth of flowers. W. W. Astor recently paid six thousand dollars to an English grower for the stock of a single variety of rose-tree.

PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA

MILWAUKEE
BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS
MADE IT SO



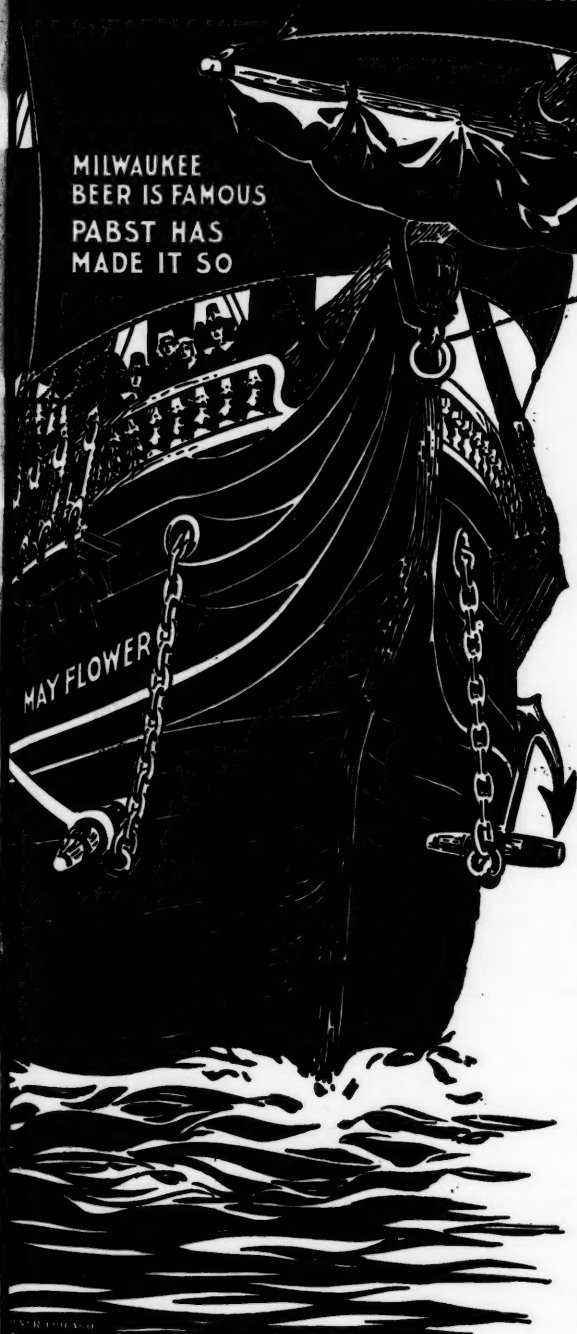
MOTHERS' MILK.

A young mother, flushed with perfect health and strength, said, as she exhibited with pride her baby, "I must confess that my present health and the almost phenomenal development and good health of baby are due to the use of

PABST MALT EXTRACT,
The "Best" Tonic.

The necessity of feeding the child was such a tax on me at first that I became nervous, weak, and exhausted. "Best" Tonic was recommended. I took it and began to build at once. Baby began to show the effects within a week. I continued its use for months, until I went out into the country and neglected to take my tonic with me. I lost fifteen pounds in six weeks, and could scarcely feed baby. Since returning, some three weeks ago, I have again been taking "Best" Tonic. I have gained six pounds, and the little one is again progressing. Just think, he is nineteen months old, weighs 32 pounds, and I have not weaned him yet!"

Let every mother apply this to her own experience, and at least give The "Best" Tonic a trial,—if not for her own sake, for that of her child. Let her provide for baby as nature says every mother should.



THIRSTING FOR SOMETHING.—"I believe that Hargreaves's sudden swear-off is more for the purpose of showing off than anything else."

"In other words, you think he is only thirsting for notoriety?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE COUNTRY'S GROWTH.—In 1800 only the country between the Atlantic and the Mississippi belonged to the United States. Since that the Louisiana purchase in 1803, the Florida in 1821, the Mexican acquisitions in 1840, 1850, and 1853, and Alaska in 1867, have been added. The increase, excluding Alaska, has been from 827,844 to 3,025,600 square miles, or three and five-eighths, but the growth of population has been from 5,308,483 to 62,622,250, or nearly twelvefold. In 1800 the inhabitants were a little less than 7 to a square mile (in 1790 they had been less than 5); in 1890 they were over 21. The place where the population is densest is the District of Columbia, which has 3839 to the mile; the next is Rhode Island, 318; then Massachusetts, 278; then New Jersey, 193; Connecticut, 154; New York, 125; Pennsylvania, 116; Maryland, 105. The other States and Territories run below 100, down to Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, and Nevada, which have less than 1 inhabitant to the square mile. The Census Commissioner notes that in Rhode Island and Massachusetts the density of population is as great as in many of the most densely settled European States, and that the entire North Atlantic division, pre-eminently the manufacturing section, has an average of over 100 inhabitants to the square mile. But it may be a surprise to some that among the old States Maine has only 22, New Hampshire 41, Vermont 26.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE MODERN COACHMAN.—"You advertised for a coachman, sir?" said the applicant.

"I did," replied the merchant. "Do you want the place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had any experience?"

"I have been in the business all my life."

"You are used to handling gasoline, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are well up in electricity?"

"Thoroughly."

"Good! Of course you are a machinist, also?"

"Certainly."

"And I presume you have an engineer's certificate?"

"Of course."

"Very well. You may go round to the outhouse and get the motorcycle ready. My wife tells me that she wishes to do a little shopping."—*London Tit-Bits*.

TAUGHT THE TEACHER.—In the biography of Dr. Hawtreys, a famous English school-master, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment, which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding for being late at morning lesson some boy, who replied that he had no time to dress. "But I can dress in time," said the doctor. "Yes," replied the boy, "but I wash."

Dainty Household Draperies

that looked so crisp and fresh
when new will look so again,
and as long as they last if
cleansed with

CORCO
TRADE MARK.

Unequalled for curtains, cushion covers, and all things requiring delicate laundering.

Sold everywhere. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
Chicago, New York, St. Louis.



SHAKSPERIAN TEXTS for Sermons on Life Insurance.

We need not preach the sermons; the lessons are apparent; we present the texts and merely suggest their application.

I find my zenith doth depend upon
most auspicious star; whose influence
now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
ill ever after droop."

Fall to it yarely, or we run ourselves
round; bestir, bestir."

Give thanks you have lived so long,
and make yourself ready in your cabin
for the mischance of the hour."

But O, how oddly will it sound that I
must ask my child forgiveness."

Then wisely, good sir, weigh
our sorrow with our comfort."

But these sweet thoughts
even now refresh my labor."

"I can go no further;
my old bones ache."

"Look thou be true;
I will not give dalliance too much the rein."

"I like thy counsel, well hast thou advised;
And that thou mayest perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known
Even with the speediest expedition."

You are now in good health; the opportunity to
make provision for your family or your own old
age exists.

Sickness or disaster may come; the opportunity
goes, perhaps never to present itself again.

Thanksgiving is becoming; but a little prevision
suggests provision, and thus you have something
substantial to be thankful for.

Neglect to make provision for the family in the
event of your death would cast a shadow upon
the loving remembrance of wife and children.

The wife's cry. She will mourn your loss; but she
should also rejoice that you took thought for her
physical needs and comfort.

In the struggle for a livelihood, next to a true woman's
encouragement nothing is so helpful and
sustaining as a policy of life insurance.

When the eye is dim, the hand has lost its power,
and all natural forces are abated, then a maturing
endowment means leisure and comfort. You may
then grow old gracefully.

Delay is dangerous.

Every desirable contract of modern life insurance is issued
at the lowest cost consistent with safety by

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, 921-923-925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Write for rates, plans, etc.

INK-STAINED FINGERS.—A simple way of removing ink-stains from the fingers is to rub vaseline well into the skin at the stained parts and then rub off with a piece of soft paper before applying soap. In this way the hands may be washed perfectly clean.

DIAGNOSING A CASE.—The physician looked at the patient's tongue, felt his pulse, put a silver spoon down his throat, and punched him two or three times in the ribs.

"You are badly run down," he said at last.

"I feel that way," replied the patient.

"You have a feeling of lassitude, as I understand it," continued the physician.

"That's it."

"No longer have any interest in your work?"

"Correct."

"Sick and disgusted with everything?"

"Right again."

"I think I understand the case," said the physician, with a self-satisfied air. "You have been working pretty hard, haven't you?"

"Very hard."

"I thought so. The fact is, sir, that you are tied down too close to your desk. You don't get variety enough."

"I—what?" demanded the patient.

"I say you ought to have a change of scene," explained the physician. "Monotony and close confinement are killing you. You ought to arrange to take a long trip—say to the Pacific coast."

"Do you really think that would do me any good?"

"Beyond question. By the way, what is your business? You have neglected to tell me."

"I'm a Pullman car conductor on the run from Chicago to San Francisco."

NUT-CRACKING AS A TRADE.—There are in Chicago a considerable number of men and women, mostly Italians, who make a fair living by cracking pecan-nuts. It is a recognized trade. They take orders regularly from the fruit-stands and stores and supply them with cracked nuts. So far as possible, they keep their methods in shadow. They crack them with hammers, but they get no such disheartening result as the amateur who essays the same attempt. They have no little pieces to pick up, but every kernel comes out in neat, unbroken halves. This is because they soak the nuts overnight in soft water.—*Chicago Tribune.*

COST OF OUR WARS.—The Revolutionary war cost the United States \$135,193,703. The Colonies furnished, from 1775 to 1783, 395,064 troops.

The war of 1812 cost the United States \$107,159,003. The number of troops engaged is estimated at 471,622.

The Mexican war cost the United States \$100,000,000. The number of troops engaged was 101,282.

The war of the Rebellion cost the United States \$6,189,929,900. The number of Federal troops was 2,859,132.



"Job's Birthday

—the date be cursed!" So a tired-out and exasperated woman speaks of Monday—wash-day. And so, probably, would every woman who celebrates it so often in the old-fashioned, wearing way. Though why they do it, when there's a better way that can't be found fault with, is a mystery.

You'd better celebrate the death of the day, by using **Pearline**. You wouldn't recognize it—with its ease, comfort, cleanliness, short hours, economy in time and in things washed.

Don't let prejudice against modern ideas stand in your way. Don't wear yourself out over the wash-tub just because your ancestors had to.

529

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

HELGOLAND SOUP.—What do the Helgolanders do with their birds? Some are sent away to the Hamburg market, and the rest kept for home consumption. Roasting before a slow fire, with the tail on, over toast, is practically an unknown art, or at least one rarely practised. Everything goes into the pot for soup. "Trossel soup" is an institution much lauded. Mr. Gätke tells us how it should be prepared. "Take care to commit some forty or fifty thrushes, according to the requirements of the family, to the soup-pot, and do not have the fattest birds drawn, and if the cook is a true artist, no one will fail to ask a second helping." A favorite Helgoland dish is kittiwake pie. In November and December these gulls are very fat, and when prepared in Helgolandish fashion are considered a delicacy, although a somewhat fishy one. The gray crow is also a very favorite dish.—*Chambers's Journal*.

FORGOTTEN.

What changes mark a single year!
How favors smile and flee!
You mention Trilby, and they sneer,
And murmur, "Who is she?"

Washington Star.

THE GERMAN POLICE.—There is little possibility of independence in speech or action. The police are always at your elbow; and woe to you if you do not carry out their injunctions to the letter. There has lately been a striking illustration of the power of the police in Vienna, and certainly their power is not less in the German Empire. In both cases they are protected almost beyond the possibility of conviction by the so-called Dienst-Eid, or service oath. If I remember rightly, this oath is held to be equivalent as evidence to the oaths of five independent witnesses. That is to say, to disprove a policeman's story, you must find six independent witnesses to testify to your version of the facts. As this is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, impossible, the policeman is master of the situation. He is in this way an autocrat, and can be as arbitrary as he pleases. I am bound to add that, from what I have seen of the Prussian police, I should say they are, as a body, anxious to do their duty properly; but they have very little of the forbearance which is so marked a characteristic of the English constable. They do not understand argument, much less contradiction. Each bears a sword, and has no idea of bearing it in vain. In all this he is supported and encouraged by the higher authorities.

The police, consisting of old soldiers, are to all intents and purposes a military force, and are meant to terrorize the masses. To refuse to obey their orders, even if unjustifiable, is a very grave offence; actually to resist them is a crime punished with far greater severity in Germany than in England.—*Contemporary Review*.

WOSE THAN TALKING SHOP.—"Another row at the boardin'-house," said the fat lady.

"What now?" asked the two-headed girl.

"It is the sword-swallower. They got a new boarder that ain't much of a gent, I think, and he keeps on eatin' with his knife, and the sword-swallower says it makes him positively sick—they was the words he used, positively sick—to look at him."—*Indianapolis Journal*.



When You Look

to see if all is ready, be sure you've got the Cottolene. Improves old-time recipes, makes the richest dish wholesome—the daintiest dish more delicate.

Good cooks and housekeepers everywhere endorse

Cottolene

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere with trademarks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

MR. J. H. PLUMMER, publisher of *Woman's World* and *Jenness Miller Monthly*, offers one hundred dollars in prizes to the persons making the largest number of words from the word "Education." See his advertisement in another column.

EARLY FRENCH FLYING-MACHINES.—A French locksmith thought that practice was the great thing, and, fitted with wings, he jumped first from a chair, and afterward from a window, and then from the roof of a small house. In the last experiment he sailed over a cottage roof, but soon after sold his wings to a pedler, and probably saved his own life. Another Frenchman, a marquis, tried to go by the air route across the river Seine, but he was not drowned, since a washerwoman's boat happened to be where he came down.—*TUDOR JENKS, in St. Nicholas.*

PLAYMATES.—Pastor.—“Do you ever play with bad little boys, Johnny?” Johnny.—“Yes, sir.”

Pastor.—“I'm surprised, Johnny. Why don't you play with good little boys?”

Johnny.—“Their mammas won't let 'em.”—*London Tit-Bits.*

A VALUABLE “SKOTOGRAPHY” BOOK.—The heads of the medical department of the Prussian War Office and the Imperial Physico-Technical Institute, who have recently been engaged in making joint experiments with a view to ascertaining the value of Röntgen's rays in surgery, have just published a small book detailing the result of their researches.

The publication contains nineteen plates, with excellent photographs of anatomically prepared hands, shanks, knees, and feet into which alien substances had been introduced in such a manner that their position could not be ascertained by feeling from without. The plates also portray some feet of living persons containing bullets that had long since been healed in; further, several hands of living persons with glass and steel splinters in them. Among the various other “skotographs” are those of animal tissues, powders, ointments, chemical fluids, blood, and a sprained elbow-joint.

Each illustration is accompanied by an exact description and a scientific commentary. This publication appears to be the most comprehensive thus far issued on the subject, and deserves to be read by every one interested in the new branch of scientific investigation opened by “skotography.” The last chapter of the book is the most valuable. It contains the opinion of the scientific bodies above mentioned on all that may be expected, according to present appearances, from Röntgen's rays in surgery.—*London Standard.*

THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX THOUSAND KINDS OF ANIMALS.—People unacquainted with natural history have no idea of what a student of even a branch of it must know. A man who makes a specialty of bats runs up against a marvellous array of animals,—likewise the students of the squirrels and mice, birds, fish, and any of the rest. German publishers are about to get out a work enumerating the described species of the animal kingdom. About one hundred volumes of, say, seven hundred and fifty pages each will be required. This will allow five animals to the page. There are about three hundred and eighty-six thousand animals known. Any one who would like to know what this means should sit down and with a pencil write down the names of all the different kinds of animals he or she can think of,—mammals, birds, reptiles, fish, beetles, butterflies, and mollusks. Subtract the result from the three hundred and eighty-six thousand, and the calculator will be astonished at what a lot he doesn't know.—*New York Sun.*

MADAM: We take the liberty of calling your attention to our Floating-Borax Soap, believing that a trial will show you its great value for toilet, bath, or laundry use. It is not an imitation of anything, but is better than all other floating soaps, as it is absolutely pure. We do not aim to follow, but to lead. No doubt you know the value of Borax, in the bath or laundry. This soap, and Dobbins' Electric (which latter we have made for the last thirty years and still make), are the only soaps which really contain Borax, although some others claim to contain it, and as Dobbins' Electric stands at the head of the non-floating laundry soaps, so Floating-Borax stands far above all other floating soaps, and is without doubt the best floating soap that can possibly be made. Compare its color and odor with those of any other brand.

This soap when made is a pale cream color, but with age the Borax in it bleaches it to a pure white. Some floating soaps turn brown and rancid with age. We take pride in calling attention to the following certificate from the leading analytical chemists of this city:

DOBBINS SOAP MANUFACTURING CO.,
119 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN: We have carefully analyzed the sample of Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap you sent us, and find it to contain fully five per cent. of Borax (Bi-Borate of Soda). It contains nothing injurious for use in the bath, toilet, or laundry. We find it free from all adulteration, and therefore certify to its purity.

Yours respectfully,

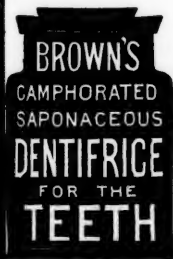
BOOTH, GARRETT & BLAIR.

We believe that you will be so pleased with this soap that you will desire to continue its use, in which case please order it of your grocer, and be sure that he gives you what you ask for.

It is the only floating soap whose wrappers are printed in red, hence it is impossible to mistake it for any other, even at a distance. Ask for **DOBBINS' FLOATING-BORAX SOAP**, and wrapper.

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THE SECOND SUMMER, many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

BEATEN GOLD.—One dollar's worth of ordinary commercial gold-leaf, it is said, is sufficient to cover an area of nine hundred square inches. In other words, that nine hundred square inches of gold have been pounded or beaten out of a lump of the yellow metal which weighed no more than a gold dollar. This gold-leaf, thin as it is, is thick when compared with that which is now being made by a recently discovered process. By this process the yellow metal is deposited with electricity in a bath upon a highly polished sheet of copper. In this manner a film only one-four-millionth of an inch in thickness may be produced. When mounted on glass, this new kind of gold-leaf is perfectly transparent.—*St. Louis Republic*.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE.—A.—“Now, if I understand it correctly, the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your brother man.”

B.—“Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of Socialism is to make your brother man divide with you.”—*Birmingham Post*.

THE PARISIAN POLICE.—The Parisian police have much to do besides keeping order. They must keep records of residents, take the numbers of public places to see that none take up their stand in sections unallotted to them, and see that the streets are properly cleaned. Then, too, there are many small rules of the street which they see are enforced.

The real work of the police is in controlling a crowd. Paris, with its numerous fêtes, its gala days, and, above all, with its people so fond of show and splendor, is a constant succession of crowds. Whether it be student riots, Russian fêtes, or the parades of All Saints' day, something is continually occurring to bring together unmanageable masses of people among whom the police must preserve order.

It must not be forgotten that a Parisian crowd is, above all crowds, hard to handle. It is not naturally orderly, as is the Anglo-Saxon crowd, and is given to sudden and unexplainable ebullitions of passion. Riot seems always incipient in the French enthusiasm. It must be in a sort of tacit acknowledgment of this that the short sword bayonet hangs at the side of the policeman's belt, a perpetual menace to disorder.—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.—The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.—*New York Ledger*.

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LADY BLESSINGTON.—"The most gorgeous Lady Blessington," as she was christened by her very old admirer, Dr. Parr, has long since passed into the regions of oblivion for the general world. As an authoress she never succeeded in making any mark, though she worked at the business as hard as any of her successors of the present day. Her novels were many and fashionable, Mrs.-Gore-like in their method, and filled with strange and wandering scraps of French. She edited books of beauty for fancy clients and at fancy prices; and when *The Daily News* was first started, under the editorship of Charles Dickens, she was offered an engagement as a purveyor of fashionable intelligence, and asked eight hundred pounds a year for it. She was offered either four hundred pounds as a certainty or two hundred and fifty pounds for six months on approval, and confidently chose the latter, with the melancholy result at the end of the term—Dickens having in the mean time retired from his uncongenial work, and John Forster having accepted his post *ad interim*—that she was informed that her services were no longer wanted.

She fought for her hand hard enough in later days, poor lady, after years of Arabian Nights luxury with her magnificent husband; but we fear that her position in the literary world was not at any time one of solid security. Privately, she lived under a cloud from the scandal which always connected her name with Count d'Orsay, and, we suppose, not without reason. At all events, they never appear to have taken any steps to defend themselves against the charges of papers like *The Age*, which anticipated a similar class of journals that sprang up in our own day, and rather suffered judgment by default.—*Spectator*.

POETIC FITNESS.—The spouse of the man who wrote that celebrated work, "Short Talks on the Care of Children," left him to care for their infant the other day while she attended a meeting of the Society of Wives of Literary Men. When she returned, she found her progeny hitched up on the hat-rack by its waist-band, and her husband, in his shirt-sleeves, admiringly contemplating an article which he had just finished. When she had successfully resisted a desire to faint, she glanced over his shoulder at the title of the production which he had written. It was "Babies should be kept from Worrying."

CAPTURING ELEPHANTS.—The enterprise is organized for the amusement of the maharajah, and takes place only once in about four years, else the forest would be denuded of the big game. A small army, consisting of about five thousand men and perhaps three elephants and a few horses, takes part in the hunt, and tents and provisions are carried just as if a campaign against a powerful enemy were in progress. When the pad-marks of an elephant are found, he is steadily tracked down, and as soon as he is found a trained fighter of his own species is urged against him.

As a rule, he steadily retreats upon sight of his pursuers, and their object is to press him so as to tire him out. He then stands at bay, and the tug of war commences. The opposing animals butt at one another with the heads down, and should one show his flank he is quickly brought to earth. When finally conquered, the wild elephant is pressed by his pursuers toward water, of which he is so much in need after his exertions that his hind legs can be shackled as he drinks. He is then kept attached by ropes to other elephants until he gradually gets accustomed to bondage, and in a few months he is completely under control. The sport is a bloodless one, and the elephants when captured are most kindly treated.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—"Come, Mary, let us play 'father and mother.' I'll be the father, and you'll be the mother, with a child in your arms."

"All right. You begin."

"Oh, I wish that I had never married! What a fool I was!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

CORDITE.—Old-fashioned gunpowder, or black powder, as it is now usually called, is composed of saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur, mixed together in the proportion usually of seventy-five, fifteen, and ten parts respectively. But explosives of the present day are composed of other substances. Cordite, of which we now hear so much, is made of nitroglycerin, gun-cotton, and mineral jelly, in the proportion of fifty-seven, thirty-eight, and five parts. It is also steeped in a preparation of acetone. Gun-cotton itself is dipped in a mixture of three parts of sulphuric to one part of nitric acid. The force of cordite over gunpowder may be judged from the following facts. A cartridge containing seventy grains of black powder fired in the ordinary rifle of the army will give what is called a muzzle velocity of thirteen hundred and fifty feet a second, while thirty grains only of cordite will give a velocity of two thousand feet. In larger arms a little less than a pound of cordite fired in a twelve-pounder gun will give more velocity than four pounds of black powder fired in the same weapon.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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